00080432

ASIATIC SOCIETY MUMBAI

This book has been adopted
for conservation
by
Hermès India

A project facilitated by the Rotary Club of Bombay

00080432

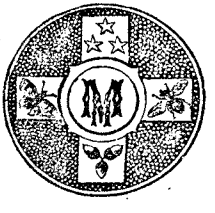
Digitized with financial assistance from
Hermès India
a project facilitated by the Rotary Club of Bombay
on 12 April, 2019

Processed at
The Preservation & conservation
Laboratory of
The Asiatic Society of Bombay

Date Sept. 2013

FINE ART

CHIEFLY CONTEMPORARY.



FINE ART,

CHIEFLY CONTEMPORARY:

NOTICES RE-PRINTED, WITH REVISIONS,

BY

WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI.

80432

Verum ego non tam aliis legem ponam quam legem vobis meæ propriæ mentis exponam: quam qui probaverit teneat, cui non placuerit abjiciat.
PETRARCA.

Always be ready to speak your mind, and a base man will avoid you.
BLAKE.

LONDON AND CAMBRIDGE:
MACMILLAN AND CO.
1867.

709
Ros/Fin

80432

scf: 701

CAMBRIDGE:—PRINTED BY JONATHAN PALMER.

IN ALL FILIAL LOVE

I DEDICATE

THIS LITTLE BOOK OF CRITICISM

TO MY MOTHER,

WHOSE DEAR EXAMPLE OUGHT TO HAVE TAUGHT ME

THE CRITICAL VIRTUES OF

SOUND JUDGMENT, PERFECT MODESTY,

AND INFALLIBLE TRUTH-TELLING.

PREFACE.

THE reader will perceive from my title-page that the articles comprised in this volume have all previously appeared in some other form; and the table of contents will show him what are the publications which have been drawn upon, and the range of dates covered by the papers selected.

If he takes any interest in the volume, he may perhaps think it due to him that the writer should explain himself on two points: 1st, What degree of consistency there may have been in his opinions upon art between the terminal dates of 1850 and 1866; and, 2nd, Whether any and what amount of *ex-post-facto* consistency has been introduced into those opinions in the present reissue, by way of revision. It is chiefly for the purpose of satisfying on these points any reader who honours me by the enquiry that I write this preface.

1. A person who begins the work of criticising fine art before he is quite of age, and who continues the pro-

cess for the sixteen years next ensuing, would but be 'writing himself down an ass' (unless indeed he could claim to be a prodigy) were he to say that his opinions have undergone no modification. He *must* have been immature in opinion at the age of twenty; and to be perfectly consistent ever since would be to be still immature, and now, by lapse of time, glaringly and inexcusably so. If therefore perchance I must 'write myself down an ass' in some form or other, it shall at least not be thus consciously, nor in this form preferentially; I trust on the contrary that I have benefited to some extent by experience and reflection, and that my opinions are not now absolutely and stagnantly the same as they were in 1850.

Most persons who take a serious interest in art appear to me to go more or less definitely through something of this mental progression. Their earlier chief homage is rendered to works of strong sentiment or expression, works which principally develop the dramatic or thoughtful elements of art—or to some special phase of execution, as perhaps brilliancy of colour or precision of representation —or even to some *peculiarity* of artistic tendency. What is here meant by the term peculiarity may be illustrated in a moment by contrasting mediæval art, which is in this sense peculiar, with Greek art, which is unpeculiar. Gradually such persons get more and more to perceive that all these qualities, important and attractive as they are, do not con-

stitute the central requirement, which is simply this—that a work professedly of fine art shall above all things fulfil this profession, be primarily a work of *art*, and that *fine* art. Thus the first thing demanded of a picture or statue comes to be that it be an excellent work quâ picture or quâ statue —a concrete defensible and admirable by that one test, whatever other tests may yield neutral or negative results. In other words, the chief homage is by this time rendered to the *total* power of productive execution, including in especial such qualities as harmony, balance, and a certain spaciousness and (if the term may be allowed) compensatory or reconciling element of the artistic faculty. The entire decorative effect of the work is rated as of much more importance than erewhile; and this indeed agrees with what seems to be an almost constant rule—that the taste for directly decorative art, as contrasted with that other representative pictorial or sculptural art, grows conspicuously with advancing years. Such is the second riper stage of art connoisseurship or criticism. It is, I believe, essentially the final and right stage. But it tends to shade off into that lower term of connoisseurship which may be called dilettantism; and the corrective to that is a reviving and re-growth of the earlier stage of feeling—a perception that one's first love for the intellectual, dramatic, realistic, or individually partial forms of art, was, though not quite the innermost sort of love, still a high and a needful one, never

to be decried as merely juvenile, nor cancelled as merely preparatory. One must embrace art, indeed, as a beautiful body; but a body actuated by a soul whose evidences and impulses one longs to trace with greater and greater clearness, and to find pointing to lofty and still loftier issues.

I trust that this sort of consistent development of opinion may be not wholly untraceable in the writings of which the present volume is composed: if so, I shall willingly disclaim any rigid mechanical consistency, any obtuseness to new impressions or fresh lights. I do not feel that I have ever thrown overboard my original cargo of merchantable critical wares; but hope that occasional interchanges and additions of stock have enriched them, and that the whole bulk has rather improved in the course of the voyage, and more than recouped its wear and tear. In my old opinions I find not much positively to recant, but several items which have changed their relative importance in my estimation.

2. The articles here reproduced have undergone substantial revision, and especially a good deal of piecing together. Here and there I have altered an expression which seemed crude or extreme; but I have not changed anything essential, not substituted new lamps for old ones.

Probably the articles which might have benefited most, in one sense, by a more extensive process of overhauling, are those which relate to the Præraphaelite movement and

artists. But it has appeared to me that, if I may without presumption suppose *any* interest to attach to what I have written on these matters, that interest is at least as much in the way of record or history as otherwise, and that the genuineness of the record should not be in any important respect tampered with. The Præraphaelite movement, beginning in 1848—9, was indisputably a considerable one, and one which has had a marked result in the British school of art. I happened to be mixed up from the first with the movement and its organization, though only in the subordinate capacity of a non-artistic member; and the articles which I wrote regarding it, while strictly and entirely my own, and in no way prompted by any of the artists concerned, may nevertheless be taken to represent with some degree of exactness and authority the aims and aspirations of the originators of the school. They are the only articles then written which do so even approximately. This disposes me to fancy that these papers, whether viewed as sound or unsound, sensible or weak, may be looked upon, by some of the curious in art, as not quite unworthy of being rescued from oblivion, and brought once more into the light with an avowed authorship; and, if this is done at all, nothing of any material bearing in them should be changed. The object would be to re-exhibit the professions of Præraphaelitism in its growing and tentative period; scarcely to explain whether or not the

humblest of its then promoters would be prepared, after some lapse of years, to testify in the same strain.

The articles here more directly referred to are (besides the one on 'Præraphaelitism') those on the pictures of Mr. Holman Hunt, and on the earlier pictures of Mr. Millais. Regarding the tone of these articles, which may seem to a reader of the present day somewhat jubilant and unmeasured, I would beg to submit an observation or two. I am not conscious of having ever written in the temper of a mere partisan—that is, of a person who, to subserve some ulterior end, purposely puts forward everything advantageous to one side, and purposely suppresses everything disadvantageous, though he is aware that this also ought to be stated in order to a fair presentation of the facts. So far from that, I could appeal to these very articles to show that considerations *per contra* were not concealed, nor treated as of no account. But I feel that there is a certain weakness in the notices, when taken solely on their own showing, dependent partly on the fact that they were written more or less combatively, to repel vehement onslaughts upon the works in question, and partly upon the fact that the standard of comparison kept in view, according to which these works are declared 'admirable', 'unequalled,' or what not, is mainly the standard of contemporary British painting, or of an Academy exhibition, not that of art great in the abstract, or those masterpieces of

the past which represent to us what highest summits it is given to man to attain in that line of effort. It would no doubt redound to the benefit of the present volume could it have been made to contain a greater bulk of papers regarding the art of the past; but it never fell in my way to write about those phases of art to any extent proportionate to the art of the present, and chiefly of our own country.

Messrs. Millais and Hunt, and, so far as he belongs to the school, Mr. Madox Brown, are the painters of the Præraphaelite body criticised in these pages. I have not thought it advisable to republish any entire review of an Academy or other such exhibition, but rather to extract, from various reviews of that sort, the notices of a very small number of painters, and place these in consecutive order. The reader who is at all familiar with the subject will recollect that there is another leader of the Præraphaelite movement, my brother Dante Rossetti, and may perhaps be surprised at finding no notices of him included in the volume. On this point I desire to speak with entire unreserve. I am very far from thinking my brother a less important painter than those here reviewed, or less materially concerned in starting and guiding the movement termed Præraphaelite. On the contrary, I believe and know that, whatever primacy in some particular phase or condition of the movement may be claimed by each of

the three painters Messrs. Brown, Millais, and Hunt, and by the sculptor Mr. Woolner, no one can assert a larger share than my brother in the 'brains' of the movement, its intellectual impulse and originating *vis;* and, as a matter of critical opinion, I fully consider that he has produced works whose artistic vitality is both as rich and as tenacious as that of any of his colleagues' works. Neither would any feeling of *mauvaise honte*, or fear of misconstruction, have withheld me from republishing with my name such notices of my brother's works as I might have written anonymously; the fact being that I never do write anonymously when the option is offered me, and that I even feel more free to express my full and frank opinion of friend or relative on the avowed than on the anonymous system. The real and only reason why I do not here republish any reviews of my brother is simply that he never has been to any moderate extent an exhibiting artist, and that consequently I never have had an opportunity of criticising his works; except in two or three instances, when the works exhibited were of secondary importance, and the reviews were correspondingly slight. As I have thus no adequate notices of my brother's productions to reissue, I prefer not to reissue any at all.

A few words concerning the system of anonymous criticism may not unaptly conclude this preface. That system appears to me to be really advantageous to two

sorts of writers, and only two: those whose names are, and are destined to remain, too insignificant to reflect any credit upon their writings, and those who have some personal or private motive (possibly unobjectionable, or possibly bad) for wishing to diffuse opinions among the public without publicly admitting that they themselves entertain those opinions. Now the interest chiefly worth consulting in this case is that of the public. To the best of my perception, it does not promote the public interest to read the writings of really insignificant persons, unidentified as such, and lit up by the prestige of some great journal or potent editor; nor to be indoctrinated by writers who—be they right or wrong in substance, and blameless or not in their secretiveness—do not exhibit '*le courage de leurs opinions*.' On the other hand, the avowed system enables the public to judge whether the writer who addresses them is worth hearing for his own sake, or only for his subject-matter's; what deductions must be made for personal or partisan bias; what credit is due to an opinion which mere private interests, had they been consulted, would perhaps have led the writer to keep to himself. Exceptions may, and no doubt do, exist: but, as a general rule, I should say that a person who does not choose to stand up openly and stoutly for his opinions, and to take all consequences, is not exactly the sort of person from the pondering and reception of whose opinions the public

benefits. When one is vaccinated, one likes to have reasonable assurance that the virus came out of a cow, not possibly out of a dog in a mangy or hydrophobic condition.

W. M. ROSSETTI.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

I. STYLE, SUBJECT-MATTER, AND SUCCESSES IN ART (àpropos of the Academy Exhibitions of 1861—4).

1861 1
1862 15
1863 21
1864 28

[from *Fraser's Magazine*, 1861—4].

II. THE EXTERNALS OF SACRED ART . . . 40

[from the *Edinburgh Weekly Review*, 1857].

III. THE EPOCHS OF ART AS REPRESENTED IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE 51
Egypt 54
Greece 59
Assyria 72
The Moresque 76
The Byzantine-Romanesque 79
The Gothic 82
The Renaissance 87

[from the *Spectator*, 1854; the *Reader*, 1864].

IV. THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS OF ART.

Paris, 1855 93
London, 1862 127

[from the *Spectator*, 1855—6; the *Saturday Review*, 1858; *Fraser's Magazine*, 1862; the *London Review*, 1862; the *Fine Arts Quarterly Review*, 1864].

PAGE

V. PRÆRAPHAELITISM 168
[from the *Spectator*, 1851].

VI. CRITIQUES ON CONTEMPORARY PAINTERS AND DESIGNERS.

MADOX BROWN.

The Exhibition of Mr. Brown's Collected works, 1865 . 178

MILLAIS.

Christ in the House of His Parents, 'The Carpenter's Shop,' 1850 202
Ferdinand Lured by Ariel, 1850 . . . 205
The Woodman's Daughter, 1851 . . . 205
The Return of the Dove to the Ark, 1851 . . 207
Mariana in the Moated Grange, 1851 . . . 207
A Huguenot, on St. Bartholomew's Day, refusing to shelter himself from danger by wearing the Roman-catholic Badge, 1852 208
Ophelia, 1852 210
The Order of Release, 1853 211
The Proscribed Royalist, 1853 213
The Rescue, 1855 214
Peace Concluded, 1856 217
Autumn Leaves, 1856 217
L'Enfant du Régiment, 1856 218
The Blind Girl, 1856 219
A Dream of the Past, Sir Isumbras at the Ford, 1857 . 221
The Escape of a Heretic (1559), 1857 . . . 222
The Ransom, 1862 223
'Trust me,' 1862 224
The Parable of the Woman seeking for a piece of Money, 1862 226
The Eve of St. Agnes, 1863 226
The Wolf's Den:—My First Sermon, 1863 . . 229
My Second Sermon, 1864 230
Leisure Moments, 1864 230
Charlie is my Darling, 1864 231
Lillie, Daughter of J. Noble Esq., 1864 . . 231
The Romans leaving Britain, 1865 232

PAGE

HOLMAN HUNT.

A converted British Family sheltering a Christian Missionary from the Persecution of the Druids, 1850 . . 233
The Hireling Shepherd, 1852 234
Claudio and Isabella, 1853 236
Our English Coasts, 1853 237
The Light of the World, 1854 238
The Awakening Conscience, 1854 . . . 240
The Scapegoat, 1856 242
Fairlight Downs—Sunlight on the Sea, 1858 . . 244

MACLISE.

The Meeting of Wellington and Blücher on the Field of Waterloo after the Victory, 1862 . . . 245

LEIGHTON.

Cimabue's Madonna carried through Florence, 1855 . 254
The Triumph of Music, 1856 255
Reminiscence of Algiers, a Negro Fête, 1858 . . 256
Paris, on his wedding-morning, finds Juliet apparently lifeless:—The Fisherman and the Siren—1858 . 257
An Odalisque, 1862 259
The Star of Bethlehem, 1862 259
Michael Angelo nursing his dying Servant, 1862 . 260
Helen of Troy, 1865 261

FRITH.

Life at the Seaside, Ramsgate Sands, 1854 . . 272
The Derby Day, 1858 273
The Railway Station, 1862 275

WHISTLER.

Etchings, 1863 272
The Lange Lize of the 'Six Marks':—Wapping, 1864 . 273
The Little White Girl, &c., 1865 274

HUMOURISTIC DESIGNERS.

CRUIKSHANK.

The Exhibition of Mr. Cruikshank's Collected Works, 1862 . . . . . .

PAGE

LEECH.

Pictures of Life and Character from the Collection of Mr. Punch, 1854 282

Mr. Leech's Exhibition, 1862 284

DOYLE.

Brown, Jones, and Robinson, 1853 289

[from *Fraser's Magazine*, 1862—5; the *Pall Mall Gazette*, 1865; the *Critic*, 1850; the *Spectator*, 1851—8; the *Liverpool Post*, 1857; the *London Review*, 1862; the *Saturday Review*, 1858; the *Reader*, 1863].

VII. TURNER'S LIFE AND GENIUS (in a Review of Mr. Thornbury's Book, 1861) 291

[from *Weldon's Register*, 1861—2; the *Spectator*, 1851—2].

VIII. MR. PALGRAVE AND UNPROFESSIONAL CRITICISMS ON ART 324

[from the *Fine Arts Quarterly Review*, 1866].

IX. BRITISH SCULPTURE, ITS POSITION AND PROSPECTS, 1861 335

[from *Fraser's Magazine*, 1861].

X. JAPANESE WOODCUTS 363

[from the *Reader*, 1863].

I.

STYLE, SUBJECT-MATTER, AND SUCCESSES IN ART

(apropos of the Academy Exhibitions of 1861—4).

A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees.—BLAKE.

[1861].

THE Academy Exhibition of the present year has been by no means a specially interesting one to the general public. It did not rivet attention by great or attractive subjects, or by notable artistic achievements; yet it was, as a whole, the best exhibition which we have seen in Trafalgar Square, whether for style, treatment, or capacity. The cream of the collection was to be found in the chaste and noble portrait-art of Mr. Watts; the oriental truth and strength of Mr. Holman Hunt; the passionate poetry of Mr. Leighton; the rich pictorial study-heads and domestic life by Mr. Wells and by his wife (the best painter that ever handled a brush with a female hand, and a truly deplorable loss in her early death); the English sea-love and colour of Mr. Hook; the unrefined but striking historic drama of Mr. Ward; the home love and grace of Mr. Hughes; the splendid landscape-art of Mr. Anthony and Mr. William Linnell; and the great deer-fight of Sir Edwin Landseer. The increase of

power and seriousness in Mr. Thomas Faed, and his hold upon the popular sympathy, go some way towards adding him to the list.*

The season, however, has been a remarkably bad one for art-patronage; bad, not only in its general character of thriftiness, but in its exceptional character of prodigality as well. The commission given by the picture-dealer, Mr. Flatou, to Mr. Frith, for a picture at the price of £9187. 10*s*., "Life at a Railway Station," and the purchase (if truly reported, or near the truth) of Mr. Phillip's pictures produced in his late tour in Spain, some dozen in number, by two dealers for £20,000, hint of something rotten in the public taste.† For the qualities which make Mr. Frith and Mr. Phillip conspicuous and admired, and so beyond parallel successful by the money-test, are the very qualities which keep them rigidly second or third rate in the true college of art. We desire to do every justice to these gentlemen; and admit without stint the sharpness, cleverness, and nicety, of Mr. Frith, and the executive ease and force of Mr. Phillip. But cleverness which is intrinsically of the surface, and force

* The principal pictures here referred to are—by Watts, Miss Alice Prinsep, The Window Seat; by Hunt, A Street-Scene in Cairo, the Lantern-maker's Courtship; by Leighton, Paolo and Francesca, Lieder ohne Worte; by Wells, A Portrait, An Italian; by Mrs. Wells, The Veneziana, Heather-gatherer, Peep-bo; by Hook, Leaving Cornwall for the Whitby Fishing, Sea Urchins; by Ward, Antechamber at Whitehall during the dying moments of Charles II.; by Hughes, Home from Work; by Anthony, Sunset; by W. Linnell, Collecting the Flocks, evening; by Landseer, Fatal Duel; by Faed, From Dawn to Sunset.

† Since this book was placed in the printer's hands has occurred the deservedly lamented death of Mr. Phillip. My first impulse was to cancel the passage rating his artistic performances lower than his thorough admirers rate them; but on the whole I have come to the conclusion that an honest and not overcharged expression of critical opinion, in a book of criticism, ought not to be suppressed because the person affected by it has passed immeasurably beyond its petty range, leaving behind him the works to which, and not to the person of the worker, the opinion applies.

which is intrinsically *ad captandum*, can only produce after their kind; and that kind is for ever heartless, jaded, and forced—the antipodes of great or even of fine art. However, we must not grudge these painters or any other public favourites their acceptance and success. The race is not always to the swift; or rather the race in which the truly and permanently swift are worsted is not the sort of race for which they have knit their solid sinews, and made up their victorious minds.

The advance which the Academy Exhibition indicated in artistic style, or the pictorial treatment of the subjects, is a point which invites some further development.

There is a considerable difference between what we imply by the abstract term 'style' in art, and the meaning of the same word as applied to literature. It is incomparably more important in the former case than in the latter, and for this reason—that, in art, the means of signifying a thing is the actual representation, image, or partial realization, of it; whereas, in literature or speech, it is a mere conventional symbol, having no intrinsic resemblance whatever to the thing signified. The word 'man,' for instance, is nothing beyond three letters and a sound; but the picture man is a real man in form and colour. Or we might make the practice of picture-writing serve as our illustration. The excellence of *literary* style in picture-writing would consist simply in clearness and conciseness: but the excellence of *artistic* style (supposing it to be aimed at here as in an ordinary picture) would present a real and fine image of the thing itself. Now the difference between the most slovenly and diffuse and the most emphatic and concise style of picture-writing, as read off into words, would be extremely small compared with the difference between the meanest and the finest pictured form, considered as

real representations. The worst distinctive picture-word for King Sesostris would still *read* 'King Sesostris' very nearly as well as the best; but fancy the difference between the worst distinctive and the highest characteristic or ideal portraiture of King Sesostris, as a work of art!

This of course is an extreme illustration of our position, but it is not a false one. Of course, too, style is important in literature; but it is not so important, nor does the term there, in its widest acceptation, imply nearly so much as, in its narrowest, it does in art. For, in art, you cannot have a fine, a noble, a bold, or a timid style, without having therein a fine, noble, bold, or timid representation, or *actual image*, of the thing signified. In fact, style in art may be said to include everything beyond the choice and conception of the subject itself, and the mere accuracy or otherwise of its embodiment. It is thus a third of the whole battle, being, in one word, the artist's embodied perceptive (as distinct from his conceptive) faculty; and no school can be great in style without being *ipso facto* great in art. That Michael Angelo chose noble subjects, and conceived or thought them out greatly, was not a matter of style, nor yet that he drew or coloured them accurately (when he did so); but that he represented them nobly *was* a matter of style. That term includes all the rest of his performance in art. In like manner, the whole difference between the early Italian, the French, and the British schools, is difference in subject and conception, in accuracy, and in style. If a Frenchman and an Englishman both choose one domestic subject, and both paint it accurately, one might at the first blush assume that the two pictures would be greatly alike; but they would not prove so—the styles would be sure to be extremely diverse. It will be observed that we are not here speaking of the minor differences of style, or what is

more properly termed 'manner,' between artist and artist, but of the dominant way of looking at things, and of expressing them—of style as a many-phased but permanent element in *all* art.

According to this view of style, and of its high function in fine art, we can award no greater praise to a school of painting than to say that it is excellent in style, nor is there any symptom so promising as that of an advance in style. It implies that the painters are getting to see how their subjects are to be treated so as to produce *good pictures*—which is, in truth, the essence and acme of pictorial art. Noble subjects, great inventions or conceptions of subjects, may be nobler things than good art, but they are not such essential elements of art. If you have good style, you have simply and entirely good art; whereas, if you have the best of subjects, and the finest conception and invention of subjects, you are indeed sure of having a thoughtful and admirable mind at work, but it may not (though of course it equally well *may*) be an artistic mind and faculty. Accuracy also, or simple truth-telling, is a lower stage than style: it is the first and the indispensable stage, but only a preparatory one; the sum-total of transcription, but only the beginning of art. Good style will make a good picture out of the most ignoble subject. If Murillo had had as great a style, or, in other words, had been as great an artist, as Paul Veronese, his picture of a boy catching the fleas or lice which infest him would, merely as a specimen of art, have been as good as Veronese's 'Supper at Emmaus' in the Louvre; and, if that 'Supper at Emmaus' had been a noble rendering of its great nominal subject, instead of what it is—a Venetian family, with children fondling a dog, and the sacred group unsatisfactorily presented in the background—it could not be a finer piece of art than now,

though, of course, a vastly finer conception. On the other hand, German religious or historic art of the present day embodies elevated ideas, and gives accuracy of form and so on; but it fails almost wholly in pictorial style, and remains therefore a real failure as art.

The gist of the whole matter is this:—That pictorial art is a representation of visual objects in form and colour, demanding firstly accuracy, and secondly style, or the right way of combining the materials into a picture; that, if you get the first, you are right as far as you go; and, if you get both, you are right as an artist 'to the top of the compass.' If you apply both to a subject finely chosen, felt, and invented, you are not only an artist, but a thinker and creator as well.

There can be no dispute that the advance in style which the British school now presents is mainly due to the stern and true discipline of Præraphaëlitism. This has taught painters how to exhibit facts: they are now practising how to combine realized facts into pictures. It is not a superseding of Præraphaelitism, but the second and forecast stage of it—the one it contemplated and prepared. Of subject and invention we have still very little. These we can only obtain from inventors or men of genius—not a bespeakable class by any manner of means. Whenever they show themselves, we welcome them; but they can do little for less gifted men by way of models. The latter must stick to their own accuracy, and work for their style, and guard against borrowing anything from their betters, except enthusiasm, to raise their feelings and their conception of what art is able to do.

Of subjects recommendable to our school as a body—excluding from consideration the men of genius, to whom there is no rule and no recommendation—the best, we

think, are clearly those of our own day. But there is a distinction here. Mere domestic art, as mostly understood and practised, is a very meagre affair. It has passed through two main phases—the Dutch and the British. The first was mostly low, ugly, and inhuman; debauches of boors, senseless and heartless conversation or costume-pieces. The second has come to be miserably small; boys playing games, girls listening to organ-grinders, cottagers smoking quiet pipes, or preparing homely dinners. Or we have a touch of the most poverty-stricken religious feeling—a grace before meat, or a girl at a tombstone, with an angel (and such an angel!) in the sky. Such art as this is strictly analogous to the juvenile tale or the religious tract; and it would be just as sensible to exhort our men of letters to disport themselves in those mildest fields of literature as to inspirit our painters to corresponding relaxations in art. Modern art, to be worthy of the name, must deal with very different matter; with passion, multiform character, real business and action, incident, historic fact. We are by no means destitute of pioneers in these directions. We have had Millais's 'Rescue' of a family from the flames; Hunt's 'Awakening Conscience;' Madox Brown's 'Last of England,' the emigrants on their voyage; Wallis's 'Dead Stonebreaker;' Paton's 'Scene from the Indian Mutiny.' The range of possible subject is as endless as the range of life and of society: the art which deals with it must have the thrill, the impulse, the meaning and inexhaustibleness, of life as well. It must rely equally upon strong facts, strong conceptions, and solid portrait-like actuality; having as little as need be to do with insignificant aspects of society high or low, such as express nothing and lead to nothing, or with points of light comedy or sentimental drama. Of moral bearing as much or as little as you will;—much, if

really and spontaneously involved in a subject of true pictorial interest, none at all if not naturally there, and never with a prepensely didactic or pulpit-pounding air about it.

If we go back to the beginning of our English school, we shall find a model of the vital modern art ready to our hands. Our great Hogarth led the van of all modern-life art worthy of the name. In seriousness and solidity of purpose, in lively, various, dramatic, and terrible invention, in intellect and insight, and adaptation of means to ends, no one can hope to get beyond him. Nor is it needful at the present time of day to insist upon the fact that Hogarth was very far from being wholly a grotesque or caricature artist, far from destitute of the feeling of beauty, and by no means wanting in proficiency as an executant. It is on these points, however, that the painter of our own actual life must add something to what Hogarth can teach him: he must be *more* chary of caricature subjects or treatment, *more* resolute to make beauty a main and fixed quality of his work, and *more* predominantly devoted to the pictorial side of the art—not pursued to the weakening of its inventive or expressional power, but to the enforcement and artistic balance of this. We would add that the living artist is by no means bound to be the pictorial moralist that Hogarth was: that point, as we have already indicated, may be left to take care of itself. He *may* raise his work into greater dignity and loftier service by the directly moral element; or he *may* leave this on one hand, and do what he feels the personal call for doing, without concerning himself with the correction or castigation of his age, and yet be none the less excellent and acceptable to all true men as a painter. His work must live with its own life, and teach its own lesson—of beauty, character, passion, or what else,—or morals, if

these are any part of his function, but not otherwise. Hogarth was a painter, and he was likewise a moralist. It cannot be contested that his greatest moral works are his greatest pictorial works also; but they furnish in this respect no necessary standard to other men, only an admirable one. Indeed, we would say that, in any painter less exceptional and *sui generis* than Hogarth, the amount of morals which he imported into works of art would overweight and deaden them: it would be too direct and intrusive, and we should beg the painter to spare us his homilies, and attend to his brush and palette.

The art which deals with his own day is especially that which the painter is qualified and called upon to execute. It is what he knows most about, can do best, and can make of the most interest and value both to the bulk of his contemporaries and to all the generations which come after him. It is that record which he alone can write in living and indisputable characters. What Holbein or Hogarth of the nineteenth century (were such forthcoming) could do for the sixteenth and the eighteenth what the actual Holbein and Hogarth did?—and where will be the man of the twentieth or thirtieth to do for the nineteenth that which its own painters might do if they chose, and which would be incalculably prized by those distant inheritors of their life and labour? Yet we would be far from saying that historic art of past time is to be abandoned by the present: there may be as much pedantry in the exclusion as in the exaggerated cultivation and estimation of it. After all that (in a natural, and mainly right and healthy, reaction) has of late been said against the treatment of past historic or other subjects, the fact remains that these present a sphere full of interest and opportunity for the capable painter, and in many respects more fertile of beauty

and pictorial material than the life of our own day. The mistake appears to be that of imagining that there is any intrinsic and radical distinction between the two things, and between the true modes of treatment for both. Historic art of the past upon stilts is a bad thing; dummies flaunting and attitudinizing in costume are bad; but not the historic art itself, nor men and women in costume. When we have once got well to understand that the art of our own time is as serious and dignified as that of the past, we shall equally understand that that of the past holds its own face to face with the present, and that the two must be vitalized in exactly the same way. It is just as possible to give a human and living representation of the past in art as in literature; and whether this latter is possible we may ask of Shakspeare. Shakspeare is as much at home in Henry the Fourth's time, King John's, Julius Cæsar's, or Agamemnon's, as in Queen Elizabeth's: the year of the world or of grace is a very small matter to him. And why? Because life still is life all the world over, and all the centuries through: and he will give you life under as many phases, and dynasties, and historic cycles, as you please,—and with London mechanics acting before Theseus, and fire-arms going off before they were invented, into the bargain. That is the only way, in the long run, in which we either can or may conceive history and historic art. Preposterous as it would be to propose Shakspeare as the measure for other men's attainment, it is quite practicable to study in him what is the right thing to attain, and the way to set about it. At the present day, indeed, we need not have the cannons fired off by a soldier in chain-mail, simply because we are all too well informed, and the proceeding would disconcert us, and raise questions instead of silencing them; but we must still have inside the chain-mail a man

of the same flesh and blood as an artilleryman, if we are to believe in him and his mail. Another writer who may be proposed to the artist as an example of historic treatment is Meinhold, the author of the *Amber Witch* and *Sidonia the Sorceress*. To do in art what he has done in literature is of course a less hopeless task than with a Shakspeare for model, and is indeed an altogether achievable one. Meinhold, too, is quite on the opposite tack from Shakspeare as regards accuracy of costuming and detail. He is peculiarly painter-like in this respect; presenting the outer aspect of a past century, not certainly in lengthy and laboured description, but with all the precision and exact keeping of a contemporary portrait or character-group. He gives it in action, in minutiæ of incident and manner, and in all those numberless small points of externals which made the same thing done in the past look differently from what it does in the present. That is exactly what the painter of historical *genre* wants to do. But, if he would attain it with a success corresponding to that of Meinhold, he must work upon Meinhold's principle. With him the externals are not the essentials; they only *invest* the essentials, which are life, character, and the play of feeling, opinion, and event. These he makes true of the past, because they are in themselves truly conceived, and would be equally so, with mere difference of form, in the present. And that is what the art of the past has equally to do: it must rely upon the man first, and conceive of him as genuinely as of a man of our own time; and upon the costume and accessories, only as externals of the man. It must have life, real palpitating life, at its centre; not a make-believe of historic pompousness and second-hand antiquarianism. Its 'clothes-philosophy' must be that of Herr Teufelsdröckh; which advances from the mere palpable outer integument to the whole

visible and invisible habit of the man and of the world. 'Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?'

The French painter, Millet, one of the most genuine artists of our time, had a curious little picture in the Paris Exhibition of the current year. It was old Tobit and his wife, dressed exactly like plain country folk of the present day, with their modern house, and cat, and roadside scenery. This is one mode of bringing home to us a subject of the past, and has 'heart of grace' too in its odd, pungent way. Yet it is not to be recommended now for imitation. We have got beyond it; and it costs the spectator a greater effort to find out that the blind old countryman with his walking-stick is meant for Tobit, and to perceive that he really does represent Tobit pretty well after all, than it would cost the artist to put him into a reasonable resemblance to Tobit's real clothes and environments. We cannot compel people to be as ignorant, or as passive to these matter-of-fact solecisms, as they were in the middle ages; nor treat them in mere simplicity of purpose as if they were. The *naïveté* of the fifteenth century in such matters has become ingenuity and prepense theory in the nineteenth. All we can do in perfect good faith is to concentrate the spectator's attention upon the fact that Tobit was very like another blind old man when you came to scrutinize him; leaving the costume and so on to be cared for much as they happen to come, but not intentionally making them wrong when we can make them partially right.

While on the subject of the current French art, we may be allowed in the briefest terms to recommend it to the serious attention of British painters. They will find in it very valuable discipline in the fundamental rudiments of art; and that habit of regarding a picture as a picture which, inducing unity, vividness, straightforwardness, and

breadth, results in real pictorial style—the quality on whose importance we have already insisted. These characteristics hold good of a very large section of the actual French art, and were displayed in force in this year's Parisian Exhibition; though no doubt there are other phases of that art neither to be admired in themselves nor to be upheld as examples to others.

One department of art in which the French, and they only, excel, is that of military or battle pictures; less prominently evinced this year than on some previous occasions, numerous as were the large canvasses devoted to the Italian and Crimean campaigns. We observe that a movement has been started this season in London for promoting the production and purchase of pictures illustrating the naval and military achievements of Great Britain, and of which Mr. Desanges's Victoria Cross Gallery is fixed upon to serve as the nucleus. If this could be regarded as the beginning of a serious movement on a large scale, it were scarcely by possibility capable of success. The military is one of the most hopeless and barren phases of art, and British painters have always shown themselves peculiarly abroad in it. Art can hardly thwart its own best purposes more than by dealing with masses of red coats and pipe-clay, bayonet-thrusts, gashes and blood, agonized and distorted features, and wide-spread slaughter. Yet these are the essentials of the subject; anything short of them is a mere trifling with it, half-hearted and self-condemnatory. British painters have never fully grappled with military art; they have only hovered about its outskirts, touching and trimming. They have been unsuccessful, necessarily unsuccessful, in these attempts; and there is every reason to infer that they would be the same if they were to go in for the thing with a more thorough and practical aim. Besides, it is better they

should be so, even were the prospect otherwise. The French, as we have said, have really from time to time done something notable in the way of military art: yet there are few greater mistakes in art, and few more unsatisfying and wearisome exhibitions, than the vast series of the military glories of France at Versailles. We hope and fully believe that our countrymen will not attempt to produce such another eyesore; and are very sure moreover that, if they do so, they will find it a far greater eyesore than that at Versailles, and their canvasses and painters pigmies and bunglers in comparison.

The question of the range of subjects proper for fine art becomes year by year more needful of solution as photography advances. To us it seems pretty clear that, for everything in the way of mere transcript, photography is the thing; it is easier, more certain, more ample, and in almost every respect, as far as this object is concerned, more beautiful, and, to crown all, incomparably cheaper. It has already made huge inroads upon this field of art, and is morally sure to monopolize it at no distant day. What photography cannot do is to colour and to invent. To say that it will never be able to colour would be extremely rash; some glimmerings of that power in photography have already been bruited, and there is no knowing where this or any other human conquest of the forces of nature will stop. All we can affirm is that for the present the sublime and delicious province of colour lies exclusively at the command of man. Of invention photography has already, in its nature and practice, a certain very limited property. The power of invention is the conceiving how a thing, or a combination of things, which does not materially exist, would be and would look if it did exist; and the photographer who arranges and takes fancy groups produces,

in a sort of way, a result similar to the artist who, with or without models, represents a subject conceived in his mind. But this is, as an almost constant rule, bad invention and futile photography; it cannot possibly compete with, though it does in some degree shadow forth, the power of artistic invention. The imminent condition of fine art appears therefore to be the limitation to invention and colour; transcription and record of mere fact of every order being handed over bodily to photography. This does not, however, include human portraiture, which, in its higher walks, has a large measure of invention. There is nothing to irritate or alarm us in the prospect. We shall have the best possible transcripts, and the only possible inventions worthy of contemplation. An enormous quantity of art pursued at a ruinous sacrifice of time and labour will find a painless extinction, and the public be thereby delivered from shoals of inefficient trumpery or useless essays; the true and great art will survive, the artist know and work out his own inalienable function.

[1862].

In speaking of the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1861, we named a decided advance in style as the most prominent merit of that exhibition, and as a merit of paramount importance in itself. We addressed ourselves to showing that style in art is only another term for the method of representing objects, facts, or conceptions, in art; that a fine style is the same thing as a fine representation, and therefore the same thing as *excellent art*—neither more nor less; mere accuracy being comprehended in right style, and the con-

ception of subjects being a thing apart, not properly *per se* an element of fine art. It is, however, a concomitant in the greatest works, and, we may add, the only adequate basis whereon to build up the highest developments of art.

This point of view, if a true one, is sure to be a convenient one as well from which to regard the subject of art as a whole; and we think it may be found serviceable in enabling people to 'clear their mind of cant' notably in one direction. Not a little embarrassment has been introduced into the estimate of fine art, both critical and popular, by a confusion between the provinces of thought or conception, and of art (or style, or embodied perception, as we may call it), in the works of fine art. On the one hand, we have critics upholding what they term High Art, or the choice and conception of great subjects; and we have a half-hearted, yet unresisting and cowed, acquiescence in this view of the matter by the public. On the other hand, we have the real popular sympathy engaged by level, matter-of-fact, and often puny conceptions and treatment, such as form the staple of domestic art. If we apply the test of style, we shall come to a determinate, and it may be hoped a true, conclusion upon both subjects. We shall find that a work of so-called High Art is not properly such in virtue of its subject and conception, but only of the co-equal excellence of its representation. If there is a great conception, and a corresponding greatness of representation, the work is a work both of mind and of art,—the highest possible. If there is only a great conception without the representation to correspond, it is not a work of excellent art at all, but only the indication of a capacious or ambitious mind. Similarly, the domestic picture, or other transcript of fact, may be a work of truly fine art, if the style is fine; while, failing this, it will sink at best into the class of simple

accuracy of treatment, or may even lack that, and only amuse the popular eye because it is something with whose subject-matter the spectator is familiar and sympathetic. We may thus free ourselves finally from any admiration or toleration of so-called High Art practised by small artists, and from any depreciation of Low Art practised by able artists; at the same time that we shall in no wise confound the real and large distinction which exists between the forms of art, but shall recognise that the greatly choosing, conceiving, and representing artist is a man of essentially higher calibre than the one who makes a small choice, and conceives and represents his subject with even the utmost excellence of which it is susceptible.

The advocate of High Art may answer: 'I admit all that, as far as it goes; but I adhere to my opinion that a work of High Art, though but imperfectly realized, is a better thing than a successful work of Low Art. I maintain the dignity of mind; and, if you do not agree with me, you degrade mind below handiwork.' Here we join issue with the advocate of High Art. We acknowledge with him that the mind is nobler than the hand; but we assert that the choice of a great subject, without the power of representing it greatly, is not only a failure in result, but is an attempt having no relation to fine art; for, according to our definition, the style or mode of representation is the very art of the work. A man who chooses as his subject (suppose) the Baptist preaching in the Wilderness has assuredly made a noble choice, and is almost certain (in these enlightened days, at least) to conceive his subject with some degree of adequacy. He cannot well help conceiving John as earnest, impassioned, and austere; a great and dramatic variety of character and emotion in the auditors,—some convinced, penitent, and humiliated, some obdurate or actively hostile

in inertness or pride of soul. And he may carry his subject suggestively forward, as by introducing Christ in the distance, or in some way indicating the preparation for superseding a religion of types and forms by a fulfilled and spiritual religion. But all this is mere thought: it carries with it no tittle of art, which resides solely in the power of realizing. The representation may be accurate, and so far right; or noble, and so consummately true and great. In default of this, the conceiver of the subject may have in him the faculty of a thinker, writer, or preacher, but he has given no evidence of the faculty of an artist. On the other hand, the painter might even have conceived his subject ignobly; he might have made John a sulky savage, and the hearers so many beards, turbans, and cloaks; and yet, if he had realized these baser elements of the subject with real insight into their opportunities and admirable power of representation, his picture would be fine, and might even be great, art. Instances from Rembrandt, among other men, might be cited in support of this position; or let the questioner see, in the Louvre, how Titian treats a conclave as the back view of so many bishops' mitres, and what sort of art he makes of that.

We would understand and accept in this sense the axiom laid down by Mr. Ruskin in his first volume, that the greatest artist is he who conveys the greatest number of the greatest ideas. Yes, who conveys; not who merely possesses or attempts to express them. And we would add —so despotic is the art in the work of art—that the greatest ideas for the artist's purpose are not those which would be greatest for the theorist, the religionist, or the historian, but ideas of beauty, character, and expression; beauty of form, colour, and action, the material beauty which lies open to perception. He must see, and live in, and interpret, this;

must see rather than think, though we shall be grateful to him for thinking as well, when it is once certain beyond dispute that he sees. Phidias, Giorgione, Titian, Veronese, Velasquez, saw and invented within the domain of perception: if they *thought* otherwise, it makes on the whole little appearance in their works, and counts for not much in our estimate of it. The same may be said, somewhat less strongly, of such men as Giotto, Tintoret, Masaccio, and Turner.

The test of style may help us to solve another continually vexed question. The debate is always on and off whether the artist or the public is the true appraiser of works of art, by whose verdict we must walk. The question of popularity, though not of enduring repute, is of course settled by the public, and need not occupy us. The further question has two sides; that of general intellectual power in works of art, and that of ultimate artistic excellence. The former may be determined quite as readily by the public, and with some greater freedom from bias, as they are so little swayed by the bearings of the latter question. The latter belongs almost solely to the artists (among whom we would for the immediate purpose include the small number of men who, without being artists in practice, are such in the study of works of art, and of nature with a view to art). They alone know the ultimate artistic excellence of the work, because they alone are conscious of the things needed to be done in art, and the means of doing them. In other words, they have a practical knowledge of style, which is art; and therefore they must inevitably appraise art, as such, with incomparably more knowledge and judgment than the public can. We cannot certainly say that every artist will decide better than any outsider: some artists are bad ones, others prejudiced, capricious, or disin-

genuous; but, in the long run, the verdict of their body will carry it. And we may thus be well assured that, in any collection, such as our National Gallery, which is mainly a museum wherein the examples of art can be studied for their own sake (as specimens of zoölogy, minerals, and so on, elsewhere), an artist, and not a 'nobleman or gentleman,' is the right director.

To attempt to define good style is no part of our intention; to succeed in doing so, greatly beyond our expectation. It is one of the intangible things which one recognises by a combination of instinct, knowledge, and habit, and which appear the less easily definable the readier one grows at discerning them. To say that it comprises force, breadth, delicacy, &c., is no definition, but only a catalogue of qualities at which one might go on to one's heart's content. Good style is practically the quality which makes good pictures, sculptures, and so on, out of whatever subjects the artist chooses to treat. Most persons, though not all, can, with attention and experience, recognise style in this sense: in any more precise or theoretic one we, at any rate, confess our inability to expound it. As Dante says in the *Vita Nova*, 'It may be that a more subtle person would find for this thing a reason of greater subtlety: but such is the reason that I find, and that liketh me best.'

In the collection of 1862 at the Royal Academy, the prevalent feature, as in 1861, has been the development and advance of style. Though not of conspicuous popular or individual interest, this collection has amply confirmed the evidence which the previous year supplied of increasing power, and clearness of views of art, in our school, and must, in the eyes of artists themselves, hold a position of very high comparative value.

[1863].

It has often been said, and is always true—There is no stopping short in art. Stopping short, whether for a school or for an individual, soon ceases to be stopping short, and becomes retrogression. Even such a school of art as the ancient Egyptian, with its changeless mystery of calm, is not a true exception to this rule. It took centuries to deteriorate, where other schools of art would only take years; but it did deteriorate at last. The character and the aims remained the same, the means appeared to be equally capable of producing the finest results of which that form of art admitted; yet they failed to produce them in the end,—Egyptian art, which would not change or advance, languished and waned. But this, with the Chinese and Byzantine forms of art, is an extreme instance of longevity, obeying indeed an uniform law, yet protracting its operation almost indefinitely. Other such forms exhibit the symptoms of its working at a much earlier date. The art which stops short cannot, after a brief term of grace, help bearing the manifest signs of exhaustion and decay—self-repetition, loss of interest in its own professed ideal, incapability of impressing that ideal upon the spectator with anything approaching to its first force and completeness. And so, or still more prominently, with the individual artist. His mind, so to speak, crusts over and contracts mould; his hand is guided by iteration, not by impulse; his work becomes stale and dragging, and, if it exhibits any gleam of novelty, this can only be obtained by caprice or overdoing. In art, a point reached is a point to be passed; a school formed is a school to be modified. Not in either

case by jerks, or violence, or a craving after mere novelty for its own sake; but by the natural process of development which converts a frail sapling into a stately tree, and by which blossoms succeed to buds, and fruit to blossoms —each in its way as fitting to be prized as the other, but inevitably destined to be superseded.

It is undoubtedly a healthy symptom and high point of attainment in the art of a country or a period when it assumes so generic and definite a character as to constitute what can be called a school. All vigorous and harmoniously-natured art tends in this direction. We find the condition constant, though shifting, in the past sound periods of art, and at the present day better developed and producing worthier results in the French than in other nations. The practical benefits of a well-defined school of art are substantial and direct, in the clearness of purpose which it fosters in the artists concerned, and the command of means with which it supplies them, at comparatively little waste of attempt and experiment. The school elicits all the good and the gist of the artistic idea and motive upon which it is founded; and, having done this, will, in so far as it is a living school, undergo modification, and take to developing something else as its main object. Its danger is that it should not be content with eliciting and developing, but should pursue the process even to exhaustion; should become fixed and rooted—no longer a living school, but a pedantry, no longer a body animated by its purpose, but a corpse haunted by the ghost thereof. From this danger a less fully organized artistic community is less liable to suffer: such has been, and to some extent is, the English, in which the tendencies of the artists are more personal and scattered, less reducible to the common standard of a school. But this condition also has its drawbacks, and those more

serious and less likely to be corrected than in the other case.

The changes which pass over the practice of a school are mainly of two kinds. The first is rather development than change, although it may extend so far that the final stage can scarcely be recognizably traced to the first, save by knowledge of the various intermediate gradations. This development is the natural course which any motive or movement in art runs when left to itself. It includes the connected sequence of modifications which take place spontaneously in the practice of the leaders of the school, and more especially the reflex action of their principles and practice upon the works of the bulk of minor men. The second kind of change is change properly so called. It interrupts the connected sequence, changes the current of thought and practice, and introduces a new element into the case. This occurs when an original genius makes his appearance, startles those who had comfortably settled down into an accepted method, and the more timid of the neophytes, rouses the enthusiasm of the more energetic, obtains a following, and carries—as he is sure to carry—a good deal before him. In a living and growing school of art, both these influences are continually at work; without them, it would stagnate, and slowly perhaps, but surely, die out in the end. A third change in a school might in a certain sense be said to take place according to fashion; and this, regarded merely on its own showing, as a fancy loosely taken up and as loosely laid aside again, can do the school no good, but only unqualified harm. In fact, however, fashion is generally the satellite and the trumpeter at once of some new turn given to art by a man of talent or genius whose own performances deserve a welcome, noxious as their influence often becomes when mixed up with the

blind, fussy, and motiveless *entêtement* which is of the essence of fashion. The change effected by fashion may therefore be fairly resolved into a special phase, or condition of degeneracy, common to the other two changes of which we have been speaking; and fashion need not—unless in some exceptional cases—be considered as a distinct and independent influence affecting the arts.

The British school of painting exhibits at the present day two or three leading influences. Firstly, there are some, not very many, of our older painters who adhere to the styles which they were practising fifteen years or more ago, and who keep outside of the more recent movement to which the great majority of new-comers belong in a more or less decisive manner. It would be superfluous to enter here into any accurate analysis of the aims and methods of these well-known exhibitors. Secondly, there is the influence which has been paramount among us for the last fourteen years—that of Præraphaelitism. The three leaders of the Præraphaelite movement (we might term them four by including Mr. Madox Brown, though in fact his great artistic powers had been developed a few years before the movement began), united as they were in a common aim and principle, had nevertheless very distinct powers and tendencies of their own, each by each; and each has had a distinct position and following. Præraphaelitism has made a radical difference in the school generally, and has itself resulted in works very diverse in some respects from those which marked the movement at its outset. Its development during these fourteen years has exemplified the first of the two changes which pass, as we have just represented, over the practice of a school. Since that process began, the British painter of special faculty who has come forward with the most decided novelty of aim is

Mr. Leighton. He also has produced a certain effect upon our art, though not one which counts for much in the general reckoning. The time, however, has come for a new influence to make its way amid and athwart those previously at work; and it cannot, we think, be disputed that a considerable tincture of foreign, and especially French, views and methods of art is now to be traced among us. The tendency may properly be called French in the main; although, in the present Academy Exhibition, it indicates, in two or three instances, a more special relation to the great Belgian painter, Leys. Not indeed that there is a single picture which can, with any show of truth, be said to resemble a picture by Leys in the same sense in which the Belgian Joseph Lies, and the Frenchman Tissot, resemble him; but those who are acquainted with the style of Leys (as who is not that saw his magnificent display in the International Exhibition?) will have little difficulty in saying that Mr. Calderon, Mr. Hodgson, Mr. Prinsep, and Mr. Yeames, are also acquainted with it.

To return to our starting-point—there is no stopping short in art. In reviewing the last two Academy Exhibitions, we noted the advance in pictorial style as their leading and highly encouraging characteristic. We observe the same thing this year; but it does not afford us equal satisfaction, for we do not perceive that it has as yet gone appreciably further. It cannot be in reality less; but it seems less, because it is not more. The point of advance already attained by our artists, though not inconsiderable, is not a point to be paused at. Each year inherits from its predecessor, and must use its inheritance as an onward means, not hoard or vaunt it as a possession. The best tribute payable to the deserts of 1862 would have been to throw them into the shade in 1863.

In the present stage of our art, perhaps, next after powerful pictorial style, the point most needful to be attained, and most certain, if attained, to carry the school further forward, is a dignified and thoughtful choice of subject. The reader will understand that we are here considering a question of *art*. Were it a question of general intellectual faculty, we might have to put the choice of subject first and paramount; but, being a question of art, we rate powerful pictorial style as the primary requirement. Pictorial style and subject, though not so linked together as that a poor subject entails a poor style, and *vice versâ*, are nevertheless closely related. Given a certain amount of power in style, this amount will not fail to be indefinitely enhanced in value by a consistently worthy choice of subject —curtailed and depreciated by a mean one. The art will appeal to the nobler class of minds, will flourish and progress, partly in proportion to the dignity of its subjects: it will become the toy of the vulgar, and will maunder and decline, partly in proportion to their insignificance. Though there have been several painters of fine style who treated unimportant subjects habitually or occasionally, there has never yet been a school of art addicted to such subjects which did not run a rapid course towards impotence and extinction. In British art the want of ambition and elevated purpose, as regards subject, has long been one of its principal drawbacks and stigmas; and there can be little doubt that poverty of subject and poverty of drawing have been in great measure interdependent. In the former respect there have been gleams of an improved tendency for some time past, though they could only be looked upon as individual gleams of small effect upon the dusky area of the school: this year they are perhaps a trifle more numerous, and look a little more as if they would eventually converge, and

afford a degree of general lumour. *The* pictures of the year are undoubtedly those of Mr. Millais (far ahead of all competition) and Messrs. Prinsep and Hodgson; next to whom may be named Messrs. Calderon and Leighton, and, among the landscape painters, Messrs. Linnell senior, and Hook (who is, as usual, as much a painter of coast life as of coast scenery). Omitting the latter two gentlemen, we find that *all* these exhibitors, the prominent men of the season, contribute works important in subject: first, a rich poetic subject; next, one of concentrated and deep-working passion; then, two well selected and invented historical incidents; and, last, one from the Bible than which none could be found more ominous and overwhelming in its mental drama.*

Nor is the tale of more than commonly excellent subjects exhausted by naming these specially prominent works. There is still a tolerable sprinkling of others,† most of them also prominent, some meritorious. No doubt, even our present muster-roll tells but faintly, in point of numbers, amid the mass of staleness and platitude of subject from which it can be culled: yet we incline to think that it

* The pictures here referred to are—by Millais, The Eve of St. Agnes; by Prinsep, 'Whispering tongues can poison Truth'; by Hodgson, The first sight of the Armada, lighting the beacon; by Calderon, The British Embassy in Paris on the day of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; by Leighton, 'Jezebel and Ahab, having caused Naboth to be put to death, go down to take possession of his vineyard —they are met at the entrance by Elijah the Tishbite.'

† Notably—by Marcus Stone, Napoleon 'on the road from Waterloo to Paris'; by Fisk, The Old Noblesse in the Conciergerie during the first French Revolution; by G. D. Leslie, The War Summons, 1485, 'To my well-beloved John Paston'; by Ward, La Toilette des Morts, and 'Hogarth's Studio, 1739, Holiday Visit of Foundlings to view the portrait of Captain Coram'; by Marks, 'How Shakspeare studied'; by Heaphy, Kepler accosted in Venice as a Fortune-Teller; by Archer, The Sancgreall, King Arthur healed of his grievous wound in the island-valley of Avalon.

would be found to exceed, for inventiveness and gravity combined, anything which could be cited from the preceding exhibitions of recent years.

And now let us commend to the reader's meditation a not insignificant saying of the great ideal designer Blake; an assertion, by this most imaginative and least merely imitative of painters, that invention in art is not a simple fancy of the mind, but a certain portion of the practical realizing power. It coincides very nearly, in its reference to Michael Angelo, with a preceding remark of our own. 'To generalize is to be an idiot: to *particularize* is the great distinction of merit. Execution is the chariot of genius. Invention depends altogether upon execution or organization:—as that is right or wrong, so is the invention perfect or imperfect. Michael Angelo's art depends on Michael Angelo's execution altogether. Grandeur of ideas is founded on precision of ideas.'

[1864].

THE condition of a school of art is not to be tested solely by the aspect which it may present to a spectator coming perfectly new to it, and ready to be impressed merely according as it shews itself in one particular *coup d'œil*. To form a right estimate we must understand its state with regard to advance or retrogression, its prospects of improvement or stagnancy; and this can only be attained by a knowledge of what has preceded the actual stage of the school's growth. Without entering here into any lengthened consideration or analysis of facts bearing upon the history of the British school, we shall simply recur to our last year's

remarks upon it; as a wayfarer along a steep and straight road might look back from one milestone to another, though he has no chance of seeing the whole series of those which have measured out his path. The topics before us are those of foreign influence upon our school, and of the relation of subject-matter to artistic treatment and development.

1. The influence of foreign schools of art upon our own remains at much the same ratio as before; and, if anything, whether through our having become familiarized with it, or through its gradual tendency to reabsorption within the general sturdiness of self-assertion proper to John Bull, and within the broad and extensive level of the British in art, this influence comes upon us somewhat less forcibly than before. Naturally, it does not distinguish any of our senior artists, nor is it traceable among the most prominent men of middle standing in point of age and length of professional practice, but who are foremost as fine representatives of British art, such as Millais, Watts, and Holman Hunt. The foreign influence is apparent chiefly among the younger men. Mr. Leighton may be held to have given the first impulse to it when he began exhibiting about ten years ago. However, his style is more especially an individual one, modified, indeed, by his foreign course of study, but not directly foreign in itself. It is upon a knot of *genre* or semi-historical painters that this influence has descended in greatest force; men of varying degrees of talent and natural gift for art, but all possessed of good general artistic capacity not (or scarcely in any case) amounting to positive artistic genius; of ready execution stopping short of really powerful style; of some versatility, considerable perseverance, and resolution both to do justice to their own talents and to succeed with the public; and

notably furnished with a sense of when they have done enough according to their particular endowments, and had better leave the thing as it stands. We do not mean that these painters always do as much as might fittingly be wished for; but that their rule—perhaps their instinct—is to carry their works up to a certain point where the several qualities of expression, grouping, colour, *couleur-locale*, surface-handling and so on, have reached and will preserve a balance highly satisfactory to the exhibition-goer, and by no means to be underrated by the artistic sense. In short, these painters have attained the quality of good 'keeping,' one of the primary requisites, though far from the summit, of good style. In this characteristic respect more especially, as well as in the particular quality of broad surfaces of unforced and mostly agreeable half-tone, they exhibit the distinct foreign influence; for these are qualities very familiar to a foreign painter of average merit and practice —far from equally so to the Briton of correspondent standing, one of whose besetting sins is insistency. Now an insistent Holman Hunt or Inchbold is in many respects an admirable, and in all a condonable, artistic phenomenon; but the case is quite different when it comes to an insistent Rankley or Fisk. Mr. Cope, a proficient painter of fine qualities, cankered by the blemish in question, is as strong a case as could well be cited.

The principal artists who exhibit the foreign influence (and to most of whom we have already referred on the same ground) are Messrs. Calderon, Yeames, Hodgson, Marks, and, in a somewhat diverse yet distinct phase, Prinsep. All these are men of note by this time. In native pictorial gift we rate Mr. Prinsep highest; in purpose and calibre of mind, of which fine things may be expected, Mr. Hodgson, and not far from him Mr. Yeames, who is at

present a surer executant: Mr. Calderon stands first of all in *àplomb* and discipline; Mr. Marks in sprightliness and character-painting.

But there is another sense in which the foreign element plays an important part both in British contemporary art in general and in the present exhibition in particular. Patriotism might be inclined to suppress the fact; but a fact it is that, setting Sir Edwin Landseer, and possibly Mr. Lewis, aside, the three best exhibitors are either simply foreigners, or not absolutely British: we mean M. Legros, Mr. Whistler, and Mr. Millais. M. Legros's 'Ex Voto' is one of the largest pictures in the gallery, and, to our thinking, incontestably the greatest: he is a Frenchman, and one of those sons of France whom the noble mother will be in no hurry to disclaim. Mr. Whistler is an American, and owes his art-training chiefly to Paris. Mr. Millais belongs to a Jersey family. Proceeding beyond these peculiarly eminent exhibitors, we find others of more than ordinary mark in M. Lehmann, a German of French training; M. Tissot, a French follower of Leys; Herr Tidemand, the eminent Norwegian painter; M. Fantin, a Frenchman; and Madame Jerichau, a Dane. In sculpture, the Frenchman M. Poitevin, and the German Herr Böhm, take first-class positions; Baron Marochetti is, as everybody knows, an Italian; and three other foreigners, MM. Vanlinden, Wiener, and Mégret, all show to some advantage in the sculpture-room. The fine bust-sculptor whom we miss this year and henceforth, Behnes, was semi-Hanoverian. Mr. Calderon—to return to the painters—is of Spanish descent: Mr. Simeon Solomon, an artist always interesting and uncommon, is a Jew. There would be no difficulty in prolonging the list; and we may readily think of one painter of distinguished genius, never represented in the Academy, who is three-

fourths Italian in blood: but we have here named those foreigners and semi-foreigners who most modify the general tone of the present exhibition, and we have said enough to show that the foreign element is by no means null therein, even irrespectively of the influence which foreign principles and practice may be exercising upon prominent native artists. In this there is nothing new. Fuseli and Zoffany count in England as English artists; not to go back so far as to Vandyck and Holbein, for whom some Britons seem to consider themselves entitled to a degree of credit.

2. The importance of the subjects taken in hand by artists this year is perhaps inferior to what it was last year; at any rate there is, unfortunately, no ground for any special self-gratulation on this score. The proportion of figure-subjects, whether including portraits or not, to subjects of all other classes, strikes us, however, as on the increase: certainly landscape and the minor forms of art make no great show on these Academy walls. Some years ago landscape was a branch of painting in which Englishmen fondly imagined that they had no rivals, and hardly a competitor. There was no small degree of exaggeration or wilful obtuseness in this view: yet landscape might then be fairly considered a highly prominent and distinctive department of the British school. Now, strange to think of, there is not a single landscape-painter amid the younger blood of the Academy, the Associates; and, among the full Academicians, since the retirement of the veteran Witherington, only five professed landscape-painters, Messrs. Stanfield, Roberts, Lee, Creswick, and Cooke, to whom a sixth may be added in the person of Mr. Redgrave, who paints landscape as frequently now as figure-subjects, though he is more professedly a figure-painter. Mr. Hook, whose works combine human and landscape interest in pretty equal balance, may

in some sense be regarded as a seventh. Of these gentlemen, all are Academicians of long standing, except Mr. Hook and Mr. Cooke, the latter promoted from the Associate list within the current year. This great preponderance of honour conferred upon figure-painters, consequent as it is upon their increase and more cogent claims, cannot be considered wrong. Yet neither is it wholly right while landscape-painters of so much power and gift as Mr. Anthony, Mr. William Davis, and Mr. Inchbold, remain unrecognised, and worse, by the Academy. The decrease of landscape-painting may be ascribed partly to a change of tendency in the school, clearly a laudable one in the main; partly to the development of photography, so destructive to any level of landscape-art save the highest, and which, indeed, is no doubt potently operative in the very change of tendency under consideration. The result, however, is one very contrary to what appeared to be impending some few years after the first advent of Præraphaelitism: a movement which, initiated by figure-painters, and mainly in the interests of the higher order of figure-subjects, produced a rapid crop of pictures—or more properly scraps and studies in most instances—of landscape, and seemed to the timid as if it were likely to stagnate into that form of work more decidedly than any other. In this respect, Præraphaelitism has, in the long run, been true to its first impulse. It has changed the face of our school, and has itself undergone considerable modification: but it has not deserted the man for the stone, the living and emotional for the merely vegetative, the expression of thought and character for the copyism of detail.

What between the predominance of figure-subjects and the ability with which both these and other themes are treated, the average of the present Academy exhibition

must be pronounced high, comparatively speaking. We have reached the point at which we are not compelled to blush, to bleat out apologies, or to shrink into our shoes, at the sight of a foreigner cultivated or critical in art. It has become the more essentially incumbent upon our men of genius and of power to put forth their energies, and do nothing short of their best. If they do this, there is capacity enough in the school at large to receive the afflatus, and work upon it to some result. If, on the contrary, our best men palter with their strength, the school need not indeed recede from the level it has reached; but it would run great risk of remaining an unprofitable school with dormant capacities, instead of what it was some fifteen years ago, an unprofitable school into which the very capacities had yet to be infused—instead of what it might now become from year to year, a profitable school using its capacities aright.

Our greatest *desideratum*, more especially for the last half-century, has been in respect to productions of a monumental character. We have had the slenderest allowance of works executed on a great scale, or for permanent location *in situ*, and the slenderest proportion of painters capable of executing or with a style adapted for such works, had there been any fair amount of public demand for them. The case is now somewhat bettered in this regard. The severer discipline which our school has been undergoing for the last fifteen years, its more thorough study of facts and growing power of style, have produced some effect. The modicum of encouragement held out to monumental art in connexion with the new Houses of Parliament proved on the whole abortive. Something indeed remains to be shown for it in the works of Messrs. Maclise, Dyce, Cope, and Herbert; but, in most cases, it has produced merely large works of *genre*-painting, like magnified exhibition pictures, by painters

essentially related to that class of work, such as Mr. Ward and some others employed in Parliament. Qualified men offered for employment in the persons of Messrs. Madox Brown, Watts, David and W. B. Scott, Cross, and perhaps two or three others; but they received no employment, or none adequate to the occasion. It is to different influences that we must look for the slight tendency towards monumental art which now appears here and there in the British school, and which has already produced works worthy to be cited in the fresco by Mr. Watts at Lincoln's Inn, the Wallington Northumbrian series by Mr. W. B. Scott, the painting of the Union Club-room in Oxford by Mr. Dante Rossetti and his coadjutors, Mr. Armitage's fresco in the Roman Catholic church at Islington, Lady Waterford's decoration of the schoolroom at Ford, and some other works sparsely discernible over the country. In the present Academy exhibition we find ten British painters more or less qualified to undertake monumental work; some of them, indeed, not likely to find their proper sphere, or to bring out such power as is within them, unless work of that class comes in their way. These are Messrs. Millais, Armitage, Phillip, Sandys, Leighton, Watts, Albert Moore, Simeon Solomon, Prinsep, and Stanhope. In this list there are great differences both of general ability and of special aptitude. Mr. Millais, for instance—though his truly extraordinary executive gifts would qualify him to shine in any method of art, and therefore in some respects to shine the more according as he might have the wider field of display—might prove defective in intellectual weight, and in an adequate sense of scale and pitch. At any rate he is so well suited with the form of art which he practises at present that, if he remains wedded to it, we are not called upon to speculate far upon what the art and the country

lose in consequence. Mr. Armitage, well-grounded and clear-headed, is also comparatively academic and limited; Mr. Phillip, addicted to *bravura*, though bold, striking, and capable; Mr. Sandys, somewhat voluminous and unyielding in detail, excellent as he is in vigorous draughtsmanship, and in other high-class qualifications to which that is naturally allied. More versatile than intense in aim and feeling, more harmonious in his conception of colour than he always is in its actual employment, Mr. Leighton has nevertheless so much ambition, and his acute sense for beauty and grace is so closely related to largeness and uniformity of impression, that we do not question his distinct aptitude for monumental work, or the completer development which his gifts would receive thereby. The other painters whom we have named would all benefit by being allowed their ample elbow-room. On Mr. Watts's qualifications we need not dilate. Mr. Moore proves his capacity by his fresco, hung in the sculpture-room, of the Four Seasons. Mr. Solomon, though he paints for the most part on a more than commonly small scale, is evidently qualified, by natural inclination, for a large one; he selects subjects that have a sort of typical suggestiveness without much direct incident, and paints them in a tone of colour which, in large dimensions, would rise, from being marked and significant, into full appropriateness and even grandeur. As for the two remaining painters on our list, Messrs. Prinsep and Stanhope, their 'proclivities' towards monumental work are obvious. Both, especially Mr. Stanhope, would need, in order to a full success in such work, sterner discipline in drawing than they as yet possess. Mr. Prinsep already indulges himself in large canvasses and figures when he can get the opportunity. Mr. Stanhope has, in his oil-pictures, always confined himself to very moderate

dimensions; but the distinguishing quality which, spite of many deficiencies, ranks them among the fine work of our exhibitions, is that certain combination of breadth and amenity which so peculiarly pertains to and characterizes large or monumental work, and the same may be said of Mr. Prinsep, without implying any more positive resemblance between his productions and Mr. Stanhope's than really exists. In speaking of painters whose style qualifies them for monumental work, we must not forget, although unrepresented on the Academy walls, Mr. Burne Jones, to whom the Water-colour Society owes it that their exhibition of the present year will count in future record less as the last appearance of one admirable painter, William Hunt, than as the first appearance of another not less admirable.

There are many different plans of testing the merits of a work of art: imagination, conception, style, expression, beauty, composition, design, draughtsmanship, chiaroscuro, texture, colour, execution, or mere isolated points of treatment or handling—all these may be used as tests. Each, however, is but a partial test; while all *seriatim* would constitute a laborious one, and a test so sure to be made up and balanced of contraries—a blemish here eked out by a grace there—that the result must combine uncertainty of general impression with possible accuracy in the items. The reader is perhaps disconcerted or bored by the process: the artist and the true critic see their way to and through it; but, along with it, they see, almost at the first glance, the outcome of the whole. By a sort of instinct, based upon original sympathy and continual habit, they see, first of all, whether the work is on the whole A SUCCESS, or less than a success; whether it constitutes a homogeneous work of art,—a thing achieved; or an affair of shreds and patches,—a thing attempted, but missed. This original

impression is one which scarcely ever betrays the man of practice. It may, indeed, be a wrong impression: the connoisseur may depreciate as a failure a work which the archangels know to be a success, or *vice versâ*. But, so far as the connoisseur is personally concerned, the impression is a genuine and a final one: it is the impulsive judgment which he pronounces at first, and the best judgment which, according to the ratio of his feeling for and knowledge of art, he could pronounce were he to consider of it for days. There may be no end of things to study and find out in connexion with the work of art; the details require careful examination; the influence of the work deepens or wanes in proportion to the solidity or weakness of its author; but the one integral impression—success or non-success—is received once for all, and there remains; to the critic, the standard of the artist's ultimate merit; to the critic's critics, the standard of the critic's own qualifications. It follows that, in the case of a really qualified man, the most thorough test which he can apply to the work of art, the most comprehensive and decisive opinion which he can deliver, is even this same—success, or non-success.

Who *is* qualified to apply the test?—and, when the test yields different results in different hands, how is the much-patronized public or reader to know whom to believe? The question is a very difficult one to answer; and, to ourselves in especial, ticklish as well as difficult. We are the first to concede to any objector that, whether an unprofesssional opinion is in fact right or wrong, there is no reason why the reader or public should yield any prompt or implicit credence to it: that is a deference due only to a professional opinion—the witness of a man who can *do* the sort of thing he is talking about, and do it well. The answer therefore is that professional people, as a class,—

and some unprofessional people as well,—are qualified to apply the test: but that the professional are always to be believed in preference, when the verdicts differ; though it is just consistent with possibility that the unprofessional are in fact right, and will be so proved in the long run.

II.

THE EXTERNALS OF SACRED ART.

THERE is a vast question which Ruskin has mooted—How far Fine Art has, in all or any of the ages of the world, been conducive to the religious life. With his characteristic fairness (or, to adopt the popular critical terminology, in his usual spirit of paradox) he declines in any way to prejudge the question, in accordance to his own sympathies, by pronouncing in favour of Art, and shadows forth the enormous dimensions which the enquiry must assume in order to anything like a satisfactory solution of it.

The foremost branch of this question would of course concern itself with art professedly religious. The decision on that head would govern the decision on the whole question, and would of itself necessitate one of the largest and most intricate historical investigations which any man or body of men could undertake. The thing might perhaps be eventually achieved by the concerted labours of various enquirers, each taking up a distinct period or people; and the result would be of a historic value, and even a present practical importance, such as amply to justify any amount of toil expended in its attainment.

We preface with these remarks the considerations which we purpose offering upon a collateral and very subordinate

branch of the great subject, not through any intention of taking part in the larger enquiry, but lest it should be supposed that we are unmindful of that while our immediate attention is directed to minor points. Our theme is the Externals of Sacred Art: and the utmost which we propose summarily to consider is whether the artistic feelings and sympathies of a Protestant people of the nineteenth century are best met by a typical or by a narrative expression of religious subjects; and whether, in the narrative expression, strict accuracy of national type and accessory should be adhered to.

It is to be observed at starting that, although, writing artistically, we do not profess to speak of the religious but simply of the 'artistic feelings and sympathies' engaged in this question, these latter cannot, in point of fact, be trenchantly and absolutely severed from the former. The artistic feelings are only a part of the general tone of mind, and must, in reference to such a subject, involve an exercise of the religious feelings as well. It would be impossible for a believer to be in thorough artistic sympathy with a work which he felt to be an inferior religious expression of a common faith; unless, indeed, his artistic preferences were reduced to the mere question of arrangements of form and colour, which is at best only half of the matter.

Again, the general body of artists of a particular age or country must represent, to a great extent, the tendencies of that age or country, mental and moral; and if we find among the artists a decided prevalence of feeling towards one form of treatment of an important range of subjects, it will be a strong symptom, so far, that that is the treatment which harmonizes with the public feeling.

Now we have had within the last two years an opportunity of ascertaining, on a large scale and unitedly, the

predominant tendency of the existing schools of art. The Paris Universal Exhibition furnished the opportunity. Its showing may be taken as conclusive; the consentaneous tendency of all the living art of the time is towards naturalism—a more systematic, more downright, and more thorough naturalism than has ever before been sought or professed by art. Naturalism, in connexion with sacred art, of course implies and prescribes a prevalence of direct or narrative over typical representations; and such is actually the case—a well-known section of German artists constituting perhaps the only class which addicts itself, with anything like a systematic impulse, to the typical. Here, then, we have a strong symptom that the narrative form of sacred art is in conformity with the feeling of the time. The symptom, to take it at the lowest, is that of 'demand and supply'; but we would rather go a step higher, and say, as before, that the artist, himself a part of the time, abides by that narrative form, of his own accord and preference.

Our special enquiry, however, was as to the light in which the question presents itself to a Protestant people of the nineteenth century. Now the two most distinctive characteristics of protestantism may perhaps be defined as the assertion of the right of private judgment (or, more strictly, the irresponsibility for private judgment save to God alone), and reverence for the Bible. These two qualities in combination naturally predispose the mind to receive gladly any conscientious and heartfelt representation of scriptural history, in which the aim is to adhere strictly to the recorded fact, merely transferring it from verbal expression to form, and depending for its impressive enforcement upon the fidelity of the transfer. This neither adds aught to the Bible nor diminishes from it, and makes no sort of demand upon the beholder's private judgment in

dependence upon the artist's. The direct Bible narrative is the arbiter appealed to by both; and, if the artist shall have ventured in any way to depart from or enlarge upon it, the beholder is in a position, without further ado or misgiving, to reject the addition as extraneous, and lay it at once to the account of the artist. But the case is different with a typical treatment. Here the artist has to select and combine his own symbols. He aims, it may be, at the expression of some religious idea which the beholder is not disposed to receive; or, even if they are at one regarding the idea, he has embodied it under a form, and with a use of means, for which he is individually responsible. He has asserted in the process his own protestantism, or right of private judgment; and the more definitely and more originally the assertion is made, the less avenue has he opened for himself towards the convictions and the acceptance of others.

Still further does this show itself to be the fact when we come to consider that it is of Protestants *of the nineteenth century* that we are speaking. The tendencies of the century are—we will not say material, but eminently positive. Men like to see a proposition put into a concrete form, and to have a truth enforced rather by example than by precept. Dogmatic subtleties and the theology of the schoolmen exercise comparatively little influence; religion is considered more a matter of conduct and of the inner life than a thing expressible in a formula or a proposition. We are far from hazarding an assertion so bold, and so much beyond our present scope, as that there is more of vital religion in the present age than in time past: what we have limited ourselves to saying is that the religious life, where one finds it, is less sure than of old to unite outward form and observance with the worship in spirit and in truth. This positivism

and this unformalism enhance the alienation from a typical presentment of religious subject. Indeed, we may put it to the suffrage of most readers whether they are not themselves cold to typical art of the present day, and whether they know, unless as exceptional cases, any persons who are the reverse.

It is to be carefully noted, however, in qualification of the general conclusion towards which we are tending, that these exceptional cases will mainly be the persons who most intensely dwell upon and feel religious art, whether typical or narrative, and that *they* will be apt to delight as much in the first as in the second. And further that the coldness of the mass of men is due partly to the hastiness of the age, which will not give itself time to think out the meaning of the types presented, and partly to the fact that typical art, in its present decadence, has ceased to form any broadly considered and recognizable system. But this fact is itself an element of protestantism; it has broken from tradition, and asserts the individual.

Here, then, we may quit this first section of our enquiry, concluding that the artist of our day who works with the aim of impressing the mass of his contemporaries—who seeks to 'leaven the whole lump'—will find it his wisdom to leave the type, and hold to the direct fact; to understand a narrative, and translate it into form, rather than to symbolize a conception for translation by others.

The second section of our enquiry is whether, in the narrative form of sacred art, strict accuracy of national type and accessory should be adhered to. Is our Madonna to be a Jewess, our biblical costume oriental, our scenery that of the Holy Land? The question presents itself under two several aspects; firstly, as it affects the artists whom we may call for the nonce, and for the sake of brevity, 'traditionalists'; and, secondly, as it affects the naturalists.

Before proceeding, however, to consider the case so far in detail, we must lay down the broad principle that sacred art has utterly failed unless it produces a sacred impression; that it must be attempted in that conviction and with that object only; and that no question of literal truth, in ethnology, chronology, costume, or what not, has any business to be so much as taken into account except as wholly subordinate and conducive to the sacred impression. If the most absolute falsification of these subordinates is the safe means to that impression, falsify to your heart's content; only, do not falsify in mere sluggishness of heart and brain, in order that you may just 'follow your leader.' What we have to enquire is whether falsification *is* the means.

The most usual or most accepted model of the traditionalist is Raphael, in such compositions as the cartoons. The traditionalist dresses his figures in blankets which were never worn, puts a bit of Judaism here for the 'characteristic' heads, a bit of Anglicism there (supposing him to be a Briton), a bit of classicism, and an entirety of nothingism. His whole composition becomes a subject such as never could have been in being, and which does not even ask to be genuinely credited. A professed fact, to be received with any cordiality upon that particular footing, must be *like* a fact, and the artist, after availing himself of every aid for strengthening and vivifying his conception of the subject, must represent its visible embodying form as that is or was. We can therefore have no hesitation in pronouncing that the traditionalist who purports to be painting facts entirely misses his mark as regards the means. In that respect the whole thing is dead, and worse than useless. He is neither true to any vital conception of the fact, nor true to Judaism, nor to Anglicism, nor useful, even were he true, to classicism. His means

command no sympathy, and awaken no associations save of the artistic (not to say artificial) kind. We do not say that they command no respect, only no sympathy. It is but too true that the great body of the public, unused to anything more real or more significant, come prepared for the traditional treatment, and are rather put out by any other; they repeat to themselves, from mouth to mouth, that the former 'must be all right,' and fancy that such is their own opinion. Still less do we say that the traditionalist is absolutely precluded, by his use of means, from producing a work having some savour of vitality. He may be a man of genius or of intense feeling, and no means can obstruct him; but those means do mournfully obstruct even such a man, and deaden to an unascertained but too certain extent the energies and aspirations of hundreds of others. So much, then, for the traditionalist; the worst we wish him is that he may soon become a tradition.

The naturalist has no model except nature; but he has a choice, and in each of its alternatives a prototype. It is on something actually seen in nature that he bases himself, and he has to decide whether he will abide unreservedly by the nature of his own time and clime, or whether he will aim at realizing his subject according to the authentic details properly belonging to that.

The prototypes for the former principle are of course the schools of præ-Raphaelite art, which very generally made their scriptural personages, from *anno mundi* to *anno domini*, Florentines or Frenchmen of the fourteenth, Flemings or Venetians of the fifteenth century, according simply to the artist's own circumstances. The result was a living art. The artist thoroughly felt the reality of his subject, and realized it thoroughly to others.

A distinguished writer who has the unaccommodating

habit of following out his principles always to their ultimate results is understood to have implied in his writings, and to have expressly declared by word of mouth, that this is the *only* admissible form of treatment; and that the British nineteenth century must not hope to have a living sacred art until, acting out the same principle to the uttermost, it shall dress its apostles in coats and trowsers, and its centurions in the uniform of the ——th regiment. The sapient public grins consumedly at such strange doctrine. We shall not swell the cachinnation, because we recognise that there is a truth at the bottom of the axiom. The premises we believe to be sound, viz. that the sacred art in which that principle was adopted is the truest we have yet seen, and that there is always some insincerity, some truckling, or some compromise, in the art which seeks to throw itself out of its own period. But we entirely dissent from the extreme conclusion, and shall briefly state some reasons for the dissent.

The motive is everything, the form comparatively nothing. The mediæval artist worked wholly without *arrière pensée*. Very possibly, to many, it never so much as occurred that the men whom they painted had dressed differently, and lived under different conditions; and, even if it did, the artist neither knew nor cared what the difference verily amounted to. *Now* the case is quite the reverse. It would not be an act of good faith, but the opposite, for the artist to paint St. Peter's costume from a Newhaven fisherman's, or St. Joseph's from that of his easel-maker. The learning of the age may be a benefit to its art, or a misfortune; but it is a fact, and cannot be ignored. And the whole question of costume and accessory may be a very unimportant one in comparison with the life-blood of the subject (for this just consideration has much to do with

the position we are combating); but *some* costume and accessory there must be, and some exercise of discretion in the painting of them.

The position appears still less tenable from the paramount point of view of what the effect of the work of art shall be on the spectator. If the mediæval artist murdered chronology with a complacent conscience—(and we fully recognise that he was right in doing so)—the mediæval spectator had still less feeling of foul play; the modern spectator, on the contrary, would resent the 'slovenly unhandsome corse.' Or, to leave our metaphor, the modern spectator would be so offended at the anachronism as to be seriously impeded, if not wholly stopped, from estimating aright the essentials of the subject across the inaccuracy of its details. This again might be right or wrong, and would assuredly be wrong in a great measure; but it places the question on a wholly different ground, and is to our judgment conclusive against the notion of such a treatment.

For the opposite form of naturalistic treatment—that which approaches as near as possible to the veritable reality of detail—the prototype is the art of Vernet and his followers, who have painted a number of biblical subjects as true studies of Arabian, Egyptian, or Hebrew life. These men mostly miss religious feeling and conception, but as far as the form goes they are a sufficient prototype; and we hope soon to see works of similar form and nobler spirit. The principle of the naturalistic artist binds him to take the closest accessible natural models. He is not required to reject a great range of subjects merely because he cannot realize them absolutely from the fact; and, if his opportunities allow of nothing else, he will be true to his principle in representing the nature of his own country with such resources of costume and accessory as he may find available

from study and research, and which may preserve his work from an incongruity palpable and distasteful to the ordinary spectator. If, on the other hand, he has the opportunity of coming closer to the reality—and the closest possible is the life and the scenery and detail of the biblical regions at the present day—his principle will prescribe these as his material. However, there is an important limitation to their use. It still remains for the artist to consider and ascertain whether he is thoroughly in sympathy with the alien nature. If he can only use its details without fully assimilating its character and essence, if he can but copy with the hand, and apply with the rational faculty, the palm-tree and the desert sand, the bronze face, the majestic robes, and the eastern gravity, while his seeing eye and his understanding heart are still for English nature, and that only, the truer naturalism is to stand fast by that. For otherwise he will but be using the naturalism of detail, and missing the naturalism of essence, which is no better than pseudo-naturalism; and the conflict of the two will inevitably be stamped with incongruity, which is anti-naturalism downright.

This difficulty is weighty, but we do not believe it insurmountable. We believe, on the contrary, that a great imaginative naturalist will, in the present day, seek for the very reality of his sacred theme with genuine devotion to truth, and love of its power; and that, diligently husbanding his faculties, he will, with this devotion and this love, enter into the reality in spirit as well as form, and show at once the facts to our eyes, and the substance and meaning to our souls.

This we believe to be the highest ideal of sacred art for the day wherein we live; to be unattempted by most men,

striven for by a few, and, when attained with labour and longing, most precious.

We repeat that the great artist may produce a great work of sacred art, whether his method be traditionalist, or naturalist according to his own national associations, or according to those of the real scene itself; but that the first method, the traditional, is, of its proper nature, a trammel to the artist; the second, if pushed to extremes, an offence, whether rightly or wrongly, to the 'wisdom' of the age—if adopted in a modified form, a noble but minor degree of truth; the third, hardly to be grappled with, the highest and most noble truth when mastered.

III.

THE EPOCHS OF ART

AS REPRESENTED IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE very large and miscellaneous collection of objects of nature, art, science, and manufacture, gathered together at the Crystal Palace, professes to minister to instruction as well as recreation. Before proceeding to consider the phases of art as here represented, we must spare one glance to the especial character of the instruction supplied.

Suggestions have not been wanting that a student of Præadamite matters would derive more advantage from the study of actual fragments than from ever so much contemplation of Mr. Hawkins's and Professor Owen's brand-new resuscitations. No doubt of it. A person already learned in the question knows all that can be shown him of it here: a thorough investigator of the question will not accept an inadequate material symbol of the results of a predecessor's investigation. But it is not the less true that an uninformed person, or one having a smattering of knowledge and a superficial interest in the subject, would neither understand nor investigate the fragments, nor even wish to do so; while he will immediately and without labour gain from the models in the Sydenham garden-lake as tolerable an idea of the appearance, habits, and affinities, of the ante-

diluvians, as the first science of the day can put into shape. Owen and Hawkins know more of the matter than they have expressed here, and the visitor must study as hard and possess equal capacity if he wants to know the same. He will never acquire an equal amount of knowledge even by studying the models thoroughly, and he is not likely to do that; but he will get general and distinct notions on the subject after a visit of a few hours, such as no quantity of unsystematic piecemeal reading or helpless inspection of authentic débris would have supplied him with. So with the natural history or the ethnology. Study a good book deeply, and you will know a great deal solidly; go to the Zoölogical Gardens, and watch a single animal patiently and with a purpose, and you will know a little unimpeachably; go to the Crystal Palace, and you will acquire a number of varied ideas clearly presented to and impressed upon the mind. It will not be science, but it will be information. So again with the art. The British Museum is a better mistress in Egyptian art and Greek art than the Sydenham Museum, but she takes a longer time in giving her curriculum. Her facts are perfect, but they are isolated. At Sydenham you find the most striking facts prearranged for you in the most perspicuous manner; and, when you have gathered as much as serves your immediate purpose about the arts of Egypt and Greece, you can pass to Ninevite, and Byzantine, and Saracenic, and Mediæval, and Renaissance, and existing art; all presenting a linked chain of sequence and divergence whose significance it is difficult to miss altogether.

The teaching of the Crystal Palace is subject to the inferiority which necessarily belongs to a copy (the copy being, however, very often an infallible repetition) as compared with an original. Other special questionable points

exist. There is the occasional difference of scale between the originals and their copies,—as, for instance, in the Colonnade of Karnac. We think it is fairly urged that, in such cases as this, a model self-evidently and unmistakeably remote from the size of the original would be more useful, as it would both present a larger comparative view of the entire subject and eliminate all misconstruction. A still more serious source of error is the intentional alteration or falsification of details, vulgarly called 'cooking,'—the obtaining of what is assumed to be an improved general appearance at the expense of positive fact. Some samples of such a procedure are discoverable in the Crystal Palace. Thirdly comes the influence of individual views developed conjecturally, as in restorations and improvised polychromatism. More than one instance will occur in which the man of learning will dissent from what has been done, and the man of taste repudiate it; and, when this happens, it might generally have been the best course to leave the thing as it was found—defective possibly, but not false.

Whatever may be its inherent wants for teaching purposes, and the shortcomings in its execution, the Crystal Palace has its own real usefulness and influence. Comprehensiveness and vividness are its great qualifications for this object. It is without exaggeration unique. Other museums give the brick from Babylon; about which you must find out most things save that it is indubitably a brick, and that from Babylon it certainly did come. This gives not the real brick at all, but a panorama of the Babylon, and a panorama more strikingly interesting and more authentic, and of a wider Babylon, than was ever before shown. We believe that no other place tells so much as this will in so short a time, or makes the discursiveness of its lesson so palatable to those who cannot devote themselves to all the subjects

which it embraces. Its province is an educational one; but it is that part of education which consists not so much in exhaustive teaching as in cultivation.

EGYPT.

THE art of the Crystal Palace begins where the world's art began—at Egypt. Strange to think that the earliest remaining monuments of this land had seen almost as many centuries before the Christian æra as they and the world have seen since. Stranger still, it is the first impulse to think, that what men have known of art in the succeeding ages has not been very much beyond what the Egyptians knew, however wide and important have certainly been their strides in learning how to express their knowledge. But in reality this is not strange; the strange thing would be if it were otherwise. It is not strange that men having eyes to see should use them rightly, and see nearly as much as lies within their horizon-line. An open eye and undepraved intelligence will, without any laborious process, conceive much of the true essence of Art—what she should aim at, and how aim at it. The brain may be more or less schooled in the means, the hand in the method; but the clearness of physical and mental vision is the same. Would that the parallel held good throughout! that the impulse, if substantially as true when uninformed as when informed and at the zenith of art, could preserve itself unenfeebled thenceforward. But this will not be. The means supersede the end; the learning chokes the knowledge; the accidental overlies the essential. As language in its noble use reveals, and in its ignoble use conceals, the thought of the speaker,

so Art has its two phases, analogous, yet with a difference. It does not aim at embodying Nature and nothing else, for Nature has already embodied herself better than any copy can do it for her. The true aim of Art is to embody a man's thought concerning Nature. It will be successful or unsuccessful according as it penetrates to her essence or skims her surface; but, either way, it will be genuine, and is not ignoble. It becomes ignoble when, instead of revealing a man's thought about Nature, it conceals his want of thought about her. All faithful early art has done the first, and all futile and effete art the second. For the absence of thought may co-exist with the possession of information. When Art is in her dotage, you may still find in her plenty of *information* about Nature—more than before, after a certain manner; but the *thought* is bestowed upon the mere art and the artist—what he can do for self-display, or to resemble another man's art, or not to resemble it.

The thought which the Egyptians derived from Nature most absorbingly, and expressed most distinctly, was that of repose. To their eyes, assuredly, Nature was not 'a perpetual flux,' but a perpetual endeavour towards rest. The endeavour was the dust of the race, the repose its crown.

> 'Rest, rest, for ever rest,
> Spread over brow and breast:
> Her face is toward the West,
> The purple land.'

Monotony is one feature of repose; and the Egyptians have it. The ruling sentiment resides in a single seated figure, the legs straight, fixed, and identical, the hands spread on the knees, the head poised without either raising or depression, the eyes set forward; but it resides far more than fiftyfold in fifty such figures. The huge mass and colossal scale of Egyptian art are another feature of repose, forming in themselves a characteristic nationally distinctive, yet still

subordinate in expression to the leading thought. The pyramid, the labour of whose building has consumed years and ground down thousands into their unknown graves, shall endure for ages on ages. It cannot be removed or altered; it rests for ever there. The vast temple-columns shall not be transplanted; the sculptured giants shall sit, and seem to support the rock they are carved from, while there remains a rock to seem supported.

The repose of Egyptian art often approaches or becomes passivity. But the Egyptian artist was not incapable of anything else. The bas-reliefs continually exhibit action and motion, as well as clearly-marked distinctions of character. For instance: the young Sesostris overcoming two Asiatic chiefs, from the temple of Abou Simbel, is vigorous and even spirited in these respects, and presents effectively the contrast of youthful strength in its full exercise with the lassitude of coming death: the Triumph of Ramses Mai Amun, from the temple of Medinet Abou, is not only full but amply diversified in the actions, especially of the captives. Still, each figure seems arrested in his motion, —not like a moving man petrified, but one that pauses of his own accord, and stands fixed. It is true that there is quite as much in this of the sculptor's want of power to do more as of his intentional abstinence from doing it: but his whole being was so moulded that he did not wish to attain the more; the art which his view comprehended did not include it. Had the desire existed, the power would have come. All this, however, shows that he had not ceased to think of Nature, treating art as the expression of his thought. One main idea possessed his mind; but the repose which he saw brooding over universal Nature did not obliterate her ebb and flow.

Of all art, the Egyptian is the most permanent, as well

in the tone and self-reproduction which imbued it from age to age as in the expression of its particular monuments. Yet even Egypt has her alternations and her gradual descent. Her art under the native dynasties surpassed that of the Ptolemaic period, to which, however, are due the beautiful lotus-leaved and palm-leaved capitals; and the Ptolemaic art surpassed the Roman. We have seen a thought of nature expressed with a monotony often almost servile, yet still not losing its nobility as thought. Let us turn to one of the latest statues in the Egyptian Court, one of the Augustan period, which is thus described by Mr. Sharpe in the official handbook. 'A statue of a priest. It was made by a Greek artist under the Roman sway. His head-dress and the cloth round his loins are Egyptian, so is the square block behind which supports it: in every other respect it is a Greek figure.' Not wholly so, we submit. The face has the Egyptian smile, and the attitude something of the Egyptian formality. But the smile has lost its meaning: it is no longer the calm satisfaction of one at rest well-earned, but the grin of a simpleton, who knows not why he should grin, but does so none the less. The formality is not grand and weighty, a part of the statue's being; but a mere addition to make it bear some affinity to a certain style. The Greek artist has given us more information about Nature than the Egyptians had done—he knows what an arm or a leg is better than they did: but he has not got a thought of Nature in his composition, and so can only express himself as a handicraftsman and nothing else. Another example of a much-earlier period* may suffice.

* The two compilers of the Handbook do not coincide in their chronology. According to Mr. Jones, the temple of Abou Simbel was built by Ramses the Third, in 1565 B.C.; according to Mr. Sharpe, by Ramses the Second, about 1150; and corresponding discrepancies occur in other instances. Where we give dates, we have followed Mr. Sharpe.

The lions before the model of the temple of Abou Simbel will be immediately felt as less grand than those of a still remoter age at the entrance from the nave, the originals of which are in the British Museum. The cause does not consist in any less amount of conventional grandeur in arrangement, but in the fact that the older lions are more thoroughly leonine and feline than the others. The first are majestically recumbent, but with the grim fierceness about them of a future spring at their prey, which the dull gravity of the second does not possess. The sculptor has seen more deeply into nature and the essence of lion than his successor, and has expressed something greater.

Some Egyptian scholars assert that the further we go backwards, even to the very origin of known records, the more advanced and admirable does the art of Egypt appear. The two great pyramids are the most ancient buildings of which we have cognizance, and the most stupendous: fully constructed temples preceded rock-temples, and the necessary features of the first are reproduced, not for necessity but for style, in the second. The finest Egyptian works at the Crystal Palace belong generally to a very early epoch, beginning about the fifteenth century B.C., and having dignity and refinement conspicuously united. There is less attempt to do anything of which the art was not then capable, less muscular development and more proportion. The figures and details of the temple of Abou Simbel, ancient as they also are, have much of the monstrous and overgrown in the parts, independently of the enormous dimensions of the whole. The earliest art had not done at all what was never done in Egypt or Ethiopia better than badly.

The system of polychromatism adopted at the Crystal Palace is one which will give rise to frequent discussion varying according to its application to different kinds of

architecture and of art. It may be used fearlessly upon the Egyptian work so far as authority goes; though occasionally the particular colouring employed has been conjectural. It will be considered, however, by many, and by us among the number, that the brightness and newness of the colouring detract not a little from the force of the impression; and the more so as taken in connexion with the reduced scale of many of the copies of famous monuments. On examining the details and studying them, we shall recover the befitting tone of mind more or less; but the remotest antiquity of which we possess a trace, monuments stained and blurred with the ravage and decay of centuries, and the most colossal proportions in which stones hewn for temples and sculptured for statues have ever been made to express the genius and aspiration of man, are very inadequately represented by models reduced to the ordinary modern size, coloured like the rooms of a new clubhouse, only a good deal brighter, and smelling of paint and putty. It is Egypt in duodecimo; a huge battered family Bible compressed into the last morocco'ed, gold-edged, and gilt-clasped Anglican 'Morning and Evening Lessons.' But no mode in which the thing could have been done would have been free from something of the same objection; and we think that, in this case, the additional facts displayed and implied by the polychromatism were worth the possibly additional weakening of the antique illusion.

GREECE.

GREEK Art in Greece and under Rome presents a sequence of something like a thousand years. Bearing internal evi-

dence of her derivation from Egypt, she cannot have been much ruder than the primitive monuments of which the record remains, nor much more effete than when the seat of empire was transferred to Constantinople, when Christian influences, long working dimly and silently, began to show with more and more prominence, barbarian inroads to dissolve and reconstruct civilization, and the graft of the Byzantine style to supersede that which it grew into. How much longer she lingered, what last stages of decomposition she underwent, are matters which can have but little interest for the artistic enquirer, so far as herself is concerned. Palsy was already upon her, and all she had further to do was to glide into her grave, and fertilize the soil for a new crop.

The earliest specimens of Greek art do not enter into rivalry with those of Egypt; but substantially, as soon as the former emerged from her swaddling-bands and felt her limbs, she began very much where the other ended. Both stood on the right ground; penetrated with a broad sentiment gathered from nature, which they rendered with simple directness, and which found its main expression to a considerable extent in Greece, as in Egypt almost exclusively, in a placid unperturbed stateliness. But Greece had, from the beginning, more observation, discursiveness, and malleability—more of the spirit in which the first step is taken as a starting-point for the second. She saw before her greater and more varied possibilities. It was not enough for her to have followed in embodying one sentiment. If she could do that much, she could do something beyond it; and at any rate the means were imperfect. Greece went on continually elaborating and subtilizing the means. In the still partially archaic Lycian Marbles belonging to the British Museum, the means are already very advanced. Refinement distinguishes the appreciation of forms and the general

treatment in good Egyptian works: these are more than refined—they are consummately and in the best sense elegant. In fanciful grace of arrangement and agile lightness they are unsurpassed. The Æginetan and Thesean sculptures prepared the way for those of Phidias. Here sculpture culminated. The time was ripe, and the genius of one man appropriated it and stamped it as his own for ever. It appears difficult to say how far the Elgin Marbles may display decided intellectuality of conception, partly from the great mutilations with which the most important works have come down to us, partly from the traditional nature of the subject, which, whether for good or for evil, controlled the artist's imagination: but, leaving out this aspect of the case, the art of Phidias has no parallel. Grandeur, beauty, truth, science, execution, relation—we may exhaust the list of the greatest qualities of sculpture, and find none but superlatives with which to describe the degree in which they are present here. Alcamenes, Calamis, Polycletus, Myron, are other great yet less famous names of the same period.

The elaboration of the means proceeded. Scarcely was the Phidian age past when Praxiteles gave the first example of a naked goddess. With Phidias austerity had not been too austere, nor grace too graceful. An equal-judging Paris, he had awarded the apple not more to the beauty of Aphrodite than to the grandeur of Here or the serene virginity of Pallas. Everything with him was cast in the noblest mould: but it seemed rather the inevitable expression of the nobility of the man than the intentional nobility of the artist. His successors worked upon still declining motives of conception and narrowing principles of form. Majesty which included beauty yielded the first place to beauty which was assumed to imply majesty. Phidias found resources in the accidents of ideal form; succeeding sculptors restricted themselves

more and more within the barriers of their ideal. Perfect form took the precedence of the sentiment enshrined in form. The gods became men and women, ordinary in sentiment, extraordinary in physical perfection. The Greeks ceased to embody some great *meaning* of Nature, such as the repose which moulds every expression of Egyptian art; and carried Nature herself, in her external manifestation of human form, to the last limits of consummate refinement. From the time of Phidias there is no progress in the essence of art; indeed, he had allowed no room for positive progress, but only for varying developments of cognate qualities according to the bent of the particular artist: henceforth the progress aimed at consists in the defining and fixing of the highest standard of material beauty. So it went on: from Praxiteles in the fourth century B.C. to the sculptors of the batches of Hadrian's Antinous in the second century A.D., and to the latest days when Greek art was still living. Even in the senselessly crowded compositions, and coarse execution, and lethargy of purpose, of her final degradation, some mask of the same intention is worn. Nothing can surpass the beauty of the Greek ideal; but use made the ideal more and more conventional, and the type more and more a lesson learned by rote. Under Roman subjection, as Mr. Scharf's well-stored and well-digested Handbook states, 'so degraded did the Grecian chisel become that sarcophagi of Pentelic marble, covered with figures and ornaments, were shipped in vast quantities to the metropolis of the world, having all but the heads of such figures as were destined to be portraits completely finished. These were touched off and the inscriptions added by some resident mason. Hundreds of such sarcophagi are still to be seen; and among them instances do occur in which the tablets and faces of the principal persons remain blank. It is

probable, therefore, that these specimens remained unsold;' —to be purchased in future ages, maybe, by reverential connoisseurs and worshipers of 'the Greek ideal.'

Beauty is the soul of Grecian art, rendered with the most exquisite ease and mastery. That it has repose and that it has vitality are facts dependent not so much on essential conception as on perfect understanding. Repose is a necessary element of beauty in sculpture, and the wonderful capacity for the practice of art which the Greeks possessed could not be satisfied with any stage of execution stopping short of as much expressed vitality as was compatible with a lofty and definite theory of the art itself. These are subordinate qualities: the beauty is the supreme thing, and a thing which, however distinctly formulated in the Grecian statues, and therefore, after a fashion, reproducible, has never been rivalled since, and seems unlikely to be in the future. The world is a modern world, and pursues its own tendencies; or, if it *will* pursue those of an antique Greek world, it does so at its peril.

There is one, and perhaps only one, deficiency in the art of Greece—that it fails to impress the heart; at any rate, the modern heart. We may or may not be ready to accept the retort that this is really the deficiency of the modern heart, and not of the greatest art of the world which fails to obtain entrance thereinto. We acknowledge a good deal of justice in the retort; but are content, for our present purpose, to leave it as it stands, undebated. Egyptian art sways the imagination, and weighs upon the feelings with a sense of vastness, and mystery, and awful permanence. Partly by the power of association, but still more potently by its own inherent gifts, it produces the effect of sublimity. Greece is rather glorious than sublime; or, if, as in her Phidias, sublime, rather in an artist's sense than otherwise. Her

medium for sublimating your feeling is through your sense of beauty. You admire the artist and the art—possibly with an unbounded admiration; you believe in them, reject all other art in comparison; but your love for them is mainly an 'æsthetic' love. Your eye is touched, hardly your heart. Greek statues, cultivate artists, and educate—they sometimes spoil—academy-students and connoisseurs: the time is past, or is yet to come, for their re-acting upon men.

The Greek Court at the Crystal Palace, and one of the Elgin friezes in it, are coloured: we are thus invited to consider the interesting question of the colouring of original Greek architecture and sculpture. Mr. Owen Jones has done his utmost to raise this question into prominence; issuing, distinct from the Handbooks, 'An Apology for the Colouring of the Greek Court, with Arguments by G. H. Lewes and W. Watkiss Lloyd, an Extract from the Report of the Committee appointed to examine the Elgin Marbles in 1836, from the Transactions of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and a Fragment on the Origin of Polychromy by Professor Semper.' The question is sufficiently important, both in itself and in its bearing on the future of art, to induce us to refer in some detail to the facts brought out in the 'Apology.'

There are three parties in the discussion: those who deny that the Greeks, in the purer periods of their art, did use colour; those who admit a degree of colour, but stop short of believing in entirely painted statues; and those who go to the utmost latitude in their assertion of its employment. Mr. Jones is a coryphæus among the last. 'An examination,' he says, 'of the facts recorded by these various authorities [Hittorff, Penrose, and others] will convince any

one that the question is now narrowed to one of degree only—To *what extent* were white marble temples painted and ornamented? I would maintain that they were *entirely* so; that neither the colour of the marble nor even its surface was preserved; and that, preparatory to the ornamenting and colouring of the surface, the whole was covered with a thin coating of stucco, something in the nature of a gilder's ground, to stop the absorption of the colours by the marble. The Egyptians covered their buildings and statues in a similar way, no matter what the material: the Greek temples which were built of limestone were so undoubtedly; the ancient Greek terra-cottas, almost without exception, have traces of this ground. To the belief that the Greeks employed it on their marble temples there is only one stumblingblock—the artificial value which white marble has in our eyes. The Athenians built with marble because they found it almost beneath their feet, and.... because it was the most enduring, and capable of receiving a higher finish of workmanship.' Of the Elgin frieze Mr. Jones says, further on, 'That it was coloured in some manner or other there can be no manner of doubt:' a very broad assertion, considering that there is not a particle of direct confirmation adduced as to any of the Parthenon marble sculptures. Indeed, it is an abuse of terms. There *is* doubt on the point, and grave doubt; though Mr. Jones may probably think that there ought not to be. For evidence he refers, inter alia, to 'the ornaments of metal with which many of the marble statues were covered.' Also, Mr. Bracebridge saw fragments dug up at Athens, in 1835-36, painted [*when?*] with vermilion, ultra-marine, and straw-colour. Also, passages exist in ancient authors, which are considered to assert the use of colour on statues. These are quoted in Mr. Lewes's contribution. The first is from

Plato: but it is disputed whether that relates to statues or pictures; and further, as Mr. Lloyd points out, it does not state, assuming the former, that the statues referred to are marble, or that the *flesh* is painted. One from Plutarch and one from Pausanias do not appear very cogent; and that alluding to the Bacchante of Scopas is ambiguous. Another from Pausanias states that a statue of Bacchus in gypsum was ornamented with paint (ἐπικεκοσμημενον γραφη). Two from Virgil, in which the speaker first promises Venus a marble statue of Cupid with varicoloured wings and a quiver painted according to custom, and secondly mentions a marble statue of Diana with scarlet sandals, are remarkable; though neither do these reach the question of the flesh. The passage upon which most stress is laid is from Pliny. 'Speaking of Nicias, he says that Praxiteles, when asked which of his marble works best satisfied him, replied, 'Those which Nicias has had under his hands.' 'So much,' says Pliny, 'did he prize the finishing of Nicias'—*tantum circumlitioni ejus tribuebat.*' Now Nicias, it is explained, was an encaustic painter. The final note which Mr. Watkiss Lloyd has appended to Mr. Lewes's paper is scholarly and valuable. Colouring, more or less complete, of archaic statues, he admits unreservedly. 'As to the flesh of marble statues of the best age, no rule can be deduced for this from any practice that obtained in primitive times, or from chryselephantine works, which seem to have been in designed contrast in the whole of their treatment. The argument for colour on marble flesh of the best age, from existing remains, so far as I am aware, is equal to zero. But the passage respecting Nicias and Polycletus* is of very great force.' He then refers to a passage in Vitruvius, nearly reproduced in Pliny, and concludes—'If a verdict were to be given on

* *Praxiteles*, according to Pliny and Mr. Lewes.

this evidence as it stands, I am much disposed to think that it must be in favour of a tinge of vermilion, protected by a brilliant varnish, having been applied to the nude portions of (? some) marble statues in such a manner that both colour and varnish assisted the fine surface and brilliant effect of the lucent marble.' Mr. Penrose, the investigator of the Parthenon, is the least willing to admit the use of colour to any considerable extent. He holds it 'unreasonable to suppose that the ancients entirely concealed, or even materially altered in appearance, the general surface of the white marble, which they made a great point of obtaining whenever possible,' and contests Mr. Jones's assertion of the commonness of Pentelic marble to Athenian eyes. This opinion relates to the *building;* but, if the building was left white, or only white toned down, we may suppose à fortiori that the statues would be.

Let us here glance at the treatment of the same subject, Greek architectural and sculptural colouring, by another authority, Professor Westmacott, R.A., in his 'Handbook of Sculpture Ancient and Modern,' published as an independent work in 1864. Some of his principal conclusions are—that, in the mature period of Greek art, colour could not have been employed to imitate the appearances of nature; that the fine qualities of such works as the Elgin Marbles would be concealed by colour; that the number of ancient sculptures upon which traces of colour have been found is comparatively very small, and the colour there always ungradated; and that the authorities whom the polychromists rely upon for proving their case are neither in themselves beyond cavil, nor always properly to be understood in so wide and positive a sense as has been put upon them. Of demur on the former ground Mr. Westmacott gives instances in the story of Pliny that a bronze statue of

Athamas by Aristonidas exhibited the appearance of a blush by the redness of iron shining through the bronze, and the story of Plutarch that a statue of Jocasta Dying, in mixed metal, by Silanio, had a purposely pallid countenance. The incongruity and quasi-impossibility of these allegations, and their nugatory character in relation to art, even if truly stated, are pointed out with much discrimination: the stories —good old souls—ought henceforth to traverse the demesne of art very much in the guise of dogs with kettles tied by a professorial hand to their tails. Of demur on the second of the two grounds above mentioned we find a crucial instance in regard to the passage above quoted from Pliny, the great *cheval de bataille* of the polychromists, and which runs thus in the original Latin: 'Dicebat Praxiteles, interrogatus quæ maxime opera sua probâsset in marmoribus, Quibus Nicias manum admovisset; tantum circumlitioni ejus tribuebat.' The unquestioning assumption of the polychromists that 'circumlitio' in this passage means 'painting' always seemed to us much more easy than safe; and we are pleased to find Mr. Westmacott arguing out the question on the same basis. He says:—

One of the most frequently quoted authorities for the practice of systematically applying colour to sculpture, and even for employing a professional painter to complete the sculptor's work, is a passage also in Pliny. In English it runs thus: 'Praxiteles, when he was asked which of his works in marble he most approved (or esteemed most highly), replied 'Those to which Nicias had put his hand;' so much (value) did he attribute to his (mode of) rubbing or polishing (the surface).' There is no expression here that can with fairness or propriety be converted into meaning painting or the addition of colour; nor can the passage, by any stretch of ingenuity, be made to describe the process of painting or tinting with a variety of colours. Nothing can be more distinct than the expression used by Pliny; and it is not easy to understand how any scholar could translate *circumlitio* into colouring, or the simple assertion of *manum admovisse* (putting a hand to it) into meaning that the hand was employed in the particular function or operation of putting paint on a masterpiece of Praxiteles. There may be doubt and difficulty in deciding, in the absence of all

proof in remaining examples of sculpture, what this *circumlitio* was; but it seems tolerably clear what it was *not*. The assistance of Nicias may have been valuable in giving a certain richness of *tone* to the already finished surface of the statues by rubbing in a varnish or some composition by which an extra appearance of softness was produced; and this, according to the passage above quoted, was effected by a circular or rotary action (*circum*); but this is totally distinct from anything like painting, or applying a coat of colour to the statues. It is a process very analogous to that resorted to by many sculptors in modern times.

To call this convincing would be too much; but it certainly appears to us persuasive and reasonable: indeed, we can say the same of Professor Westmacott's entire disquisition upon ancient polychromy, as a question of fact and inference. When it comes to the question of æsthetics and opinion we are not so well satisfied, although we are far from dissenting from the main position that an uncoloured statue is better than a coloured one. That, however, in our view, is no reason for the absolute exclusion of colouring, or for the suppression of experiments in that direction. The style of some artists, though not the highest conceivable style, might be helped by colour; and we know as yet next to nothing of its actual capacities, so partial and limited has the experimentation been. We altogether object also to the dragging-in of morals, head and shoulders, into the discussion. The author observes that 'his own objections are not confined to the mere technical question. Recognising the moral influence art is capable of exercising, he cannot but feel that, if so meretricious an accompaniment to sculpture as flesh-tints should become popular, it must inevitably lead to a preference of a class of *subjects* that would tend to lower the character of this art; easily rendering it an instrument of corruption rather than the means of refining and elevating the taste of a people.' All this is mere guess-work and begging of the question. We don't know that Mr. Westmacott's anticipations are correct; and we do

know that, whether correct or not, they are factitious so far as the question of art is concerned. Another minor point in which we cannot agree with Mr. Westmacott is his observation, with reference to the Cnidian Venus of Praxiteles, that, had this statue been coloured, the extreme beauty of the marble *could not* have been the subject of remark. We are not aware that the colouring of Mr. Gibson's Venus entailed the slightest difficulty in judging of the fineness of its material.

On the whole, there seems unquestionably to be valid though not conclusive ground for believing that the Greeks did colour their statues to a large extent; and, if so, best probably over the whole surface. But after all the practical question for living artists is not *What did the Greeks do?* but *What ought we to do?*—and we cannot admit that the decision is furthered by any Greek practice in the matter. Idealism, anti-realism, anti-naturalism, are theories of art maintained often blindly and illegitimately: but they have their true side nevertheless; and, among the forms of art, sculpture is the one to which they *are* applicable at any rate. Painting allows of, indeed demands, a very considerable amount of realism, though it must not be realism and nothing else: but this form of art is saved from ever being altogether realistic by the fact that it does not possess absolute form. Sculpture, on the contrary, does possess absolute form. Form is form; and a statue, it has been truly observed by Guizot in his book on Fine Art, is not an imitation of the form of a man, but literally *the* form of a man, no less than are the flesh and blood. This fact makes it most dangerous to proceed a step further on the road to realism; and *any* amount of colour is a very serious step. Of course, such colour as that of bronze does not count; for of the two it is less realistic to have a man one uniform burnished surface

of golden olive-colour than one uniform surface of white. But any separation of colours with even an approach to the natural hue is unmistakeably realistic. It may be 'conventional' as colour, yet realistic as colour coming in aid of absolute form. Actual instead of represented form, actual instead of represented lights and shadows, and colour approaching the actual in denomination and distribution, however modified in tone, bring the statue so far on the road to realism that one scarcely knows whether it were not better to take the remaining steps. Mere faint stains of colour and carefully bestowed gilding are on a somewhat different footing. Our argument applies, however, even to them: but of course we are not contending against colour in architecture, or the harmonizing, within limits, of the sculpture with the building to which it belongs.

Mr. Jones enquires—'How can one believe that, at one particular period in the practice of the arts, the artistic eye was so entirely changed that it became suddenly enamoured of white marble? Such an idea belongs only to an age like that through which we have just passed—an age equally devoid of the capacity to appreciate and of the power to execute works of art—when refuge is taken in whitewashing.' We need not observe that this is just assuming the fact and the right of the question both together. But are even the data tenable? Did no noble mediæval men carve uncoloured stone before the revival of the classic taste? or were Niccolò Pisano, and Verrocchio, and Donatello, and Michael Angelo, born in an age without capacity or power, for which whitewash was the only resource?

ASSYRIA.

A SENSE of oppression is our predominant feeling in visiting the revived Assyrian Court. We are set face to face with ghosts; the ghosts of a people and a religion strange and unexplored at best, which are here substantialized, by the newness of their getting up, in 'some other horrible shape' which, if it does not 'draw you into madness,' tends to draw or rather drive you off towards something else more genial, human, and germane to sunlight in the nineteenth century. Egypt, even as lilliputianized in the Crystal Palace, is grand and noble, Greece beautiful and heroic; the Byzantine and more modern Courts enshrine the spirits of men and our brothers; but of the Assyrian Court we say, in the words of Coleridge,

'The nightmare Life in Death is she.'

This, however, is a matter of feeling. The art of Assyria is not the less venerable because it can be so placed and presented as to produce a sense of uneasiness and discomfort; nor yet is that very sense an evidence that the mode of presentment is wrong. Perhaps the natural influence of a Ninevite ghost conjured into the nearest make-believe of life is to excite discomfort and uneasiness. The reproduction at Sydenham may be the best possible under the circumstances, although it affords us the reverse of pleasure. We are far from supposing it ill done on that account. Saul did not like the ghost of Samuel when he saw it; but he left it to commentators to discover that the ghost was not Samuel, but the Devil.

On the other hand, while we perceive that our disrelish

of the result argues nothing against the process by which that has been achieved, considering the conditions of the case, we do not hold it to be motiveless—a mere arbitrary and individual impression. In the mound of Nimroud or Kouyunjik, the human-headed bull is a fragment of history and of art, making the waste place reëcho the hum of a mighty people, and giving forth utterances—obscure, indeed, but memorable and authentic. The ghost haunts its own sepulchre, and is awful. In the British Museum, the fragment is still more fragmentary, the voice still vaguer, but not less authentic. The ghost is brought into the light of common day; we feel less awe at it, but the same surprise and curiosity. No one dreams of taking a liberty with the ghost. In the Crystal Palace, Mr. Fergusson has 'struck at it with his partisan'; and, though all the cocks of Sydenham and of London are crowing their loudest around it, it cannot vanish. Mr. Fergusson puts leading questions to the ghost, which the ghost is forced to answer in Mr. Fergusson's own words. That gentleman, or Mr. Collman, is quite sure that, if the ghost only knew it, the colours of his particular magic-lantern are the very things to suit it; and he projects them accordingly. He knows all about the ghost's residence, and domiciliates the ghost. Now this is what gives us a sense of oppression and discomfort in the Crystal Palace from the presence of objects whose originals excite feelings higher, more unmixed, and not such as we wish to escape from. Antiquity is antiquity, and modernism is modernism. These works are too old to be touched up into freshness with any congruous or satisfactory result. It is exactly the case of an old woman who paints. The face is not the less old: the face is as old as ever, and older by the contrast. She has only put on something which is new, and conflicts with all the rest. Fossils are not made

to be defossilized, nor would a mammoth whose jaws were to open by galvanism become a domestic animal.

The effect of colour in the Assyrian Court is hard, glaring, and uncombined—an opaque heavy patchwork of blues, reds, and yellows, with ghastly oases of white. It is not altogether out of keeping with the style of the art; being massive in the parts, though not in the effect, and carried out straightforwardly, without 'pottering over' attempts at delicacy. The eyebrows of the human-headed lion meet thick and slab like black leeches. But, when we recall the aspect of the uncoloured originals, and compare it with the painted copies,—the refinement and impassive vitality of the one with the aggressive unrepose of the other, —we reckon the colour, in any æsthetic sense, pure loss.

For all this, we do not think that what is done has been done injudiciously. The originals in their time-marked condition are before us elsewhere. To reproduce them as they now are, as fragments and unrestored in respects where there is reasonable ground for restoration, were mere superfluity. We possess the real thing, and need not go seeking for a simple copy. To have given us at Sydenham casts of isolated works could be of no possible value. The restoration of part of an Assyrian building, according to the best lights we have on the subject, was well worth attempting. Nor do we see any reason to doubt that it has been executed as successfully, and with as near an approach to full accuracy, as circumstances would admit. Of course a good deal of the colour and of the construction is conjectural, and types which have been found at Susa and Persepolis did not necessarily exist as well in Nineveh. But what of that? To cavil at Mr. Fergusson's production because he has not had unquestionable authority for each detail appears to us as futile as it is easy. Mr. Fergusson

has studied the subject, and acted up to his opportunities; Mr. Layard has ratified the result with his general and particular approval. The very value of the labour bestowed upon it consists not in what is certain, which we can find better and as accessibly in the original, but in what is conjectural.

The art of Nineveh appears to be an offshoot of the art of Egypt. It has repose, but not so much in sentiment as in fact—the repose embodied in fixity and rigidity. It shows more of the naturalistic ambition for truth in detail; more minute observation of form, as in the muscles, the extremities, and so on; but certainly not so high an appreciation of general form. Doubtless the Egyptian saw as much; but he was bound still faster in the fetters of tradition, which confined him to one mode of representation, and probably bowed also to the principle—true for each present generation, though obstructive to those which succeed—that it is better not to do at all that which cannot be done well. Assyrian art is more terrene; its largeness of scale partakes more of bulk and less of mass. Egyptian art teems with monsters of form and of size, and yet the abstract predominates in all its finer periods over the monstrous. The bi-form deities of Assyria are grand for fierceness, pride, and power; but they more nearly approach the grotesque. Nevertheless, her art is true art, and honourable. It stalks the world unsurpassed as yet for nationalism and a certain haughty self-consciousness. In its representation of brute form it is particularly noble. The half-strangled lion tearing at the colossal figure whose inexorable arm crushes the life out of him is as great, in a somewhat less majestic way, as the recumbent Egyptian lion.

Force is the essence of Assyrian art; the physical force which struggles, slays, and conquers; the personal force

whose will is law. It is intrinsically the art of a despotic king and a barbaric people; stern, self-exalting, fixed. It delights in conflict and in gorgeousness. Its kings stand erect, or sit supreme; its subjects fight, and swim, and besiege, and minister to their monarch, and build under rigid taskmasters; it has few (if any) women, and them mostly servile or captive; its eagles scent the slain; its lions gnash on their triumphing hunters; and its gods trample the ground with puissant spread wings and fronting countenance.

THE MORESQUE.

THE greatest success of the Art Courts in the Crystal Palace is the Alhambra Court, reproduced with knowledge, skill, and, above all, in the spirit of genuine love, by Mr. Owen Jones. The objections which may be urged in other instances do not apply here, or cease to be objections. Like the Egyptian Court, the Alhambra is diminished in scale; but its character and effect do not depend on size, and the dimensions of the parts, together with the relative proportions as far as practicable, are generally if not always preserved. Like the Grecian and Assyrian Courts, the colouring of this is to some considerable extent conjectural; but it proceeds on well-established principles, if not on unquestioned matter of fact, and neither startles by innovation like the Grecian experiment, nor disturbs by incongruity like the Assyrian, nor outrages by bad taste like some others. Here there can be no serious mistake. One hue may probably enough be substituted for another on some

particular moulding, but the general scheme of the colour is scarcely less certain than the fact that colour of some kind there must be.

Passing a façade which is not a literal reproduction of any actual part of the Alhambra, you enter the Court of Lions. Here stands the fountain, cool in the pallid grey of its marble. The lions are queer quaint dolls, with a benign incapability of visage and of pose as of the first childish effort at the animal, no matter whether sheep or wolf, which we have all, before the age of ten, located in the neighbourhood of a house with two windows and a door, and a twist of smoke out of its chimney, flanked on either hand by the tree with a ravelled thread for its foliage. The lions' legs are square posts, and their tails, like something between a scimitar and a laurel-leaf, lie clinging along their haunches. Primitive art was never more unsuccessful than in these mammalia, in whose production the Prophet's prohibition seems to have punished the daring artist with sterility. Vacuous they truly are; but their unassuming naïveté redeems them from being contemptible. Note too that their quaintness has nothing of the grotesque; an element which appears altogether alien from the Saracenic spirit in art. A Gothic or Lombardic workman who could not do a grand lion would have aimed at a grotesque one, or, even without intending it, would inevitably have fallen into the grotesque in failing to attain the truthful or the characteristic. The Moorish artist fails, and his product is simply a bathos.

Beyond the Court of Lions lies the Hall of Justice. Here and elsewhere the endless intertexture and convolution of the wall-patterning exhaust the eye without wearying it; and, if the colour is grateful without glare in the light, in the shade which overlies the Hall of Justice it tells at a few paces' distance with only the richness of dead gold, and

of dyes felt but unrealized, and dim with mutual counteraction.

Luxury and purity are the qualities of expression to be found at their full in the architecture of the Alhambra; and the purity is the essence of the luxury. The two are not ordinarily conceived of as related, it is true; and profusion, or the love of colour, or grace, or refinement, may at first seem the more appropriate name for the spirit of the style. These, however, are only modes of the central idea, secondaries derived from the primary; while the luxury is a result, and not a principle. The brightest colours, be it remembered, are the purest; and the purest of all taste is that which can not only choose them by preference, but can so combine them also as to give, without glare or fierceness, a splendour as of kings' chambers, and a perfect harmony and balance. Restricted by religious prescription to the purest of all typical forms, those of geometrical lines and combinations, the Arab genius elaborated these with the most exquisite subtlety of curve and proportion, and poured forth designs with the exuberance of unclogged invention. The invention is, indeed, rather ingenuity than imagination or even fancy; and a single Gothic leaf ranks higher to the intellect, because it has more perception and feeling, and *means* more, than a whole wall fretted into arabesque: but this is the necessity of the case. The lines are sharp, clean, and, with all their twined involution, continuous. Nothing is arbitrary or extravagant, nothing hybrid or amorphous; each minutest detail is a part of the whole, an offshoot of some stem, a completion of some incompleteness. Unsullied cleanliness seems a necessary quality for an oriental building, as frequent ablution is a religious duty for its inhabitants. Colour and moulding are firelike, *flamboyant*—a form suggesting the purity of lambent flame.

The intricacy is like the intricacy of the science of numbers—a perfect simplicity of principle capable of infinite extension. Arab ornament

Più che il doppiar degli scacchi s'immilla;

but it is all interdependent, and resolves itself into few elements. It satisfies the most consummate refinement by satisfying the universal instinct; and, while ministering to luxury by its splendour, and lightness, and lovely completeness, supplies this crowning luxury—that the beholder's sense of beauty is equally sated on a close view or a distant, in repose or in motion, and without any tax on his reflective powers.

We have been speaking of Moresque architecture as shown forth in the Alhambra, without indicating any distinction between that and earlier phases of the style. We must remember, however, that the Alhambra shows a late, and what may not unfairly be termed a decadent or even debased, phase. The admiring terms which we have used are not more than we deem fairly due even to the Alhambra; but, in their fullest application, they reflect back to the vivid and conquering style whose ultimate and still beautiful traditions wane in the Alhambra—yet wane imperishably.

THE BYZANTINE-ROMANESQUE.

THE Byzantine architecture, not less than the Saracenic, is distinguished by its love of colour. There is this difference, however—that, whereas the former is above all things beautiful, the latter has not embodied its ideal unless it is imposing. The first delights, the second produces what the

French expressively term *exaltation:* a palace is the type of the one, whose charms are actualities of the earth; a church of the other, whose glories hint of the city to come, where the light shall be 'like unto a stone most precious, even a jasper-stone, clear as crystal.' There is nothing solemn in the Saracenic architecture. It may indeed, in some moods, foster a kind of 'lotus-eating' tendency, and conduce as a consequence to 'mild-minded melancholy'; but this is a thing apart. On the contrary, the Byzantine style has something solemn even in its trivialities.

The Court in the Crystal Palace embraces Byzantine art properly so called, and Romanesque art; the latter illustrated chiefly from Germany, England, and Ireland, or parts directly influenced by the Irish style.

Byzantine art arose under mingled Greek, Roman, and oriental impulses, in the building of Constantinople. The Iconoclastic persecution spread the seeds of it from the Empire of the East over most parts of Europe, among the Arabians, and in Asia Minor. Between the eleventh and the thirteenth centuries it struggled against Gothic art, decayed, and at last succumbed. The pointed arch had overcome the round arch throughout non-Sclavonic and non-Grecian Europe.

In Byzantium itself and the Eastern Empire, the style was not unmindful of the traditions of its precursors, and still less of its own. Curved forms became universal, columns of continual recurrence, mosaic work one of the most remarkable and elaborate features. Human and other figures disappeared. 'The general arrangement of the churches,' as Mr. Wyatt says in his Handbook, 'is that of a Greek cross inscribed within a square, with four central piers supporting a large hemispherical dome, the arms of the cross being surmounted by four smaller cupolas.' The

Lombard and other Romanesque styles, those of Normandy, England, and Ireland, and in a less degree of the Rhine districts and Germany generally, bear only faint and fragmentary relation to the Byzantine. The fetterless and law-defiant mode and profusion in which the builders of these countries introduce figures and subjects—often, it would seem, in a spirit even of riotous glee—would alone suffice to mark the barrier between the two.

It is not an easy thing to define by a single quality the intrinsic expression of Byzantine architecture. Perhaps it may be said to express the feeling of authority. It preserves and creates rigid traditions; is grandiose, gorgeous, and ceremonial, in its decorations. A peculiar aptitude for ecclesiastical ritual seems to belong to it, whether in its Eastern form, where richness of decoration and colour existed without the adjunct of pictured representation, or in its Western aspect, which united both. Its transitional character, however, between Roman and Pagan architecture and that which is the peculiarly Christian type, the Gothic, renders it adapted for definition according to its external features as it progressed from the one to the other, rather than according to its inward spirit. The beauties which it has bequeathed to us, at Venice and elsewhere, are exquisitely refined even to lusciousness—full of soft repose and happy brooding contentment. The fantasies and fierce life with which it teemed, and the monsters it gave birth to, under Lombardic and Northern influences,—if indeed this 'Romanesque' architecture can be at all reckoned in with the Byzantine,—belong essentially to the Gothic temper, and may be almost said, so far as any distinction need be drawn, to outgothicize the Goth.

THE GOTHIC.

If any architecture may be safely left, without description or criticism, to the feelings of those who contemplate its monuments, it is the Gothic. All men are familiar with it; not only as a ruin or a revival, a relic or a toy, but as the living architecture of the country while yet it had a living architecture, and the model to this day to which a large proportion of our conspicuous edifices are made more or less vitally to conform. It is associated with ideas of antiquity and reverence; antiquity not so remote as to be obsolete, nor reverence for a shadow without a substance. Our noble historical cathedrals are Gothic; our village churches, if old enough for affection and beautiful enough for delight, are Gothic. The most unperceptive can recognise the style; the most unimpressionable feel the influence, and admire, if dull to the harmony and thought of the building, the glow of its painted window, the profusion, subtlety, and quaintness, of its carving; the most unlearned can understand something of what the details are intended to express. No one finds himself repelled by coldness or barrenness; or discovers that the Gothic architect was a pedant, with nothing to say for himself, or no means of saying what was in him intelligibly, man speaking to man. The beauties are obvious, the variety is continual, the effect noble.

Gothic art is illustrated at Sydenham chiefly from France, England, and Germany, and to a slight extent from Italy. Spain and the North remain unrepresented. As in the other Courts, polychromatism is maintained as a principle,

but its application is partial. The exemption, where it occurs, is a fortunate one. A Gothic arched doorway, such as that which forms the entrance from the nave of the Court, looks a very different thing, picked out in reds and blues, with its clustered shafts painted in conspicuous patterns, and its niches filled with statues coloured in imitation of life, from what it does in that aspect in which it is familiar to us, with its beauties those of form, chaste, delicate, yet massively strong; its stone saints and kings not bran-new in their material imitation of life, but with a *spirit* of life about them visibly and purposely petrified—beautiful not only from the hand of its carvers, but from that of Time also. The painting of this court should prove a blow to the cause of Gothic polychromatism; for few educated eyes will hesitate to decide that the uncoloured stone of the original admits no rivalry from the coloured copies, nor even the uncoloured copies from the coloured ones. Authority and reasonable inference may undoubtedly be pleaded for the experiment; but, if it is the fact—which does not follow without considerable stretching of the premises—that buildings were painted wholesale and in this style, all we can say is that 'Decay's effacing fingers' have not swept away lingering beauties, but substituted the fulness of one beauty for the imperfection of two, and the Gothic buildings which have descended to the nineteenth century far eclipse those which rose to men's gaze in the thirteenth or fourteenth. Indeed, it is no paradox to say that this is the case anyhow; that the love for the signs of time upon a building is not a merely sentimental feeling; and that, if the furrowed and weather-tinged and moss-stained grey of the walls could be translated back into its first flawless uniformity, and the blunted and jagged moulding be chiselled back into the exquisiteness of its first finish, we should lose, in actual

beauties, scarcely less than in the hold of the structure upon our reverence. At all events—to return to the colouring—whether or not a coloured building is in the abstract necessarily more beautiful than an uncoloured one, and whether or not a Gothic building requires or will bear painted walls in addition to painted windows and the rainbow hues of the light which comes showered through them, of one thing all men may be certain—that the colour is not an additional beauty unless it is a beauty by itself.

At the entrance to the Court, we are enabled to form a comparison between the German Gothic sculpture and that of England. From the former country are various figures by the renowned Veit Stoss :—a Virgin, which would be nunlike and pure but for an over-ingenious quaintness which pushes both qualities to the verge of affectation; a colossal St. Peter, which has the same defect aggravated in proportion to the scale of the work; and a head of the Saviour in passion, where naturalism sinks into a display of squalid dejection. The English works are of the thirteenth century, from Wells Cathedral; in the noble style distinctive of figure-sculpture in France and England about that period. The figures are pure, dignified, and serene; with individuality of generic character but no mere peculiarity, deep sentiment but monumental quietude, profound incorporate loveliness but no obtrusion of the minor graces, imaginative height but no tricks of fancy. The essential perfection of the Gothic art is to be found in the works of this epoch, which, while they bear in a supreme degree that emotional impress which is the modern element in art, lack no requisite of the perception of beauty. Perception—yes, and realization too. A foot is ill-drawn, a grasp ill-expressed, a form lanky, a head out of poise; but all this is mere want of learning. Show the artist how to do the thing aright, and you will find that

he already knows what is the thing to be done better than any teaching will expound it; and, even as it is, the thing he wants to express to you, the proper beauty of his subject and its peculiar sentiment, needs no eking out of art by science, to produce its utmost effect. Among past styles of sculpture which may deserve as a whole to be the model of the present day, this is at any rate one. The art of Greece, far more perfect as such, has been tried this long while, and has only formed a class of indifferent copyists; for the ordinary modern man who would imbue himself with the spirit of the Greek will discover that he has got chiefly dust and ashes for his pains, and without the spirit of any art its body is a corpse. The student who will put himself to school with Gothic works shall find their soul as vital to this hour as their form; more vital, rather, for he can improve in a variety of ways on the latter,—too happy only if in doing so he shall have penetrated deep enough into the former to make his improvements worth having. In fact, the chief argument against considering these monuments the best ideal for the present day is that their highest beauties—the earnestness, the singleheartedness, and solemn yet impulsive gravity—would vanish under the hand of a 'better artist' (as phrases go) than the faithful old carver who fashioned them; and certainly we should not wish to see the originals themselves more advanced than they are in execution. The beauty of imperfection, indeed, is among the most human and spiritual excellences of art. It interests the sympathy, and inspirits. The one touch more which it was impossible for the artist to give would make his work perfect, but would deprive it of aspiration. His mind and heart, which could conceive so much, and nerve his hand, spite of its trammels, to express it all to us, would lose evidence of their energy in proportion to the manual

freedom. Giotto is called 'the Raphael before his time.' We might demur to the title, and query which later artist equalled Giotto in the greatest qualities: but, even admitting it, the phrase itself confesses loftier praise to Giotto than to Raphael; to be a Raphael before the time proclaims a higher native supremacy and a more strenuous victory than to be a Raphael in the time's fulness. This for the past of art. For the present, every man must acquire and use all the advantages which he is born to inherit, and which to throw away were idiotcy, not magnanimity. And so, the mediæval model, powerless where it is behind the time, can teach no lesson but the highest; a lesson which will inspire works as noble as the model only to the highest mind, but which will at least be open-eyed leading of the blind even to the humblest.

The general terms of the comparison between the best Gothic art and the German maintain themselves as before when we enter the interior of the Court. The works of Adam Krafft, which belong to the fifteenth century, although extraordinary for skill, display a homely coarseness almost ludicrous. The characteristics of Krafft, and to some extent of the German school generally, are not without an affinity to those of Rubens, remote as are the tendencies of Gothicism and of that kingly painter; the like mastery and evident pride in the means, the like plenitude of life, and the like fidelity to any kind of nature, which degenerates into untruth to *the* kind required for the subject.

The writer who of all men is entitled to have an opinion on the matter, Ruskin, specifies 'the characteristic or moral elements of Gothic,' in the order of their importance, as savageness, changefulness, naturalism, grotesqueness, rigidity, redundance; and the outward form of the architecture he calls 'foliated architecture, which uses the pointed arch

for the roof proper and the gable for the roof-mask.'. We may well be contented to study the definition, and leave it as we find it; but, if these 'six lamps' of the Gothic architecture are feasibly reducible under one head, we would be disposed to suggest the term 'spiritual and vital energy—aspiration.'

THE RENAISSANCE.

ART had been Gothic all over Europe for nearly two centuries, when Italy, one of the last to adopt the principle in its entirety, became the first to revolt from it. The predilection for antiquity, natural in a land of antiquities and never utterly worsted, began to assert itself more and more definitely; and the Revival or Renaissance supervened. Revival of what? of antique art modernized, or of modern art antiquated?

The upholders of the Renaissance make it a point to note that a remarkable degree of naturalism distinguished the movement. The question is one whose rationale deserves to be examined.

A noble spirit of art includes two essentials—lofty conception, and the love of nature. Both principles may coexist with either an early or an advanced stage of executive power. In the former case, the lofty conception will be fully stamped upon the work; the love of nature, unable to express itself in perfect form, will appear as simplicity and individuality in the larger features, and in details will manifest some peculiar predilection in the artist. A minute point will be elaborated, not just because the artist has seen

it and can render it perfectly, but because he takes especial delight in it, and would linger over it and communicate his pleasure to others. When the spirit of art is thoroughly noble, and the execution advanced, everything takes its place. Giotto may be cited as an exemplar of the first state, and Leonardo of the second. But, if the execution is advanced without a noble spirit to work up to, the means supersede the end. Conventionalism moulds the conception, and the love of nature degenerates into mere mastery over matter-of-fact. The artist crowds points without reference to a whole. He prides himself upon executing well what were better not executed at all; what is neither endowed with adequate value in itself nor consecrated by his own predilection, but simply that which he knows he can do so as to surprise others.

By the end of the fourteenth century, Italy knew so much about execution and so much about antiquity as to become dissatisfied with Gothic art—'above' it. Turning out better specimens of sustained workmanship than before, she imagined that she was producing more excellent works of art; and into labours still essentially Gothic in sentiment and character she thrust classic or bastard-classic details of architecture, costume, and accessory. Few things are less rigidly defensible than the jumble of such details which became the ornamentation of her productions. But 'there were giants in those days'—a Ghiberti, a Donatello, a Luca della Robbia, a Verrocchio; men who would have been great at any time, and who, born into that time and feeling themselves superior to systems, wrestled with the system of their day. For be it remembered that it was then more conventional to be formally Gothic than to be Classic, as it is the reverse now; and that, when we of the present are content to bring up the humble rear of the movement which

they began, we are just, what they refused to be, the bondsmen of precedent. Nor be it forgotten that those men were the outcome not of Classicism but of Gothicism; divided, indeed, in their allegiance, but nurtured by the latter into that independent mind which borrowed shape only and not essence from the former. If they, however, and such as they, stand great in individual dignity, the spirit which fostered the Renaissance movement in smaller men claims no equal honour from us. It was the spirit which whitens the sepulchre full of dead men's bones within—which loves rapid ease more than patient energy. 'The Renaissance men perceived that the ancients had *known* more in various respects than their own immediate predecessors; and, setting a higher value on this than on the thought and feeling of the Gothic period, they found it more congenial, as well as easier, to reintroduce points of Classicism than to invent new things in Gothicism. They preferred facility to invention, and 'naturalism' to nature. That there is great naturalism in the works of the earlier Renaissance is true; but it is a kind of Flemish naturalism: not that which makes its Virgin and its Infant Saviour the Blessed among women and the Word become flesh, but that which makes them a woman and a boy; not that which makes its angel a pure creature bearing the message of God, but that which makes him a man with manlier limbs and more birdlike wings. Reverence and faith went out, and artifice came in: but artifice is not art. As the movement progressed, the gods and goddesses were revived more and more: in itself a palpable falling-off from the themes on which the earlier art had delighted solemnly to dwell, and still more palpable from the spirit in which it was carried out. The antique mythology of the Renaissance is mainly a mythology of prurient men and women with

names once venerable in Greece—skeletons to reclothe with flesh, but not with divinity. Barring their few greatest men, whose strength upheld a whole edifice of dilettantism, the Revivalists had no ghost to conjure up, but only a body to unearth. Christians became Pagans in art, and showed, by the lowering which Paganism underwent at their hands from its own ideal, that it was dead past cure.

Renaissance ornamentation is frittered and frivolous; often wonderfully executed, not seldom possessing details of refined grace, rarely displaying a beautiful, still more rarely a reasonable and consistent, whole. It gives eruptions and showers of bright minutiæ, like a show of fireworks; lavishes vain elegances, relieves them with cumbrous obtrusions, and means well-nigh nothing. A good deal of the ornament in the Renaissance Court is pleasing, but profitless; in the Italian Court its later Raphaelesque stage is displayed,—less pleasing, as it appears to us, and as a whole equally unmeaning and incongruous.

However objectionable may be the spirit of Renaissance art and ornament in so far as it derives from the Renaissance merely, no Court in the Crystal Palace boasts works of nobler excellence than this individually. The Singers of Luca della Robbia—not to refer to other examples—is one of the completest designs in existence; exquisite in its grace, as full of impulsive and simple nature as of poetic feeling, and in a spirit elevated to exactly the right point for such a subject. As a model of style it is unsurpassed. The sculptures from the Certosa, representing incidents from the life of St. Ambrose and in the building of the Certosa itself, are eminently characteristic, and approach very closely to Gothic manner. Ghiberti's gate, which has exhausted the homage of Europe, it were idle to praise, insolent to criticize, in a sentence. Verrocchio's magnificent equestrian statue

of Bartolommeo Colleone, powerful as a Titan, severe as death, lionlike and stupendous, is what Ruskin terms it, one of the noblest works in the world. For the sublimity of towering energy and fierce will nothing in the Crystal Palace competes with it.

The Elizabethan Court forms an interval between the Renaissance Court and the Italian. In entire buildings of this style there is a manorial aspect dear to English eyes, which claim it as their country's own; but the details, such as those selected for the Crystal Palace, are ugly and distorted.

The Italian Court carries us forward through the great day of Michael Angelo to the effete day of Bernini. The wonderful Bacchus, a creation greater than any antique precedent, stands outside the court; within are the mighty mystic Dawn and Twilight of the Lorenzo monument, and the Light and Night of Giuliano's. Buonarroti's genius had perhaps little in it of the sacred, one of whose first requisites is what the Germans call *selbsttödtung* or self-annihilation: it was incarnate rather of enormous ambition, irrepressible effort, which marched on conquering and to conquer. He scaled peak after peak of intellectual achievement, and held them in his own right rather than as the vassal of a higher power. Yet the Virgin and Child from the Medici Chapel realizes in the most noble manner the conception of the 'Mater venerabilis, Mater pia.' We do not know anything else from Michael Angelo's hand so sacred as the head of the Blessed Mother.

Phrenologists recognize a distinction between the qualities of self-esteem and love of approbation—assigning the nobler function to the first, and the ignobler to the second. The temper of which these are two varying modes was an essential of the Renaissance movement. It may be called acute

self-consciousness. With the great men, it took the form of strong individual quality, the effort at superiority with something of vain-glory, a versatile exercise of faculty, and an impatience of fetters unless self-imposed. With the small men, it displayed itself in trick, bravura, imitation of approved models, less through a spirit of manly reverence than of fashion and the appetence for repute; or, on the other hand, in a rage for novelty. With both it tended to place the art before the object of art—the painter, architect, or sculptor, before nature; and, when the emancipation of executive power had culminated, it left conception sterile, and sank deeper and deeper into convention, vanity, and falsehood.

IV.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS OF ART.

PARIS, 1855.

GRAND displays of universal industry, such as that of which England gave the example in 1851, and that which has now made Paris the centre of attraction, may be expected to recur more frequently than collections of fine art organized on the enormous scale of the one which completed the circle of human endeavour represented in the French Exhibition, and whose memory will long continue to render that illustrious.

In our glance at the contents, we shall endeavour to elicit some standard of art, and to characterize the several schools in their varying relation to it; to ascertain their point of contact; and to take a lesson from the mighty show.

First, the statistics merit a word of comment. France contributes 2628 works, of which 1832 are paintings; England 783, a number exceeding by about 150 that of all the German states collectively. Belgium comes next with 251. Turkey is the smallest contributor, being represented by 1 painting and 2 architectural subjects. As regards France, it is not to be forgotten, whether we look to the quantity or to the quality of her productions, that

she stands here in an exceptional position. Other nations have drawn upon their previous stores; France sends not only the approved works of her past, but those, yet untested, of the present,—the annual exhibitions of 1854 and 1855 being merged into this Great Exhibition. Hence a first appearance of artistic fertility altogether disproportionate to that of other countries—greater even than the really vast activity of the nation in this line, or the other circumstances of the competition, would account for; and hence also, it may be, a more miscellaneous assemblage than the French would have desired to get together as examples of their mature powers. On this latter point, however, the candid observer will admit either that extreme stringency must have been exercised in the exclusion of mediocre works from the section pertaining to the last two years, or that the average of French talent is far ahead of that of other nations: and, without discrediting the first cause, we believe that the second has been quite as potent in its operation.

Herein, indeed, appears to us to lie the great distinction of French art from the rest—it is beyond rivalry the most competent. The average French artist is a highly efficient man, and not a blunderer like the average artist of other countries. He may not intrinsically be any better than his neighbours—may not boast any more imagination, or fancy, or invention, or feeling, or elevation, or understanding of nature; but he knows himself and his profession better. He has, in the first place, a distinct apprehension of what it is that he aims at doing: whether history, genre, landscape, or animal life, his subject at once assumes shape, consistency, and intelligibility. As for the means of realizing what he wants, he has them at his fingers' ends. The result may be, and mostly is, cold, violent, affected, or even offensive; but it is seldom downright stupid or incapable.

Often a failure in regard to its subject, the work is not a failure in regard to the artist's conception of the subject; as far as he has seen into that, he enables others to see it through his rendering. What he knows, that he performs. However much his energies may in the abstract have been misdirected, they have still, in a limited view of immediate cause and effect, been judiciously husbanded and applied; for the upshot is on the whole what he intended it to be.

According to this view, the French school must be pronounced the leading technical school of Europe at the present day; and that conclusion we feel no hesitation in adopting. There is such an organization among the French, such clearness, readiness, and activity, such familiarity with old forms and methods, and such ease in applying the knowledge to the production of works of whatever scale or character, as to place the nation at the head of art considered in the light of a system of processes and expedients.

An accepted dictum among English artists is the insensibility of the French to grace of execution. The technical mastery is admitted; but it is held to be displayed without feeling or subtlety, without that delight which lingers over the task, and dwells with kindness upon its delicacies and minuter passages. There is truth in the censure, although it has been applied more broadly than the facts will warrant. It is rather to the confessed grandees of the French historical school, men who belong in some measure to the past, that the objection reaches, than to the younger schools of landscape or cabinet subjects. Breadth, however, is undoubtedly one main quality of the French art, to which hardly any of its approved practitioners fail to direct their study. Breadth, one may readily concede, is more conspicuous throughout the school than fineness of execution,—a sombre, close, confined tone of colour, more than air, fancy, or brilliancy;

and, while eminent skill exists in characterizing whatever object may be represented, a certain uniform handling, often flat and heavy and regardless of texture, is to be regretted. Admitting therefore, and for the moment even without reservation, that the French is not a school of executive beauty, we have to consider how far such an admission is compatible with the leadership of technical excellence which we claim for it. At first sight, it should appear that the eminently technical school must be the eminently executive as a consequence: and so it is in efficiency, but not in tone and scope. The technical ability, being possessed in rich measure, is used as a means, not cherished as an aim; it is wielded with precision, sureness, and quickness, not elaborated with affection and ingenious pleasure; and, having served its turn as a method of expression, it is laid aside at the point where its intrinsic virtues would make it delightful for its own sake.

And here we come to the paramount question, 'What is the essence and legitimate function of formative and pictorial art?' Acknowledging in its fullest sense the axiom that the greatest artist is he who embodies the greatest ideas, we have still to ask, What are those ideas to be? We would answer—Ideas of form, colour, and expression. The man who has observed most in visible nature, who has the most deeply and nobly felt what he has observed, and renders that with the most exquisite and absolute intensity, he is the greatest man in high art. This no teaching, no learning, from any so-called school of art, can supply. It is based only on the most single-hearted devotion to nature, and comes straight from the inmost vitals of her explorer; it constitutes his very being, perception, and self. And thus a head or a drapery of Titian, a sky of Turner, a tint of Giorgione, or a stone surface of Veronese, a background of Durer or

a foreground of Van Eyck, a contour of Phidias, or an expression of Giotto, Angelico, or Raphael, is more completely and perfectly high art than the best-invented and best-told story of an Italian or French master, or all the philosophy of history and religion which a modern German, much seeking and much cogitating, promulgates in strict form and chastised colour ex cathedrâ. Fine art is the profound perception of a visible truth communicated by the percipient; and the invention which forms its highest element unites the perceiving faculty so intimately with the conceiving that it may almost be termed the directest and acutest act of perception—possible in its fulness to how few men, one here and one there, in a generation!

It is on these grounds that we regard the English school as a true and a hopeful one—the most hopeful in Europe in reference to its future possibilities. Of invention, indeed, it has little to boast; of systematized knowledge, little. But, of all existing schools, it is the most open to new impressions—the most free in receiving, the least fettered by dogma or preconception in applying, them. Small in sphere, loose in manner, unintellectual in tendency, it yet maintains a certain independence, and looks round, not through authorized spectacles, but with clear eyes. It is, on the whole, unsectarian, and willing to trust its own impulses, and to learn of nature through the eye rather than receive traditions of her through the ear. It would rather, generally speaking, not construct theories of form or colour, but paint as it sees—often feebly, often negligently, but still not perversely. And the result makes itself manifestly apparent in the Paris Exhibition; where to pass from the Germanic and French schools to the British is to pass from dim woolliness or smoothness, and from louring half-tint, to something that hints of air, daylight, and emancipation.

These, in fact—the French, the German, and the English—constitute the three great divisions of living art, to one or other of which all the contributing nations may broadly be assigned. France, supreme above all followers, leads Belgium, Spain, Italy. The art of the United States is mongrel, that of the Netherlands little beyond the drains of its past peculiar eminence: but they lean to France rather than to either of the other countries. The French school has two main branches, the historic and the picturesque; the first distinguished by reflective power and comprehensive ability, the second by breadth, vigour, movement, and a striking grasp of effects realized with the minimum of labour. In its special quality of picturesqueness it is altogether unrivalled, and any British works to which that attribute may be ascribed seem child's-play and mummery in comparison. Germany, herself composed of so many distinct states, has her following in Denmark, Switzerland, Sweden, and Norway; although some of the best works, especially from the two latter countries, exhibit more of the French influence. Her characteristics are intellectual effort, and observation in domestic life; both, however, developed under conditions rather negative than otherwise in an artistic sense. England stands alone, a power, but without satellites; the nearest approach to a literal resemblance to her being perhaps observable where one would hardly have expected it—in the tone of Spanish colouring; which, in the untempered clearness of some of its specimens, possesses a certain superficial look of the British principle.

Spite, however, of national differences and the hindrance of academic tradition and example, there appears a common and growing tendency in the entire aggregate of the schools. This tendency is distinctly towards Realism—as the thing, less easily defined than apprehended, is now called in

France. It takes the special form, in France, of singular vigour and massive breadth; earnest observation and rapid seizing of natural effects in landscape; motion, power, and animal impulse, in man-life and brute-life; to which is added, in extreme instances, a preference of subjects ordinary even to insignificance, and an obvious avoidance of accepted rules of composition. In England, the Præraphaelite movement need but be named. In Germany, the movement likewise so-called Præraphaelite has taken a quite different direction; but here too some share in a similar influence is indicated, though more faintly, in a frequently overdone introduction of detail, together with the truthfulness and good humour which, somewhat chilly as they may be, distinguish the domestic scenes.

In the shifting diorama of artistic style, the eye soon gets disused to the form which passes, and used to the form which succeeds. But for this, an exhibition-room of the present day would be an object of genuine wonderment. Since art was art, the aim which now exists of representing natural facts, both in their general effect on the eye and also in their literal minutenesses, has not had a precedent. The ancients, as far as we can gather, scarcely represented effects at all, but only objects or personages—and even these in the main, it is to be inferred, with something of the same largeness and ideal character in painting as in their sculptured works. The mediævals dwelt tenderly on a few effects, and, in some schools, minutely on a multiplicity of objects; but the union of the two was hardly attempted, and never realized. The moderns have experimented progressively on effects, and dealt with objects on the large scale, but scarcely at the same time with their minutenesses—a Dutchman here and there plodding through the minutenesses, but mainly with a technical aim, and

missing the effects and the natural balance and keeping. Now it is naturalism in its entire gamut—the French and its allied schools running the race side by side with the British in this respect, though it is to the British more especially that we owe the realization of the effect *through* its minute details. We may indeed trace back as far as to Rubens the first impulse given in this direction of the union of effects with details—one would not, in his case, say with *minutenesses;* but the predominant tone of a contemporary exhibition is so different from the Rubens aim in art that we need not here pause to enlarge on the particulars.

The first impression produced upon the mind by an art-collection so vast as this of Paris is one chiefly of bewilderment. Gradually that subsides. Countries which you hardly knew as occupying any station in art succeed each other,—none, or scarcely any, altogether without merit, some displaying even a high degree of technical attainment; the greater lights come before you, full of endeavour, of talent, of novelty, or what strikes at first as novelty through being at all events *less* familiar than the form of art subsisting at home. How huge an amount of human toil, aspiration, ability, and observation, is represented by these works! You feel tolerant—liberal: faults indeed and shortcomings abound, but almost everything has its worth, expresses something clearly, strongly, or agreeably, and claims consideration for one reason or another. This mood also changes. The first things that become absolutely insufferable are pretentious religious or historical works: smooth landscapes, commonplace subjects from life, French cleverness and display, German hardness and quietism, English emptiness and namby-pamby, follow in their wake at a rapidly increasing rate. Then arises the question—These

roods and acres of painted canvass, these tons of chipped stone, what is to become of them? Does the world want them? How long will it endure to give them warehouse-room? New scores year by year enter upon the pursuit of art; paint pictures, carve statues, gain prizes, win applause, realize money—but to what use? What does it all mean—these brawny fighting men, these nymphs of a dead mythology, green trees, foolish conceits, pruriences, and make-believes?

Before you have got half way through the exhibition, tolerance is clean gone. You perceive with sufficient distinctness that a clever fellow, if he is nothing more than that, has no title whatever to perpetuate his cleverness on canvass or in stone. The inevitable and salutary necessity becomes palpable that an enormous amount of talent applied to art, unless highly original, singularly complete, or religiously faithful, should die into oblivion generation after generation. Such is one chief lesson of the Palais des Beaux Arts. You rest in the conviction that third-rate art is an unmitigated nuisance; and are more than half-minded to include the second-rate in the same verdict. But the first-rate and the strikingly individual shine forth more and more richly as the others sink.

We proceed to pick out some salient examples, commencing with the richly-filled French department; in which we may find it convenient to maintain our distinction between the historic and picturesque schools.

Among all living painters, the most complete type of the historic school is Paul Delaroche; not only on account of his personal eminence, but also because of the definiteness with which he embodies the tendencies of the school, and the leadership he exercises over others. Next to him in the strictly historic ranks, Ary Scheffer is probably the best known

on this side of the Channel. Neither of these, however, exhibits. In their stead we have lavish contributions from Ingres, Vernet, and Delacroix; the latter of whom, as being the leader of the Romanticists, we shall speak of among the picturesque artists, historical as many of his subjects are.

In the course of a tolerably long life, M. Ingres has been a devoted but by no means a prolific painter; and the visitor to Paris, who has before him forty-one of the master's pictures in a room where nothing else intrudes, sees probably all his masterpieces, and more than half of his finished works. There is much of puzzling and contradictory about Ingres; much also so individual as to take him at once out of the rank of artists whom it is possible to classify, and place him on an undisputed standing-point of his own. Starting from the studio of David, he has never entirely cast off the coldness and conventionality of the pseudo-classic; and the beholder may turn with enthusiasm from one of the greatest works of the period to find that its author is chargeable with one of the most ordinary. His latest pictures, 'the Virgin of the Host' and 'Joan of Arc,' are unfortunately of this sort. Another is a perfectly commonplace allegory of 'The Apotheosis of the Emperor Napoleon I.: He is conducted on a chariot to the temple of Glory and Immortality; Fame crowns him, and Victory directs the horses; France regrets him; Nemesis, the goddess of vengeance, overthrows Anarchy.' But these and such as these we gladly leave for works of a very different stamp. Abstract purity of form is one great quality in Ingres's fine pictures; and in fact their chief and most abiding charm may be said to consist in the abstract feeling which one perceives to imbue the entire performance. The painter, it is evident, has some standard which he aims at attaining: you analyze and admire, and feel that, after all done and said, there is

something more than you can define. The two small works of 'Pope Pius the Seventh tenant chapelle' fill the mind and eye surprisingly—so profoundly are they characterized by the sentiment of church authority and ceremonial. Sometimes a subject unimpressive in itself appears to be chosen as representative of a period of history; and we know nothing in art that seems to come more truly out of the mailclad middle age than 'King Charles the Fifth returning to Paris, and receiving the Provost and Sheriffs'; nothing more encrusted with the spirit of court honour and aristocratic exclusiveness than 'Philip the Fifth, King of Spain, bestowing the order of the Golden Fleece on Marshal de Berwick after the battle of Almanza.' At the same time, all in these is simple and matter-of-fact. So also the 'Ruggero rescuing Angelica from the sea monster' is something far more than an illustration of Ariosto: it contains the essence of chivalric romance, although under a form so studiously simple and elemental that one hesitates to say *where*. In the 'Birth of Venus Anadyomene,' the 'Odalisque,' and the 'Recumbent Odalisque,' the exquisitely tender delicacy of the flesh and contours, the placid regularity of the features, with an expression as it were of inward delight in their own beauty, are equally abstract, and avail to give high rank to works which in other hands would be earthy and might even be gross. The portraits are wonderful embodiments of permanent character, not of momentary expression; and among these the full-length of Napoleon when First Consul is certainly the most interesting and noble record of the man we are acquainted with. Ingres is reported to despise colour in his devotion to form; but there appears to be some misapprehension or great exaggeration in this rumour. His colour, like his form, has an abstract quality, and it sometimes lapses into coldness and even crudeness; but

it is markedly pure and clear. In some pictures, such as the Venus, the effect depends as much on the absolute sweetness and serenity of the colour as on anything else. We regard it as not the least sign of Ingres's genius that he is a *fascinating* as well as an unequal painter. While some remain deaf to his charming, others feel his influence more acutely than they can give a reason for, and are content to yield themselves to it, persuaded that he is not a man the secret of whose works can be gained by picking them to pieces.

If there is something intangible and recondite about Ingres, we find quite the reverse principle when we step into Horace Vernet's room; where the enormous 'Smala' from Versailles, the 'Judith and Holofernes,' and several other renowned examples, are collected. Of all painters, none is more unalterably *positivist* than Vernet; everything which he does is rendered and finished exactly as far as is needful for giving with rapidity and vigour a look of the reality, and nothing in the least beyond this. Perhaps there never was an artist of equal power and eminence who, without giving into negligence or coarseness, cared so little for the means of art, who manifested so little value for abstract properties of form or colour, or felt less inclined to go one hair's breadth out of his way to satisfy what it is the fashion to call the æsthetic feelings, after once obtaining the essential requisites for presenting his subject clearly and effectively. We do not feel it an exaggeration to say that, spite of extraordinary skill at realization in every stroke of the brush—spite of life, movement, endless power of combination and knowledge of expression—there is not one passage of *beautiful* execution in the large number of huge pictures which Vernet has here assembled. Everything is done with an immediately practical aim, by a brain and

a hand which act with the force and certainty of a steam-engine: the painter seems to be a machine for seeing and painting battle-pieces, hunting-pieces, and Arabized scripture-pieces. The works are destitute of the feeling for art itself, as exemplified in beauty of colour and general treatment, richly as Vernet is endowed with the genius and means requisite for strict realization; and the effect, though great and certain upon all men, is not of a lofty kind. It can scarcely be too often enforced that fine art must not be used as a vehicle of mere representation, such as the language of a newspaper-report; but must indicate, on the part of the artist, a love and reverence for Nature, in the form, colour, and expression, wherewith she clothes every visible fact, as well as the ability to convey his own meaning distinctly. Failing in this, the work may present a clear narrative, and often a striking one, but it lacks the one quality which entitles a man to embody that narrative in form and colour instead of words. He is at best qualified to sketch; and the same impassable distance yawns between his work and the complete art of picture or of statue as between prose and poetry in words. Vernet's admirable gifts, far as they go to atone for deficiencies, must not make us forget these considerations. Neither does he stand alone, although the foremost man of his class; there are other French historical painters, and of high distinction, who, differing altogether from him in other respects, share his deficiency. The name of Léon Cogniet is chiefly known by the two pictures now in the Palais des Beaux Arts—'The Massacre of the Innocents,' and 'Tintoret painting from his dead Daughter.' The first is decidedly one of the most condensed and complete expressions which the subject has received from art: a young mother, huddled in the angle of a wall, tries to stifle her child's crying, and

save him from the notice of the slaughterers, who are advancing towards where she crouches. But the work stops short at telling its story well; that is its whole and sole title to admiration as a work of art. Robert-Fleury again, like Cogniet, with all his fine technical knowledge and mastery, is rather a clear and able expositor than a born painter. His colour is hot and dirty, and of course disagreeable in consequence. He has a fine power of expression, however, —though still of what we have termed the positivist order. This is seen in his best picture here, 'The Colloquy of Poissy in 1561'. A pupil of this eminent artist, of whom high things may confidently be predicted, and who tends more to combine with his master's the merits of the picturesque school, is M. Comte; who realizes to the life, in its ghastly hypocrisy and vivid *couleur locale*, the 'Meeting of Henry the Third and the Duke of Guise' prior to receiving the Communion together on the 2nd December 1588, the day preceding that on which Guise was assassinated by the King's order.

A remarkable series, strongly marked by the generic character of French historic art, is that of eighteen cartoons by M. Chenavard for works destined to adorn the Pantheon. They begin with a 'Philosophy of History,' and with Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, treated chiefly from suggestions in Dante, and pass on to subjects of the Roman period ending with Augustus, and of the Christian period ending with Louis the Fourteenth; an historic parallel not without its element of grim satire, intentional or otherwise. They are distinguished by the fine broad study and hard-won knowledge of the French school, and by a grave clearness in the telling of the story. In beauty and in spontaneity they are somewhat deficient; but, on the whole, they furnish a standard example of the French historic system,

—showing its distinctive qualities, and how advantageously these can be applied by a man of ability and thought without imagination. Another series of cartoons, in a grand style of model-drawing, and daring in the vigour of their design, is Rage, Lust, Avarice, Gluttony, Envy, Idleness, and Pride, after Dante, by M. Yvon. The same artist's enormous oil-picture of 'Marshal Ney heading the Rear-guard of the Grand Army in the Retreat from Russia' is one of those nightmare displays of physical energy and horror which the French painters affect, and in which the Englishman scarcely knows whether most to wonder at the display of force, or reprobate the unalloyed and valueless monstrosity.

Ary Scheffer, as we have said, does not exhibit; but a picture from Henri Scheffer (his brother) represents the school, and the special section of it to which the absentee belongs, with as much dignity as almost any of his own productions. This work is the 'Vision of Charles the Ninth'; who, haunted by the ghosts of his victims of St. Bartholomew's Day, is represented alone in his chamber, groping on his knees in the agony of horror, and clutching with one hand at the hangings of the wall, while the other holds out an unavailing crucifix. His face is averted, with starting eyes and bristling hair; but still the vision is before him—a vision of old men and young, women and children, with faces serene but pale and rigid in death, who, passionlessly accusing, with no gesture or mien of menace, but silent messengers of retributive doom, point to their bloody wounds. There is an awful quiet in this part of the picture. At the first moment it scarcely suggests itself to the eye that the figures are other than living flesh and blood. This is a daring but a justifiable and even admirable idea; for the ultimate impression on the beholder is not

the more material, while the artist more fully enforces the terrible reality of the vision to the eyes of the appalled King. Judging from this work, although the others from the same hand do not present any corresponding height of excellence, we should say that the reputation of Henri Scheffer does not bear any fair proportion to that of his brother.

The picturesque school of French painting may be considered to include all that is much worth looking at in the nation's art beyond the pale of the severer historic school. Of French genre pictures, and landscapes, and animal-pieces, enough and to spare are not good; but, among those that are, the great majority strike at once by conspicuous and generic picturesqueness,—a quality which the reader will have much less difficulty in understanding than critics experience in defining it.

Eugène Delacroix has rendered himself one of the leaders of European art by carrying the picturesque style to its acme in application to historical subjects. Nor these alone has he treated, but subjects of all kinds; as a running selection from the thirty-six examples in the French exhibition will show. We find there 'Christ in the Garden of Olivet'; 'Christ on the Cross'; 'The Sibyl'; 'Medea Infuriate'; 'Dante and Virgil, conducted by Phlegyas, traverse the lake surrounding the Infernal City of Dis'; 'The Justice of Trajan'; 'The Emperor Justinian composing his Laws'; 'The Taking of Constantinople by the Crusaders'; 'The Execution of Marino Faliero'; 'Scene in the Massacre of Scio'; 'The 28th July 1830'; 'Combat of the Giaour and the Pasha'; 'Algerian Women in their Apartment'; 'The Convulsionists of Tangiers'; 'Romeo and Juliet'; 'A Lion Hunt'; 'Head of an Old Woman'; 'Flowers and Fruit.' Religion, history, poetry, romance, drama, legend, still-life,

wild sports, national manners, public events of the day, are all laid under contribution. All are moulded by a wild magnificent energy, which courts difficulties and laughs them to scorn, delights in pomp and in rags, chivalry and barbarism, tears and blood, whirlpools of confusion, passion intensified to delirium and action to distortion; an energy which pierces to the heart of the subject, seizes it as a whole, and never pauses till every corner of it has been stamped with the spirit which is its life. For this result the artist's means are various and arbitrary. He commands a knowledge of form and action apparently derived from indefatigable early study, and which now seems to be used almost, often quite, independently of immediate reference to nature; the faculty of a true colourist, whose colour is not seldom condemnable; a vigour of handling whose very excess frequently sinks it into insipidity; and a power of thought at once raised and enthralled by extreme susceptibility to the romantic. To talk of the originality of Delacroix is a commonplace. His faculties are of that order to which small successes, calmness, or a rapt contemplation and intelligence of minute beauty, are impossible. He challenges Nature rather than worships her; and from such a man Nature guards jealously that loveliness which the humbler-minded find the least occult. The consequence is obvious: where Delacroix fails, which he does at least once to every success, he fails egregiously and perversely; and when he attempts the beauty of a simple subject or such matter as still-life, he 'lies in cold obstruction.' His genius, moreover, has nothing of the sacred; and such very limited attainment as may be recognized in his religious subjects resides wholly in the qualities of passion and imagination common to his other themes. Delacroix may be called a French Rubens of the nineteenth century. For

the spurious mythological feeling he substitutes the feeling of chivalry and romance—genuine, though pertaining to the past; for the lumbering hugeness of the Fleming he substitutes the Frenchman's suppleness, and the rude health of the seventeenth century is 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought' in the nineteenth. But to both painters belong the exultant energy of life and motion, the prodigal exuberance, the large capacity for entering into all phases of human life, and obtuseness as to the limits within which that capacity, unhallowed by awful reverence, can be exercised. As colourists also their resemblance partly holds; Rubens has more of amenity, Delacroix of depth; both affect variegation and brightness of tint.

We cannot part from Delacroix without dwelling, though for a moment, on a few pictures individually. The 'Execution of Faliero,' however rapid and even careless may probably have been the mode of its production, ranks among the wonderful achievements of art of whatever period—gorgeous, terrible, and epic. In this and other works the master shows the same faculty that we noted in Ingres of embodying an æra of history in a moment: here the subtle, exalted, and merciless aristocracy of Venice, grown into a caste, incapable of further development, and fated, through epochs of crime and splendid debasement, to live itself out to extinction, stands before us. Less intellectual, but not less intense, is the murder of 'The Bishop of Liège' by William de la Marck, as described in *Quentin Durward*. The riotous and bloody debauch, the crowd and turmoil with flashes of lamp-light on the mailed limbs, the doomed bishop brought to the slaughterhouse in his episcopal robes, are rendered with fearful vigour: and similar qualities are displayed in the sketch of 'Boissy Danglas' menaced by the mob in the National Convention.

'Tasso in Prison,' seated in dejection while madmen are about him gibbering, is replete with dire reality. These four are small works, but none are more vital with the peculiar genius of Delacroix. Among the large canvasses, we may single out the renowned subject of Dante and Virgil, from the Luxembourg; the 'Taking of Constantinople by the Crusaders,' with its yet half-barbaric chivalry, the heirs of sea-kings and Norman devastators; the 'Death of Charles the Rash at the Battle of Nancy'—a mighty battle-piece; and the 'Algerian Women in their Apartment.' The background to the Constantinople picture has something of the old-world truth of Van Eyck, and is one of the most beautiful matters of detail that linger along the burning track of vehement Delacroix.

One might think that Delacroix went far enough as a professor of the picturesque principle; but its extreme incarnation is Decamps. This painter's many fine gifts in colour, character, manipulation, invention, or chiaroscuro, may all be summed up in the word picturesque. His figures run out of the canvass; he affects arid landscapes, compositions of consummate skill broken by some abrupt eccentricity, lurid sunlights, white light bounded by shadow impenetrably black, and all that is most *recherché* in singularity or *abandon* of costume. Orientalism is his special province. He may exaggerate for effect; but he does it legitimately to make his own style of art supreme, and he never sinks into mere extravagance or grimace. The nine designs from the history of Samson, much as they lose of resource by being mere crayon drawings, are amazing in savage sombre strength. It is laughable to note that this tearing Orson has come out of the studio of M. Abel de Pujol, the most sheepish of tame allegorists and members of the Institute.

Courbet is another representative man of the school; but so *exalté* that, shooting out of sight of such painters as might be called his colleagues, he represents little except himself and his direct imitators. His 'Burial at Ornans,' exhibited in 1850, created that amount of noise, abuse, and disputation, which is immediate fame; and he has since occupied in France, as the apostle of 'Realism,' a position somewhat analogous to that of the Præraphaelites in England. Admiring Courbet as we heartily do, both from sympathy with the movement which he belongs to and on compulsion from his own force, we cannot admit the analogy, however, without very serious restrictions. Actual resemblance in method there is none whatever: the Frenchman is the roughest of the rough, the Englishmen the most exquisite of the elaborated. The first paints with a scrubbing-brush clotted with coarse paint and chalk-grits; the second, with a fine camel's hair dipped in the choicest and purest tints of the palette. A more radical difference even is in the mode of looking at nature, and the conception of the thing to be achieved. Courbet seems to think that whatever he sees is what he ought to paint; he never invents a subject, but copies a fact. 'The Stone-breakers' is a couple of men breaking stones, painted on a large scale broadly; and absolutely nothing more. 'The Young Village Ladies' is a conversation of these damsels with a peasant-girl in a mountain valley; a dog beside the ladies, and two cows beyond the intersecting stream. The merit of the picture is great; but it is nothing beyond the merit of literality—the colour not even truthful. 'The Meeting' is Courbet, on a hot day, walking a dusty country-road in his shirt-sleeves, with sturdy staff and slung knapsack, who meets two acquaintances, one red-bearded, one a prosaic bourgeois-looking personage. It is just as any one might

see the unexciting incident, provided he looked merely to broad features and overlooked the details. Next come 'The Wheat-Sifters,' 'The Spinner,' and so on; the title containing literally the entire subject of the picture, and the details being so generalized as to add little or nothing to it. A head of 'A Spanish Lady,' however, and 'The Dix-Heures Rock, Loue Valley,' are admirable pieces of dashing sparkling colour,—the former steeped in national character and supple *abandon;* the latter a glorious snatch of landscape, as real as stones and grass, of which Anthony might be proud. In most of the pictures the colour is low and chalky, yet dignified; the appreciation of general natural effects is correct; and the *look* of accessories is given, however flat and hurried. Composition is not only neglected, but evidently eschewed; a point which shows only a half-grasp of Realism, as Nature, in her most casual combinations, is generally striking and peculiar, and abhors straight rows of heads or figures almost as much as an eternal pyramidal composition or the waviness of a Correggio. Courbet, by his portraits and his works, seems to us a jolly, careless, pipe-smoking French painter; a man of enormous vigour, ease, and will; hard-headed also and able, but by no means thoughtful. He sees as far into a millstone as another man—and no further; and is honest enough to paint, with a rough and ready freedom, exactly what he sees. But it never seems to occur to him that real sincerity in art must be exercised first of all in the invention of the subject; that his function is to translate the sentiment of things as well as to exhibit their conformation; or that love and reverence, far rather than the 'hail-fellow-well-met' spirit, is the true artist's relation to Nature. The vitality of the English Præraphaelites consists in their having remembered these fundamental truths. With all his shortcomings,

however, and what may be called his impenetrable toughness, Courbet commands wonder, and merits honour. He appears even to imagine himself possessed of theoretic principles, whereas he really owns, if we read him aright, nothing but eyes and hands; and, to avoid doing him any unintentional injustice, we subjoin an extract from his own profession of principles. 'I have studied, apart from any spirit of system and without preconception, the art of the ancients and the art of the moderns..... To know in order that I might be able to do, such has been my idea. To be qualified to transcribe the manners, the ideas, the aspect, of my time, according to my perception—to be not only a painter, but also a man—in a word, to practise living art—such is my aim.' These words are extracted from the catalogue of an exhibition of his collected works which Courbet has opened close to the Palais des Beaux Arts, and which contains his two most remarkable productions—'The Burial at Ornans,' and 'The Painter's Study, a real allegory, terminating a seven-years phase of my artistic life,'—painted in the present year.

From Gustave Courbet to Jean Louis Hamon is the stride from one pole of art to another; from a digger's tent to a lady's boudoir; from the clenched fist whose knuckles are yet red with knocking down a bullock, to a long, white, consumptive hand. Hamon is one of the most delicious of idyllic painters; the most charming of French classicists, the most child-like and child-loving of Parisians. There is just a touch in him of dandyism—which one has scarcely heart to condemn. Pale tints, faces more vaporous than any other part of the picture—a mannerism in which Jobbé-Duval, Picou, and some other painters, share—chaste, white, boneless forms, the nicest delicacy in touch, the most impeccable taste in accessory—distinguish our gentle Hamon.

The 'Comedy of Human Life,' where Diogenes, Dante, Homer, antique warriors, little children, and modern portières, hover about a Punch-and-Judy show, seems to be rather too infantine for any one to take the trouble of fathoming its shallowness. But then there is the lovely child's-play idyl, 'My sister is not at home,'—the sweet quaint composition and innocent feeling of 'A Girl in charge of Children.' Both yield to 'The Orphans'; which is certainly one of the most placidly lovely among pictures, and somehow, spite or because of its naïve treatment, so different from what the common sentimentalist would have chosen, one of the most touching. Two beautiful girls, pale in their tender bloom, with their golden hair and deep mourning, are in a room of the simplest elegance. One is threading her needle; one has fallen into slumber. Behind her their little brother stands on tiptoe, about to tickle the sleeper with some long grass. There is no mother to kiss him for being mischievous. Futile and inexpressive of its subject as the picture may appear from verbal description, it is quite the reverse in reality; solemn, hushed, and exquisitely domestic. Every feature of it marks the last touch of artistic refinement.

The microscopic Meissonnier is another example of wonderful delicacy; a man who elevates a diminutive canvass, with no subject, into high art by the perfection of his handling. As a colourist, he leaves nothing to complain of, unless sometimes when he a little exceeds his ordinary allowance of square inches; but colour is not the strong point. It is the handling and the light and shade; of which a faultless specimen is the picture of 'A young man reading at breakfast.' Meissonnier, however, is too well appreciated to detain us longer.

Bida, Thomas, Valerio, and Dehodencq, deserve record

as excellent orientalists, following the path pioneered by Decamps; Janmot, for his series of 'The Soul,' which, without much direct invention, shows great artistic ability, in some instances, for conveying a sensation of the mystic and imaginative; and Ricard and Madame O'Connell, as portrait-painters,—the first refined and penetrative, the second coarse, but sometimes brilliant.

Of the French school of landscape we have already spoken in general terms. Its sentiment is in the main solemn, and even gloomy; its style broad, trenchant, and striking; and it catches effects with singular readiness and power. Its strength, indeed, lies in effects rather than exact rendering; and this system, spite of a very pronounced generic character, preserves strong individuality in the several examples. The school is, on the whole, a noble one; which Englishmen, addicted to an opposite principle, are far too chary of admitting. Hosts of landscape-painters turn up in the Exhibition, each of whom has studied faithfully, and reported with vigour and animation; Théodore Rousseau, Aiguier, Leroux, Castelnau, Balleroy, Belly, St. Marcel Cabin, Simon, Tillot, Woets, Dargent, Hervier, Ziem, Lapierre, Trouvé, Lambinet, Loubon, Varennes, Lafage, &c. Isabey is the special and recognized professor of the picturesque in landscape, as Decamps in figure-subjects.

Rosa Bonheur and Jadin are two great names in animal-painting. Jadin, in the specialty of dog-painting, stands, to our apprehension, unparallelled. He seems to work as much in the spirit of a sportsman as of an artist; so much so that some of his pictures—and one especially where scores of hounds are assembled for the chase—are lettered all over with the names of the distinguished animals. 'Tippoo at the age of sixteen' is marvellous for life, force,

character, and painting; and the 'Return Home' after a day's hunting is not only full of the most impetuous motion and spirit, but rendered quite grand in feeling by its sky flaring with 'a last remains of sunset.' Troyon is another man of immense energy and skill, both in dogs and other animals and in out-door effects; and Haffner, Philippe Rousseau, and Salzard, are such a triad of brute-painters as is not easily to be encountered out of prolific France.

Leaving France in order to get a glimpse at her artistic dependencies, we come first to Belgium as the most productive and vigorous. Her art on the whole as here shown is, indeed, but a pale and dwarfed reflex of that of France, and we may quietly pass by the doings of her academic celebrities; but three of her sons, Alfred and Joseph Stevens and Henri Leys, claim a first-class place in any gathering, not only of their own compatriots, but of universal art.

There is hardly in the Palais des Beaux Arts a more massive and intense colourist than either Alfred or Joseph Stevens. The two may be spoken of together; for, although Joseph, as being almost exclusively an animal-painter, occupies an independent position, and although he may be distinguished by some shade more of vigour in form, and Alfred of richness in colour, the two pursue the same end with means nearly identical. Both are sturdy realists, both born artists; not attempting, on the one hand, to embellish or evade workaday nature, nor, on the other, failing to demonstrate, in every effect chosen and every point of realization, a consciousness that the painter's business is to express, together with the visible outward object, some predilection or insight of his own. In tone it cannot be said that either of the Stevenses is strictly true; we nowhere find clear diffused daylight or sunlight, but sunken sullen

brilliancy glowing through overcast shadow, and broad firm masses instead of infinite detail. Alfred's two small pictures, 'Reading' and 'Meditation,' are wonderful bits of rich colour in this way. The daring mapping-out of the general scheme of colour—as the snowy street opposed to the deep tones of the rest in Alfred's picture of 'What People call Vagrancy'—shows the eye and hand of the true colourist; and these are evidenced, less saliently but quite as decidedly, by the value given to small details as points of effect. Look, for instance, at the extreme darkness with which the hovering sparrows in the last-named picture tell against the snow—a point which any one may have noted in a London winter: they are almost black spots upon the white. Look at the flowers and tapestry in 'Meditation'; the white and black cat, white jug, even the rude cottage print of Napoleon, which form the accessories to 'The Siesta'; the nail against the blank white-washed wall, the ball of red cotton, and the oleander, in Joseph Stevens's 'Intrusion'; and the oyster and lobster shells in his 'Unconscious Philosopher.' In all these we find the 'two things needful'—instinct of what is right, and calculation of how to make it felt. We should add that in 'Intrusion' the expression of the mother-cat disturbed by a random dog is something marvellous; the mouth twitches, baring the lucent teeth, the profile flattens, the eyes contract, the fur begins to bristle, and you can as good as hear the snarling grr-- with which she rouses the hostile nature of a dog who seems well-intentioned enough if left alone. Though the cat is the great triumph here, it is in dogs that the specialty of Joseph Stevens consists. There are immense force and varied character in his life-sized 'Episode of the Dog-Market at Paris'—where an old woman, presiding over a whole squad of her kennelled clients, is sedately engaged in relieving one of them from

his too intimate bosom friends the fleas. Of all these pictures, the principal one is that entitled 'What people call Vagrancy.' In simple manly character, in dignified colour, and in masterly treatment, this could scarcely be overpraised. Sticklers for 'composition' will object to the straight line of figures, and the naturalism of the work partakes somewhat of the literal order: but the picture should be most warmly greeted by those in whose eyes strong truth, expressed with directness and power, overrides the dogmas of the schools. The head of the woman, bowed in life-long sorrow and present shame, and the hard clasp with which her thin hand holds the infant to her bosom, are perfectly truthful. Patiently she treads the pathway of crunched snow between the white heaps on either side; snow loads the street-posts and the background line of dead wall; and even the well-clothed gendarme blows his fingers in the raw cold. The charitable lady pressing forward with her purse is refreshingly different from the sentimentalities which form the common stock-in-trade for such subjects; insomuch that one is scarcely inclined to quarrel with her for failing on the opposite side, in a want of evident interest or sympathy.

The Stevenses must be classed, but not condemned, as mannerists; their executive individuality, striking as it is, consisting in carrying to their acme certain main peculiarities of the French school. They are also chargeable, and especially Alfred, with painting rather studies or bits of pictures than entire works; although each production, so far as it goes, is integral and complete. Further, they have little, in an intellectual sense, of what the Germans include in the term culture, and their extreme force of style verges on violence; redeemed, however, from coarseness by a grateful and harmonious feeling of repose. They are undoubtedly leading men, whose work will count for something in our period.

A more individual artist than even the Stevenses, and assuredly a much greater one, is Henri Leys; who seems to be at this moment absolutely sui generis, save for a feeble and obvious imitator named Joseph Lies. His peculiarity is the treatment of subjects of manners of the middle ages, with a perception of character much akin to Holbein's, Van Eyck's, or Cranach's, and a broad yet precise and defined style of modern execution. The result has something of the quaint and grotesque, but full of spirit and life-likeness. No other artist treating similar themes comes so near the look of actual probabilities; we seem to see the productions of a contemporary. When one finds so interesting a line of subject so well done, one declines to question whether it ought to have been attempted at all; whether the nineteenth-century man, however deeply he may have imbued himself with sixteenth-century fact and feeling, can know enough of them to make his work valuable in the same sense as one commemorative of his own age, or as a veritable record of the past. We are glad to waive the severe theoretic objection, and find M. Leys one of the most picturesque, enjoyable, and admirable of artists. Of his three excellent pictures now in Paris, the least remarkable is 'The New Year in Flanders.' 'The Walk Outside the City-walls' from *Faust*, with its richly varied types of mediæval character, each of whom is an individual as well as a type, is extraordinarily good; and equally so a still more well-selected subject, 'Bertal de Haze.' This personage, as the catalogue explains, 'chief of the order of the Ancient Arblast, dying in 1512, bequeathed to the Church of Notre Dame his war-gear, to wit, his best corslet, his morion, his gorget, his arblast, his quiver with the arrows, and his hooked knife, to the end that the whole thereof might be hung up in the chapel of the order.' Treated

with Leys's peculiar mediæval feeling, this very mediæval subject is something unique. The members of the deceased Bertal's family are standing or kneeling before the altar and the war-gear,—the heart-wrung widow, the stalwart grave son, now head of the house, the demure little child; and the row of white-vested priests seated chanting is at once quaint and solemn.

After these men, the most noticeable Belgian painters are Verlat, De Groux, and Willems. The first has a 'Cat and Dog' subject, similar to Joseph Stevens's, and scarcely less perfect. The cat is giving the unbidden dog an admonitory dab on the head with an indignant flat paw, and the play of her glassy green eyes looks suspicious. De Groux's 'Last Farewell'—a burial in a foreign cemetery ankle-deep in snow—is an instance of extreme realism, whose painful impressiveness is only enhanced by the grotesqueness of its literality. Willems's 'Interior of a Silk-mercer's Shop in 1660,' though trifling matter comparatively, lacks no essential or apt embellishment.

Of the other dependencies of artistic France little is to be said. There are some repectable, no eminent, productions from Spain and the Low Countries; from non-Austrian Italy still less. Inganni, and Dominic and Jerome Induno, from Austrian Italy, are clever at common life; the first well up in effects, the other two slight, and with a proclivity to the squalid. The United States show exceedingly ill, but excite nevertheless an Englishman's curiosity and interest. The best brace of exhibitors are Healy and W. M. Hunt—both competent executive artists of the downright French style. Healy's large picture of 'Franklin pleading the cause of the American Colonies to Louis the Sixteenth,' the only subject of much importance from the States, has little to recommend it. His colour possesses something

broad and soft, but is neutral, and tends to murkiness and a scene-painting tone. His feeling for beauty is of the faintest. We take it that the exhibiting half-score of Americans is no fair sample of Transatlantic art-powers; otherwise we should pronounce that no nation is less firmly grounded or less in earnest, and that the aspirations vented in that quarter are but breath lost.

In the Germanic art we find nothing better than the domestic subjects of Knaus of Wiesbaden, a Dusseldorf student and a Paris resident; which are well invented in a humorous and a dramatic point of view, replete with observation and character, and executed with all cleverness and ease. In 'The Morrow of the Village Feast,' the expression in the good German face of the young girl seated by her sweetheart, who, having been induced to drink too much, is now sleeping overcome amid the *débris* of the revel, human and inanimate, is touching and exquisite in its *naïve* truth; an expression of wounded feeling and wordless appeal, abashed yet firm. To her the matter is no joke at all. We remember no living 'domestic painter' of higher excellence and promise than Herr Knaus: he needs, notwithstanding, to be on his guard against the tendency to caricature.

For the school represented by Cornelius we profess little or no sympathy, and a respect that stops considerably short of veneration. He is a thinker, a purist, a reformer—anything but an artist. Nothing comes to him impulsively, nothing is done unconsciously and gloriously; he is never better than he knows himself, or than every cultivated man can discover him to be. He sends a 'Selection of Cartoons for the Frescoes to the Porticoes of the Campo Santo in course of construction at Berlin.' The seven angels of the Apocalyptic phials are fluttering, flying, and attitudinizing;

so are the four horsemen—Plague, Famine, War, and Death: 'Satan Chained' is worse in the same way. In the 'Descent of the New Jerusalem' there is a fine symbolic thought: the heavenly vision is seen by only two of the group of earth-dwellers, a youth and a mother.

Kaulbach also sends some of his cartoons; among them 'The Tower of Babel,' known to Englishmen as well by the enthusiastic exposition in Miss Howitt's book as by an engraving. No one would deny the power and bold invention of Kaulbach; but he too loads his composition with system and abstruse intention. He keeps his eyes wider open than Cornelius or Overbeck to what real men and women look like, and his first notion of character and action is generally vivid; but he determines to be truer than truth, stronger than strength, and livelier than life, and ends by giving you a characteristico-academic abstract when you had bargained for a human being. Unencumbered by German traditions and the incubus of the grandeur of the old masters, Kaulbach might have continued to this day the genius which Nature made him, and which he showed himself in such works as 'The Mad-house': as it is, he labours with huge thoughts, and secures the acclamation of Europe, and chiefly of Germany, for every step he strays further from true achievement in art. At least his steps are the strides of a lusty man, not the mincing of a coxcomb nor the shuffling of a monk.

A pretty German domesticism, hushed and homely, is Meyer's 'Little Brother Asleep'—the last contribution we need specify from Prussia. From Austria, Steinle sends a grand piece of form in 'Eve,' and a very clever water-colour in 'The Jew of Venice.' The domestic again appears in several works by Waldmüller, full of fine qualities of observation, feeling, and representation, which are impeded in

their full effect by some of the hardness and anti-geniality of German execution. Sweden makes a creditable appearance, with Höckert and Lundgren, for a country so remote from the centres of art; Norway with Tidemand; Denmark with Exner and Larsen,—whose 'Coast of Marseilles,' with a black-tinged blueish-green sea, dark and rolling in stern ridges, is remarkable. Switzerland's muster is indifferent enough; but it includes one thing nice and simple—'Refectory of Capuchins at Albano,' by Van Muyden. The holy men must have a passionate partiality for cats, of which a numerous rank and file is scattered about the apartment.

At individual contributions from England we need barely glance, as there is hardly an important one among them that had not been previously made public at home. To English Præraphaelitism—after admiring foreign excellence with no stinted or un-catholic homage—we return in the deliberate conviction that it embodies the highest, truest, and most vitally essential, among the fresh and direct movements of the æra. Its missionaries, Hunt and Millais, exhibit—the former 'The Light of the World,' 'Strayed Sheep,' and 'Claudio and Isabella'; the latter, 'The Order of Release,' 'Ophelia,' and 'The Return of the Dove to the Ark.' We may also rely with proud confidence upon Anthony's 'Beech-trees and Fern,' Madox Brown's 'Chaucer,' Cross's 'Death of Cœur de Lion,' Dyce's 'King Joas' and 'Jacob and Rachel,' Leslie's 'Sancho Panza and the Duchess,' Linnell's 'Barley-Harvest,' Poole's 'Job and the Messengers,' and Mulready's copious display. The last-named artist and Webster share with the Præraphaelites and our water-colour school the chief part of the attention, not unmixed with surprise, which England has excited in France; and we need only recall the names of Lewis, Cox, and William

Hunt, among the water-colourists, and Ross and Thorburn among the miniature-painters, as representatives of a class of art in which England stands utterly unrivalled and almost without competition of any sort. On the other hand, the class of which Stanfield is a champion looks flimsy and artificial; Maclise, theatrical; and Landseer, whose sole first-rate specimen is 'The Sanctuary,' finds so many foreign antagonists formidable in energetic power and stern study that the balance is not righted in fairness to him until we call to mind his supremacy in invention and human sympathy with the phases and emotions of animal life.

The two most remarkable English pictures not yet seen here are by Mulready and Leighton. Mulready's is 'The Bathers'—often promised and still withheld at the Academy exhibitions; a charming, delicate, and original treatment of the worn subject, pure without prudery. The agile form of the girl in the background tripping up the bank is no studio stock-personage, but a genuine acquisition from nature. Leighton's picture of the 'Reconciliation of the Montagues and Capulets over the dead bodies of their children' amply confirms the hopes based on his Academy picture of the Cimabue procession. The colour is grand and dignified; and the broken compunctious expression of Capulet reaches higher than anything in the former work. In the remaining figures, however, there is little character.

In sculpture, France, England, Belgium, Austria (chiefly from Northern Italy), Prussia, and Saxony, are the conspicuous contributors. There is little to be said of this department in a rapid review which stops only at the first-rate and the strikingly individual. Sculpture in our day is an entranced art well-nigh fatuous. It dreams of extinct Grecisms, and with half-shut maundering eyes makes clumsy copies of its dreams. For the rest, the general character-

istics of the various schools hold regarding sculpture as well as painting; France taking the lead for terse completeness, and a feeling for which we can find no closer word than 'picturesque.' Our preference may be pitifully 'unideal,' but we discover nothing else so admirable, so first-rate, as Frémiet's 'Cat and Kittens'; a perfect piece of life in marble. With this we would name Bonnassieux's very beautiful 'Meditation,' Cavelier's effective 'Truth,' Debay's famous and lovely 'First Cradle,' Jacquot's soft and alluring 'Nymph Surprised,' Jaley's 'Modesty,'—which is French modesty, however,—Jouffroy's delicate 'Girl confiding her first secret to Venus,' from the Luxembourg, and the animal subjects of Barye, Hébert, and Rude; the British Macdowell's 'Girl preparing for the Bath;' and the Belgian Vanhove's somewhat repulsive naturalism, 'A Negro Slave after the Bastinado.' Kiss's colossal equestrian 'St. George and the Dragon,' in plaster, has more of the German externals than the substance of the heroic and fantastic.

Lithography and the higher branches of engraving again bear testimony to the preëminence of France; England and Germany, among whose constituent states we especially note Saxony, hold their own at any rate in wood-cutting. Architecture, which has engaged no countries much except France and England, counts even among *their* contributions few original designs, but only drawings and proposed restorations of existing buildings in the great majority of cases. France is terribly fertile in this line; and indeed the chief feature of the architectural display is the restless tenacity with which she at present clings to the Gothic abstract, undoing and redoing on all hands the Gothic concrete in its glorious monuments of the past.

LONDON, 1862.

It would be a nice question for an artistic theorist to decide where the industrial art of the International Exhibition ends, and its fine art begins. Is its decorative art to be classed as fine or industrial? Much pretty argument, and some ingenious hair-splitting, might be devoted to this point. As a matter of principle, we should always incline to give the widest interpretation to the term Fine Art. We conceive the faculty for art throughout its whole range to be essentially the same; being composed, firstly, of a strong perception of character and beauty in the abstract properties of form and colour, and in the actual facts of nature; and, secondly, of a vivid adaptation of these in whatever shape. The painting of a picture, the carving of a statue, the design of a building, the setting of a jewel, are all exemplifications of the faculty of fine art; the right doing of any one of these things is the function of an artist, and none but an artist, in the correct sense of the word, can manage it well. We conceive also that the extreme division and subdivision of art in the present day is one of the most baneful features of it—one of those which most cramp the artist, mislead the public taste, and cripple the powers of art itself. There ought to be much less of this distinction, and a much freer field for the artist to work in. The healthy and progressive periods of art have been those in which an artist for one thing was intrinsically an artist for anything. Not to recur to the antique times, we may remember that Giotto would paint a Crucifixion or a coat-of-arms as he was bidden, draw a circle as a final proof of

his artistic power, or execute a work of sculpture or of architecture with perfect simplicity of competence and no sense of incongruity. Verrocchio was sculptor and painter; Luca della Robbia, sculptor and potter; Francia, goldsmith and painter; Leonardo and Michael Angelo were sculptors, painters, and architects; Raphael was the same, as well as a painter of architectural ornament, and perhaps a designer for pottery; Titian would do mosaics—Durer, engravings—as readily as pictures; Cellini, colossal groups as artistically as jewelry and plate. We might prolong the list to almost any extent. What have we now? Engravers upon copper who know nothing of wood, and painters in water-colour who could not work in oils. The time will perhaps come again when we shall be well assured that the best painter or sculptor is the man to do a chair or a drinking-glass also better than anybody else; when we shall naturally ask him to do these things, and he will do them as a matter of course, knowing no reason, in his aptitude or his professional position, why he should not. That time will be a better one than the present for all parties concerned.

Holding these opinions, we should feel no difficulty in comprising, under the fine art of the Exhibition, a great deal of its industrial art. The exclusion of painted glass, for instance, is merely arbitrary; and we could go a long way beyond this in the works to be included. Neither should we at all fear to exalt the art of the lower material form at the expense of that of the higher, where the facts might appear to us to warrant it. The truest estimate of the whole subject might possibly show us that about the very best fine art practised at the present day in any corner of the globe is the decorative art of the Japanese. We will not indeed venture to assert this as a fact; but we do advance it as a position capable of being fairly entertained,

and by no means refutable on the mere ground that historic painting and ideal sculpture are higher *forms* of art. After being sufficiently derided or decried for hinting at such a heresy, we shall still bear in mind the relative value of an Etruscan vase and late Roman figure-sculpture, of a painted window at Chartres and a picture by Domenichino, of pottery in Della Robbia's hands and marble in Bandinelli's, and shall perhaps deem the suggestion undisproved.

However, our intention is to start with a more limited view of the fine art of the Exhibition, following the guidance of the official catalogue to that department of it. The subdivisions which this catalogue gives, in reference to the country most fully represented, which is naturally our own, are those of paintings in oil-colour and in water-colour, sculpture, architecture, engraving, and art-designs. To these we shall at present confine ourselves.

It may not be irrelevant or uninteresting to examine, in the first place, the comparative range and development of the fine art in the present Exhibition, and in its three great precursors, the original Exhibition of 1851, the Paris Exhibition of 1855, and the Art-treasures Exhibition in Manchester of 1857.

The first of these three, the Exhibition of 1851, need not detain us long. It purported to be a display of 'the works of *Industry* of all nations,' and included none of the aforenamed sections of fine art, except sculpture, and that much less fully and systematically represented than in the collections of 1855 and of the present year, though it must have considerably exceeded the collection of 1857.

It is with satisfaction that we find, upon an inspection of the respective catalogues, that the Exhibition now open not only far transcends the Manchester Exhibition in its representation of modern art, but even exceeds to an ap-

preciable extent (about 700 works) the Paris Exhibition as well. Of course, in the case of Manchester, it will be remembered that the basis of selection was a very different one, and that works of the older as well as the existing schools enriched the walls. These, however, cannot be in any way reckoned in the comparison which we are now instituting. Taking the modern art of that Exhibition, as well as of the Paris and London ones, in which the whole is modern, the account, as near as we can give the numbers, stands thus :—

	British Art.	*Foreign Art.*	*Total.*
Paris, 1855	782	4307	5089
Manchester, 1857, about	2100	700	2800
London, 1862	3323	2443	5766.*

Some readers may perhaps like to see a little more of the items. For their benefit we append the following table :—

	In Paris. Numbers.	Totals.	*In London.* Numbers.	Totals.
British Oil-painting	232	782	790	3323
" Water-colours	146		634	
" Sculpture	77		300	
" Architecture	128		693	
" Engraving	199		556	
" Art-designs	—		317	
" Dependencies	—		33	
French Painting	1869	2728	244	426
" Sculpture	385		51	
" Architecture	188		36	
" Engraving	286		95	
German (including Austrian) Painting	379	635	310	604
" " " Sculpture	164		83	
" " " Architecture	9		115	
" " " Engraving	83		96	

* These numbers are the totals of the items afterwards given, and fall somewhat below the actual figures printed in the catalogues: the London catalogue especially seems to have left some considerable margin for possible contributions. According to the catalogues, the total in Paris was 5128, and in London 6228.

	In Paris. Numbers.	Totals.	*In London.* Numbers.	Totals.
Dutch and Belgian Painting	323	405	252	298
" " Sculpture	32		26	
" " Architecture	7		—	
" " Engraving	43		20	
Swedish, Norwegian, and Danish Art	123	123	222	222
Russian Art	—	—	115	115
Italian (including Roman) Painting	54	76	165	550
" " " Sculpture*	21		191	
" " " Architecture	1		128	
" " " Engraving	—		66	
Spanish Art	127	127	43	43
Swiss ditto	110	110	119	119
United States ditto	43	43	13	13
Other Countries ditto	60	60	53	53

There are a few noticeable points in this list. It is with some surprise, as well as regret, that we find the French contribution to London to be greatly below the English contribution to Paris—426 to 782; and actually below both the Germanic (604) and the Italian (550) sections here. The total absence of Russia from Paris in the war-year of 1855 presents some analogy to the reduction of the United States art, in this year of *their* war, to 13 works from 43, spite of the greater intercourse held by the States with England than with France. However, a certain proportion of the American works of art is excluded from this numbering; and we have been told, by a gentleman who has the best means of forming an opinion, that the war is not really so much responsible for the small show as the difficulty and risk in the transport of works of art from so great a distance. The largest proportional increase by far is that of Italy—from 76 works to 550, or more than seven times as many. The impulse of a people which now feels itself free, the unity of movement in a consolidated nation,

* The sculpture in the 'Roman Court' includes several works by English, American, and other artists. The Venetian works pass as 'Austrian,' *en attendant.*

and the influence of the Florentine Exhibition of last year, all doubtless conduce to so satisfactory a result. The 'Other Countries' on our list include Greece in woful imbecility, and one painter (in a rather sloppy style) from Turkey.

One more item of statistics, and we shall have done with that branch of the subject. The comparative numbers of the several classes of art were as follows:—

	In Paris.	*In London.*
Painting	3362	2846
Sculpture	737	751
Architecture	364	1007
Engraving	635	841
Art-designs	—	321

This table shows that the increase of London over Paris in the number of works exhibited is more than covered by the architectural and art-designs sections; the increase in two of the other three sections would merge, if the three are taken together, in the sensible decrease in the single section of painting. Concerning this, it may be sufficient to remind the reader that the Paris Exhibition included the biennial display of French art, corresponding to our Academy gallery; whereas the London Exhibition has excluded British works of painting not previously brought before the public.

The prevalent character of the respective schools of art is a subject which might be treated from various points of view, and upon which much might be said from any one of these. We shall aim at being summary rather than exhaustive, and at adhering to matter of fact rather than launching into speculation; and all the more summary, in that something of what would here claim to be stated has already been said in our review of the Paris Exhibition.

The French artist is the one who keeps the properties and the limitations of art most steadily in view. He ad-

dresses himself with a clearer consciousness and a firmer purpose to using the elements of his subject as far as they pertain to an artistic conception, and eliminating those which prove extraneous or obstructive. To this quality of mind, and to his more advanced mastery of the materials of art taken collectively, he adds the greatest readiness to move along with the general movement of his school—to 'keep in step,' as it were, with his colleagues, and follow out the impulse of his chiefs. Embracing besides as it does an unrestricted range of subject, from the grand in scale and idea to all forms of subordinate work, French art has more uniformity, continuity, thoroughness of artistic aim, and adequate rendering of the thing intended according to the method proposed, than the art of any other country: it has the most of national, and the most also of artistic, style. Its tendency to select, and at the same time to realize—to exhibit facts with gravity and system, and in their relations as well as individually—makes the French, even irrespectively of direct choice of subject, the most historic school of modern Europe.

With the French we may in the main (as in 1855) class the Belgian school, which shows strongly in the present exhibition—more strongly than in that year. In feeling and style it is still nearly related to the French school; though with as much distinctiveness as suffices to render it a living and genuinely national school, not a mere accessory offshoot. It is dominated by two men of conspicuous ability, Leys and Gallait, the former now unmistakeably a great painter. The aim of both these men is historic:—Gallait with a tendency to sentiment, ingenuity, and eclecticism, not free from thinness and artificiality of mind; Leys with his intense re-development of mediæval art, especially that of his own country, which makes his

paintings the most exceptional, and nearly the most admirable, in the whole collection. If two works of living art are to stamp in the memory the International Exhibition of 1862, they will be 'La Source' by Ingres, and the 'Chapter of the Golden Fleece' by Leys.

The German school has as much aspiration, and perhaps as wide a range, as the French, but falls far short of that in the inborn faculty of art. While the Frenchman discerns, as a general rule, how his subject can be treated with an artistic result, and treats it accordingly, the German is hammering at a matter-of-fact, or elaborating a train of thought—setting forth a treatise in form or colour. German art betrays too much of the contending forces of the 'philister' and the professor, neither of whom is intrinsically an artist. The art of the philister is literal, jejune; not depending upon the real powers of art for its impression. That of the professor is learned, thoughtful, wide-reaching, persistently demonstrative: it asks you to understand it rather than to perceive and feel it. There are plenty of reasons for its every item; but there is one reason against all its items together, and that is that they do not produce upon the eye and the feelings the impression of a spontaneous and beautiful work of art. A man like Overbeck or Kaulbach resolves that art must fulfil certain *conditions* in order to be sacred or historical; not simply that it must exhibit, in a direct form and by the open secret of the means of art, the natural perceptions and feelings of the painter, to be received with equal directness by the spectator. We have on the whole, in German art, much capacity and exertion, with very little intuition. Allowing for honourable exceptions, its most imposing works are stilted, its slighter efforts by well-trained men trite and ungracious, and its lower level of mere furniture-art the

most artificial of the day. Yet there is so much solid material to work upon that it seems as if the advent of a great *natural* painter might produce as salient effects in the opposite and true direction as the pietistic and theoretic revivalism of Overbeck and others has for years past produced in the track now pursued by the German devotees of high art.

The British school stands apart from the foreign ones chiefly in two respects. It began only early in last century, so as to be free from any chain of tradition linking it with the elder schools; and it is much more distinctly marked by the individual aim of each artist to do what he chooses in his own way than by the feeling for artistic style or any technical ideal. At the present day this latter characteristic is waning as the impulse towards definite fact, and bold yet exact realization, set on foot by 'Præraphaelitism' in 1849, spreads over the entire school. Still, this impulse, whatever it may eventually lead to, is more based upon the principle of going straight to nature than upon any conception of art as art, such as would result in technical uniformity of style. In other respects the good and evil effects of the influences to which the British school has been subjected are extremely mixed. Its freedom from tradition handed down from the past has been a benefit to its naturalness and living interest, but has always left it hitherto somewhat in the uneasy position of a *parvenu* who would fain stand on a level with the old families, but does not know how to set about it. British art has almost always failed in attempting the classical, or the sacred or heroic treated according to the 'high art' formula; it is not *grounded* in these things, and yet feels that its position is depressed by the want of them. Of course the right plan would be to leave them on one side till time and training bring the tone

of them, till the adolescent art grows into them naturally; just as the parvenu's best wisdom would be to remain an eminent man of the middle class instead of figuring as a pseudo-aristocrat, and to leave aristocracy for his great-grandchildren to lapse into. The 'great style' is not to be attained by attempting unprepared a great subject in an imitation of another man's great style: only by greatness of conception, and a strenuous mastery of each step in the scale of art, leading upwards to the highest. The other point which we named as distinctive of British art—the individuality of aim in each man, apart from any general feeling for technical ideal—has been equally chequered in its results. One might at first assume that such a state of things would lead to great originality; but upon close inspection the expectation is disappointed. It has as yet led rather to nonconformity than to originality. The artist has too generally not reached the standard of art, instead of striking out an original path in art; for the fact is that in art the art is itself supreme, and the artist who does not try to be excellent in art, but rather to do something to please his own or the popular notion, has not risen into the region in which *artistic originality* is so much as attainable. We have thus had a great number of men pursuing art with a certain freedom from cut-and-dry dogma, a certain openness to facts, and wish to follow out nature in variety of matter, freshness of colour and surface, and the like. We have had more of this sort of work than the continental nations; and yet the result has not been admirable, because the efforts have been scattered and arbitrary, and not guided by adequate conception of the portion which the art ought to bear in the work of art, or by any strong resolve to work up to and realize such a conception. The school has been plain-sailing, easy-going, discursive, garru-

lous, not wound up by a strong purpose, and pursuing it by clearly defined means. But, if this has been the character of the school generally, we can at any rate claim some most noble men as rising out of rather than abiding in it—Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Blake, Etty, Turner, David Scott, Flaxman, and others. And in the present day, with the establishment of Præraphaelitism and the works of its leading men, a quite new order of things has begun, as we before intimated, and has almost transmuted the school. We shall revert to its characteristics when we come to speak in detail of the British contributions.

Returning now to the foreign schools, of which we have already named the chief, we are sorry to find little to praise in the Italian. The land of Giotto and Leonardo remains fallow as yet,—waiting for a new crop, we may fairly hope. We fail to discern any special character in the Italian art. It is not, in a direct way, much addicted to futile copyism of its own past greatness, nor strongly under the influence of any living school—not even the French. It is mediocre work of nearly the same kind which other nations do better at the present day, the sculpture more attractive than the painting. The Dutch, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, and Russian art has all a certain analogy to the British in modern starting-point, and aim at directness of representation rather than at any particular development of style. The Dutch, indeed, has a pedigree going further back than that of the British. Its art of the present day seems to have descended without any violent interruption from that of Teniers, Ostade, Jan Steen, Terburg, Cuyp, and the others of the seventeenth century. Yet it has no special resemblance to the artistic manner of these painters, and has shaken off the love of ugliness and meanness which infected their class. Barring this, it treats chiefly similar

subjects of home-landscape and social life, in a style separable from that of Belgium as being smaller in scale, neater in surface, and visibly less affected by France. The Scandinavian art shows healthily and vigorously; it makes a much more decided impression here than it did in Paris in 1855, and has merit enough to surprise as well as gratify most visitors. Its choice of subject is generally serious, combined with domestic heartiness, and with the view of displaying something characteristically; its artistic point of view corresponds. The Danish pictures are perhaps the best; they show a greater intermixture of foreign study with national traits than do those of Sweden and Norway, but their superiority does not depend upon this. Sweden sends a remarkable work of sculpture in the 'Grapplers' by Molin. From Denmark come several of Thorwaldsen's works. The Russian is a much less national art, and less good into the bargain. It seems to pick up subjects, styles, and artistic motives, much as they come. Spain is noticeable for the great preponderance of her figure-subjects, frequently of a very ambitious order. She appears scarcely affected by the modern feeling for landscape, to judge from the present display. Her power of art is barely up to the mark, and yet does not show any gross failure. The Swiss art bears its part very creditably among the minor schools, but seems rather wanting in a powerful point of view; the works, though including plenty of national subjects, have something of a miscellaneous character, as if there were a good number of skilful enough men, with no particular leadership or aim to secure their work against a quality approaching well-trained amateurship. The United States display is too limited to do any justice to the pictorial ability of the country. In sculpture, the strikingly fine and very unconventional works of Mr. Story secure for America a sculptural

pre-eminence of which the fussy popularity of Powers's 'Greek Slave' in the Exhibition of 1851 was but the *mirage*.

In estimating the relative merits of the schools as here represented, the great difference of the starting-points adopted by the several countries must be borne in mind. England has been peculiarly liberal to herself in this respect; France peculiarly restrictive. The former begins with Hogarth, who was an established painter towards 1730; the latter only admits works executed by living men since 1850, or since 1840 by the dead, if born later than 1790. Italy, which goes back to Canaletto, with Austria, Spain, and Russia, follow more or less the example of England. The other countries approximate to France, though we doubt whether any has adopted quite so stringent a rule. Of course this difference of system wholly deranges the balance of comparison. We may compare the fertility of mind and motive in the French section with that in the British section from 1840 or 1850; but it would be monstrous to lump together in our brains all the British works from Hogarth to Millais, pit them against the French, and vaunt our own superior versatility and breadth of range.

The relation between the character of the pictorial and the sculptural art of the several countries may generally be well traced up to a certain point, subject to the consideration that the entire sculptural art of the time is weighed down by pseudo-classicism. The two countries in which the sculptor seems most nearly to bound his aim to the attainment of grace and attractiveness, in a somewhat conventional form, are England and Italy. The great skill and attainments of Mr. Gibson do not wholly save him from serving as an example, though certainly a very refined example, of this fact; Mr. Ives,* whose 'Pandora' bears a considerable

* We are unable to say for certain whether this gentleman is English or American.

resemblance to Mr. Gibson's 'Venus,' is another. However, there is no portrait-sculpture in the gallery wherein character is so intensely studied, or modelling carried to such a pitch of perfection, as that of Mr. Woolner. In speaking of Mr. Gibson, we must pause for a moment to express an opinion that his coloured statuary—the 'Venus,' 'Pandora,' and 'Cupid,' the last perhaps the best example of the three in point of colour—cannot fairly be decried as a failure. It appears to us to be a highly interesting attempt carried out with undeniable charm of no mean order; a legitimate phase of sculpture, capable of much variety of experiment (of which one method only is here exemplified), and having a separate beauty of its own, which need not be allowed to interfere with, nor yet to be obscured by, the separate beauty of colourless sculpture. The art is wide enough for both; and the adherents of white marble may be content to constitute an immense majority, with every prospect of so remaining, without seeking to expunge the exiguous minority. We are disposed to think, however, that such merely arbitrary adjuncts of coloured ornament as Mr. Gibson introduces in the gold ear-rings and blue hair-fillets of the 'Venus' were best omitted; the colour being, as a rule, limited to the distinction (indispensable if colour is used at all) between the tints of flesh, hair, and eyes, and that of white drapery. In such accessories as the box of Pandora and the butterfly of Cupid, colour is again unobjectionable. Returning to our starting-point, we may cite as our Italian example the 'Zephyr and Flora dancing' of Signor Benzoni, in which the extreme grace and airiness of movement must not blind us to the almost total want of making-out of form, or detail of surface. Pierotti's 'Indian Hunter,' however, carries the vigour of actuality and modelling to a point quite exceptional. France comes to sculp-

ture, as to painting, ardent and prepared, and seems less hampered than other countries by stock notions of what to do, and how to do it; we find similar clear grasp of ideas, centrality of purpose, and firm drawing and execution. The choice of subject appears sometimes (though scarcely as here shown) a little arbitrary and impracticable; but in the present hide-bound state of the art—which almost seems to be out on parole, pledged not to transgress certain limits, and show a clean pair of heels—this is rather a fault on the right side. The sculpture of Germany mostly conforms to the theories which regulate her painting, having a tendency in the historic or legendary-historic direction, crossed with an aim rather perhaps at the pretty than the beautiful; it makes by no means a striking muster at South Kensington. The Belgian sculpture verges towards ornamentalism and an ill-poised aim at picturesqueness; the counterpart perhaps, but in no good form, of the prompt, adaptive spirit which Belgium evinces in painting. The finest work from this country, however, 'The Discobolus hurling the Discus,' by Kessels, is wholly free from any such blemish, and remarkably true in action.

As to the general march of the western fine art of the present day in all forms and all schools collectively, we must recur to the inference we drew from the Exhibition of 1855, and say that the dominant impulse is towards Realism. At first, indeed, one may feel almost overwhelmed by the immense variety before one. Classicism and picturesqueness in sculpture—diversity of periodic style in architecture—landscape, domestic, historic, and abstract, in painting—seem hardly amenable to any single bond of union, not to speak of the great differences of aim in the several schools. Gradually, however, the facts become more harmonious and tangible. The arts of the countries, like the countries them-

selves, have approximated. There is not among any of us any aim, for instance, so ideal as that of Fra Angelico, so hectoringly classical as David's, so vaguely fantastic and attitudinizing as Fuseli's, so merely factitious as Lancret's and Boucher's, so forced and blatant as Bernini's. So far on the negative side of the question. On its positive side, we feel the clue more firmly in our hand the more we regard the better minds and the finer artists of the time in all branches, to the exclusion of its inferior level of work. The dominant impulse, then, is towards realism; towards a conception of things in their actual and essential character, and an endeavour to convey this by a serious adhesion to facts. Even so noteable a classicist as the great Frenchman Ingres is no direct exception, as his small pictures (of which the present Exhibition presents no example) from history or historic anecdote attest, not to dwell upon the genuinely realistic element which mingles even with his idealism. Delacroix and Delaroche move in the realistic direction as truly as Millais and Holman Hunt, though under widely different aspects; and a very important and excellent section of French art deals, in an eminently positive and trenchant spirit, with the true life and occupations of the people. Breton, Brion, Marchal, and several others here, might be cited. The German revivalist school is no doubt a counter-movement; yet even in that school the stronger men provide for the grafting of a considerable amount of realism upon the theoretic or abstract stock which they cultivate. In architecture, we regard the Gothic movement as equally an endeavour after realism, or constructive use and decorative propriety, rather than as a mere dilettante vamping-up of an old form of art. In painting, the realistic tendency may possibly be to some extent connected with the modern love of landscape. From

natural truth in landscape proper, the step is easy to the same truth in landscape backgrounds to figure-subjects; and, if this is introduced, the figures themselves cannot be allowed to contradict the actuality of impression as a whole. This is a suggestion, however, upon which we would not venture to lay any particular stress.

Thus much premised by way of generalities, we proceed to offer some remarks in detail. We shall first, rather for the sake of mere respectful recognition than of criticism, name some, here and there, of the foreign works of salient merit,* and herein, with an eye to brevity, we confine ourselves to living artists, and to such as have not been already incidentally mentioned. Next we shall come to the British school—still summarily, though not quite equally so. And a very few observations upon Decorative Art will finish up our review.

From France we adduce as of the first quality the splendid nude study, and the portrait of Prince Napoleon, by Hippolyte Flandrin; that wonderful piece of history and terror passed through the crucible of art, 'The Gladiators' by Gérôme; the two records of historic and national *periods* (a great point of attainment in modern French art), the 'Charles V.' and 'Louis XIV.' by Robert-Fleury; and the Italian peasant women and girls of Hébert and Reynaud, the latter delicious in simplicity and natural impulse.

From Germany, we think the finest picture of all is the 'Galileo' of Hausmann, a work of most special insight into character and the intellectual bearing of the facts, as well as excellent in artistic qualities. Menzel's 'Frederick the

* The inadequate space given to foreign as compared with British art might seem due to insularity: to avoid which imputation, I trouble the reader with this note to explain that it was the result of accident, as the chance willed it, rather than design. The same may be said of the omission of details concerning sculptural works.

Great surprised at night at Hochkirch' is a wonderful piece of action and hurried rallying energy—a masterpiece of military historic art. Piloty's vast picture of 'Nero after the Burning of Rome' has made here, as well as in Germany, a strong impression by qualities of an obvious kind, yet not to be had for the asking.

Israels's solemn and dirge-like painting of 'The Shipwrecked,' in the Dutch section, is unsurpassed by any picture of domestic tragedy in the Exhibition; while the point and nicety of the social incidents by Bles (though tainted with something of a vulgar feeling), and 'The Fisherman's Return' by Bource, full of manly heartiness and simplicity, vindicate the stout Hollanders, high and low, against the ugly and debased aspect in which the native painters of two centuries ago loved to present them. Belgium, unrivalled in Europe in the particular form of art practised by Leys, has able historical painters in De Groux and Pauwels; sturdy and dainty domestic painters in Dillens and Willems; and a great artistic faculty in Alfred Stevens (here shown only in small single-figure pictures); while Verlat in animals, and Van Moer in architecture, may cope with the foremost men of other countries. The best Swedish picture is perhaps the 'Westphalian Kermesse,' by Jernberg, a most remarkable piece of not very sightly truth. Miss Amalia Lindegren is also a highly accomplished domestic painter. The Norwegian, Tidemand, in incidents of national peasant life, has eminent strength of sentiment, impressive and interesting. Denmark possesses in Dalsgaard, the painter of the 'Itinerant Mormons seeking to make Proselytes,' an artist of singular individualism and earnestness, with equal power apparently over the picturesque and the expressional elements of such a subject. Almost as much may be said for Elizabeth Jerichau and for

Exner. Sorensen's 'Early Morning off the Skaw' is an admirable piece of sea-study, showing genuine power under thorough control; and Hansen must be named among the choicest painters of old interiors in Europe. The Russian, Aïvazofsky, has a gift for atmospheric effect and incident in landscape, though not far advanced in artistic completeness. Perhaps 'The Kiss,' by Moller, a Neapolitan subject with something of the style of Léopold Robert, is the best Russian picture, though others show more promise on account of their greater nationality. In Switzerland, Calame, Lugardon, and Meuron, for mountain scenes, and Van Muyden for graceful domestic simplicity, take a very honourable position. From Italy we might cite some sculptural works not previously specified; but, setting aside these, we find no painting so good as 'The Expulsion of the Duke of Athens,' by Ussi, which is generally approvable, if not much beyond that, and at any rate tells its story with great aptness and perspicuity. In Morelli's 'Iconoclasts,' much admired in the Florentine Exhibition of last year, we find nothing beyond the level of respectability. Gazzotto's three pen-and-ink designs from Dante are works of special mark, most elaborate in completion and steadily studied in drawing, and showing, by their decisiveness of impression spite of many points of shortcoming, the value of a clear purpose unflaggingly carried out. The wonderful engraving by Schiavone from Titian's 'Assumption,' distancing all other engravings in point of richness and delicacy of surface and pictorial effect, is a real triumph, which ought not to pass unnoticed. Among the Spanish painters, Manzano, the author of a convent-scene with a lovers' terrible parting, takes the lead. On the remaining schools we need not dwell, beyond expressing

our dissent from those who find in the American painter Page the nearest approach to a modern Titian.

England and Hogarth must have the lasting fame of initiating modern art. Italy, Spain, Flanders, and Germany, were comatose in art, and France had come to her Watteau, Pater, and Lancret, and was coming to her Greuze—all men of an essentially decadent period, great as was the individual merit of Watteau,—when Hogarth introduced into painting the new and important element of Brains. It is not an exaggeration to say that the kind of intellect evinced by Hogarth—the invention of subject, dramatic truth, power, and consistency, actuality of treatment, and moral bearing upon real life,—was a new thing in art, and was both the germ and the epitome of whatever is most vital in the modern as distinguished from the elder schools. Hogarth made painting as much an affair of mind as literature had always been; and he has impelled or constrained his successors to perceive that so it must be in the present age of the world. Absurd as it would be to say that the great painters of former times—a Giotto, a Michael Angelo, a Durer, or a Tintoret—were men wanting in brains, it is nevertheless true that none of them had imported into art the same quality or the same quantum of intellect as Hogarth did: with them, the conception of art and the form of pictorial representation had always been the paramount things; much more so with other men of equal or analogous painting faculty, such as Veronese, Velasquez, or Rubens. Giotto, Raphael, and Durer—the former two in illustrative, and the last in invented, subjects—had come nearest to the standard of Hogarth; but the cases have an essential and unmistakeable diversity, which we need not pause to analyse in detail. To the argument that the art, and not the intellect of any other

order, is really the supreme thing for the artist, we should be the last to demur; but this also, being a collateral question, need not detain us, and does not invalidate the position which we claim for Hogarth as the founder of modern art.

The British school has two other claims to rank as an originator. Turner stands so far apart from all other landscape-painters as to be rather the founder of a new phase of art than the supreme master in an old one. In more recent days Præraphaelitism has arisen to assert that there is no necessary antagonism between the most pictorial conception of a thing and the thing itself; that it is open to the painter, however imaginative, to follow nature in all respects, not only in some, in detail and in all details, not only in generals and in hints for after adaptation; that entire freedom of invention, and every possible latitude of artistic aim and point of view, are compatible with, and may in the main be even aided by, entire adherence to visible matter of fact. This is the gist of Præraphaelitism, and not the crude notion, so often attributed to it, that mere matter of fact, subserving no artistic purpose, is the be-all and end-all of art. The Præraphaelite artist is eager to take the [illegible] man's oath of 'The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth;' but he chooses for himself, from any province of fact or invention, what he shall tell the truth about, and what the real truth available for his purpose may be. It is a doctrine which had never before been so accurately and so fully set forth, and was promulgated at a time when artistic sophistry and flimsiness prevailed to such an extent as to give the doctrine the character of a protest. The very last thing to which it can be fairly likened is the revivalism and pietism of that modern German art which has sometimes been termed Præraphaelite, but which is more properly Raphaelite without the backbone of Raphael.

We have mentioned the chief general claims of the British school of painting to gratitude, but we find it much less easy to define the broad distinctive characteristics of the school. Foreign critics, talking about English domesticity, high finish, untoned colour, and so on, as they did at the time of the Paris Exhibition, do not appear to us mainly to hit the mark, though what they say may be true enough as far as it goes, and the domestic has certainly had an extreme development among us, sometimes original, often namby-pamby. On the whole, we can fix upon no general term more comprehensively definite than to call it the Representative School. It is a school not marked, unless as an exception, by idealism, breadth, aspiration, tradition, picturesqueness, or vivid prepossession of any sort. It is not historic, nor religious, nor allegorical. It contemplates things dispassionately, without seeing deep into them, to do which is the property of imagination combined with perception; it represents them accurately and nicely, with some ingenuity and no great grasp, aiming mostly to make the spectator see the thing as the painter sees it, not because he has any very strong feelings or perceptions of his own to express in the mode of representation, but because he *does* so see it, and thinks that is the way it would strike an average and unprejudiced eye. The school is therefore on the whole truth-telling and wide in its range; but its truth tends to run into particulars and to miss intensity, and its width of range seldom embraces the highest things treated in the highest form. Two of the earlier schools, the Flemish-German of the middle ages and the Dutch of the seventeenth century, may also be called schools of Representation; but the British is so much freer in its movements than the first, and so much more refined in taste and acuter in intellect than the second, that neither of these schools

can be at all cited in its genealogy. The British representative school may be said to take the *narrative* form; it represents facts without, for the most part, vitalizing them by passion, or transfiguring them by poetic conception. We may be pleased to reflect that, as time passes, and the minor men, who give the average tone to the school, sink further out of sight, the greater masters, less capable of being comprehended under a uniform designation, will stand out uncompanioned, and hand down to posterity an artistic history nobler than the annals of the time itself.

Hogarth, as we have already said, was the initiator both of British and of modern art. From him we derive most of that which is distinctive of our school in subjects of incident, even in such as have but a very slight analogy to the range chiefly illustrated by Hogarth himself. Opie shows the semi-literal method of treatment in historic art—a hybrid which has little value. It is not literal enough, nor elevated enough, and the combination is an unsightly one. Of this method we see the dregs in Northcote, and still more unpleasantly in Westall, who is an example of meagre and cast-iron conventionalism. West developes a merely traditional and half-understood classicism, with scarcely any of the innate feeling for art on its own account; he is worthy of lasting honour, however, in consideration of his having been the first man of his time to show, in the picture of the 'Death of Wolfe,' the practicability, which soon grew into the necessity, of treating a contemporary historical subject in contemporary costume. The anecdote of Reynolds's opposition and conversion is well known. Stothard is the representative of purism; a quality alien from the general tendencies of British art, and incompatible with many of the right and needful aims of a painter, although marked by great suavity in Stothard's hands. The purism

of Stothard contrasts with the muscular and attitudinising idealism of Fuseli; a style which scarcely deserves to be called idealism, but rather extravagance, in respect of form and manner, but which is united with some true imaginative gifts in the Swiss painter. It contrasts also with the sublimity of Blake, combined although this is with a purism of a more ideal and severe order, as well as with a daring use of form, often in its most physical aspect, to express the most abstract of intellectual abstractions. Hilton is an example of the modern historic painters of our school, with little guidance save from rules of art which the great artists from whom they are derived would have disdained to formulate into rules whereby to fetter their own free genius. Equally modern are Bonington and Newton, typical painters of the period of 'annual' literature and art, with enough of nature and of art to work up well for the display of cleverness, and for the gratification of a not too exacting public. Spite of the comparative flimsiness of their aim, they both show well in this exhibition, and deserve to be remembered with cordiality. Müller, a clever and vivid sketcher in picturesque landscape and figures, belongs essentially to the same class; and perhaps it was with sound self-knowledge rather than carelessness that he seldom carried his works beyond the stage of sketching. Alfred Chalon, in his historic or fancy subjects, was still the fashionable portrait-painter, ready, skilful, and brilliant. David Scott is one of the greatest names of our school; belonging distinctively, by style of painting as well as by birth, to the Scottish section of it, but displaying powers and resources, both of colour and drawing, of a most exceptional kind, marred certainly, too often, by turbulence of feeling and erring ambition. Where he failed, he was wont to fail disastrously; as he achieved magnificently what he achieved.

For intellect, knowledge, and strength, he stands perhaps unrivalled in our school; his main characteristic may be termed Historic Invention under a dramatic aspect, as shown here in the pictures of 'Paracelsus' and 'the Watergate of Calais.' Maclise also, among our living painters, possesses this supreme gift of Historic Invention, thwarted in great measure by narrowness and theatricality; while in Cross, with less invention, there was true historic capacity in thought and style. Haydon was not destitute of the same inventive gift; but an ambition fully as erring as that of Scott, more restricted in the feeling with which it was associated, and combined with a pseudo-classic tendency, made his position in art approach much nearer to ultimate failure. Etty, again, exemplifies the classic tendency; but it is united in his case with a splendour of colour, and an essentially natural taste and perception for nude form, and every now and then—as in the great Judith series—with a majestic energy of aspiration, which rank him among the true masters in the roll of art. Leslie was admirable in that department of domestic art which leans to elegant simplicity, as well as in his power of illustration of great dramatic humourists, such as Shakspeare and Cervantes. In both these departments he may remain long unsurpassed. With Wilkie, as the first very excellent master of that style after Hogarth, we commence the long list of our simply domestic painters. Nicety, tact, and reserve, mingled with some genuine dramatic ability, distinguish his productions. Among his leading successors of our own day may be named Clark, gentle and quiet; Thomas Faed, dexterous, and often with an intrusive air, tending to the affected in sentiment, and the silly in humour; O'Neil, cold and hard in art, and only now and then sincere in feeling; Abraham Solomon, more clever as a painter, but mostly trading in a poor spirit

upon the spectator's sympathy or smiles; and the Scotch painter Harvey, in whom some truth of humour and emotion loom through a settled artistic mannerism. William Collins was also to a great extent a domestic painter, but very miscellaneous in subject. He offers on the whole a compendium of the aims and qualities of the British school, upon a mediocre level; looking at most subjects with a certain genuineness, but carrying them out in a perfunctory manner which stops short of artistic breadth and power, and, when he aimed higher, betraying but too clearly that neither mind nor hand came with any adequate preparation to the arduous effort. Mrs. Wells, whom we regret to have to speak of in this division as prematurely numbered among our deceased painters, will long probably remain the leader of our female art, and indeed the most richly gifted of all women-painters.

British portraiture begins with one of the great names of all time, Reynolds. Colour, breadth, and intensity of natural perception, are among his characteristics and charms; but of course a sentence, or a whole article, would do him no sort of justice, and we leave the filling-in to our readers. In Lawrence, in the ensuing generation, we see, spite of much diversity of style, the dregs of Reynolds, as we saw the dregs of Opie in Northcote. He had unquestionably great natural talent; but the attempt to be graceful and impressive in his facility led him, by easy stages, to showiness, looseness of character, and an empty brilliancy more fatal than narrow-minded literality. Gainsborough, the equal and rival of Reynolds, is more contemplative and poetical in his portrait-art, if not perhaps absolutely so high a master; he was certainly more large-sighted and versatile. Copley shows to great advantage in the exhibition. Without appearing to aim at any very special pictorial results,

he succeeds in a high degree, through simple good sense, clearness of view, and steady competence of work. Raeburn displays a strong individuality, with something of the same provincial turn which generally clings to literary work produced under the like conditions. Jackson's portraiture is of the ordinary modern class, having no particular aim beyond life-likeness, and that sort of breadth which can be obtained by obvious and systematized expedients. Most of our current portraiture follows in the same track; as that of Grant, which, with considerable merit in its way, adds the blemish of more decided flimsiness of handling, and that of Graham Gilbert and Watson Gordon, which at least illustrates the prevalent style in a marked and manly form.

Landscape begins in England with a very evident Claude influence, if we take Wilson as our first landscape-painter of note: in Gainsborough the style is thoroughly fresh and national, though blameably slight. The reaction against the neglect which blighted him in life has made the more recent estimate of Wilson somewhat too high-pitched. His feeling, except in the many instances where so-called rules of art interfered, was true, but his perception and style were limited. However, two or three of the pictures in the present collection are beautiful in harmony. Crome displays another influence from old art, that of the literalist foliage-painters, and especially Hobbima. In his best productions, however, he rises far above this, as in the 'Mousehold Heath,' a work eminently marked by strong natural perception, enjoyment of space and breadth, and power to contemplate ordinary things in the true spirit of art. On the whole, Crome belongs to the modern way of seeing and feeling, though partially to the old way of representing. Callcott goes a step beyond him in modernism, although he lags far behind in all those qualities which make the artist.

Amiable and well-meant platitude is constantly distilling through his brush from mind, eye, and hand, and not often turning out so well as in the meritorious pictures collected at South Kensington. Loutherbourg, and Runciman who may be classed with him, get most of their inspiration from Salvator, whose influence over our landscape school may almost be said to have died out with them. In the very fine sea-piece by John Chalon, as in others of the landscapes of this versatile painter, we find a certain idealism mixed with a boldly tentative spirit, which seldom rose quite out of the region of effort into that of achievement. Of Turner (very imperfectly represented here, though with several noble pictures) everything or nothing might equally well be said, so far does he transcend all other men, and all summary characterization. He sucked into the vortex of his own marvellous genius each past faculty of each past landscape-painter, re-created the art, and opened up, it may be said, a new line of man's power over nature. He stands at present the exemplar of perfect landscape; perfect, we say, spite of the manifold imperfections of even so great an artist as Turner, because it is not yet in evidence that any greater result is within the compass of the art. It *may* be developed some day; but we have no ground for conjecturing that it will. From the universality of Turner the gap is vast to the exclusiveness of Danby or Martin. The former may be considered as representing landscape of a single feature; that in which unity of impression is produced more by voluntary blindness to whatever does not subserve the immediate purpose than by a finished sense of relation and fitness. Martin, the prototype of Danby in this respect, is further to be distinguished as a master of grandeur inconsistent with the high qualities of art; perspective with him supersedes architecture, scale supersedes drawing, gloom

and corruscation supersede the majestic breadth of serenity. Constable stands out prominently as the most unmixed professor of modernism. His advent was a turning-point in the school. He carried out to the utmost extent the freshness and off-handedness of modern landscape; catching at the obvious general look of things, and doing all so as to be recognized and enjoyed by the least studious eye which has gazed upon nature. Sincere and not to be called superficial in aim, he has done more than perhaps any other painter to elicit and encourage the mindlessness and slovenly facility of the modern school.

We have spoken as yet of the progress and variations of our school in the hands of deceased painters only, save in two or three instances where we have coupled with the names of the past some of the present, as belonging to the same category. We now turn wholly to our living painters.

The patriarch of the generation is Mulready,* whose works may be defined as uniting the basis of domesticism with some points of poetic garnishing—a kindly, anti-literal, almost pastoral feeling—and high artistic choiceness of execution. The power of mind, however, proves hardly sufficient to support these more delicate qualities in the cases where the domesticism, in a positive and tangible form, is withdrawn. Perhaps his most prominent personal quality in art is a determination always to do his best, aided by a more than common freedom from variation of power; and, along with this, a faculty and habit of giving *all* the elements of his own range of art in impartial and nicely adjusted balance. His essential defect, besides the slenderness of mental force, is a noteable want of impulse and of sturdy spontaneity. He is a humourist, and an idyllic designer;

* The reader will bear in mind that this was written in 1862, accounting for Mulready's being mentioned as a living painter.

a painter of character, of sentiment, and of simple agreeableness; a realist, and a purist; an adept in drawing, design, colour, texture, composition, handling, effect. But he is not an absolutely *great* humourist, nor *great* idyllic designer, nor *great* colourist, or the rest of it. His works are eminently 'satisfactory' in a certain sense—that is one of their distinctive qualities; and yet they afford less genuine satisfaction than many works obviously imperfect. He has produced masterpieces, real masterpieces which are sure to live: only, the indisputable artistic gift which is in them stops short of power, and the mastery is the very utmost which he possesses. It is not the outpouring of a cornucopia, but the squeezing of a sponge: there is no *reserve* of faculty behind, the evidence of a lavishly endowed nature.

Eastlake is wholly a painter of sentiment, or more properly purism—the same characteristic which we have noted in Mulready, and especially in Stothard, with much less native or available gift, and a more consciously defined style. His pupil Dobson moves in the same track, but has not shown himself at all equal to Eastlake; his feeling for art being as inferior to that painter's as the latter's original gift is inferior to Stothard's. Cope and Paton, after all that can rightly be said in appreciation of their unusual abilities and attainments, represent prosaic poetry; hard, fixed eyes, and minds which feel how fine a thing it would be to be rich, subtle, and much-embracing. Nearly the same may be said of Herbert, who is, however, with at least an equal natural faculty, a good deal more smart and stagey, with less solidity of attainment. His prose comes nearer than Cope's to looking like poetry; but, on examination, it is hollower as prose. Hook offers, in his figure-pictures, one of the first examples of the treatment of incidents chiefly for the sake of colour, while his landscapes are almost equally strong in transcript and

pictorial conception. Robert Lauder, with one or two others, are direct inheritors from Walter Scott in general choice of subject, and feeling for chivalry; a feeling which even in Scott took a somewhat factitious form, and which has sunk into a very flimsy affair in the hands of his pictorial imitators. The most strictly popular of living painters at the present moment—excluding those who addict themselves to domestic subjects—is probably Phillip, whose artistic qualifications consist in an insignificant but telling choice of subject, and a fine promptitude and vigour of execution often chargeable with coarseness. The popular style, however, appears equally in the natty dexterity of Frith and Elmore, and the well-considered ingenuity, and careful but not strongly distinctive painting, of Egg. The public want, above all, something that tells its story in a salient way, and in which the pictorial conception of the subject—the means of representation which constitute pictorial, as other means constitute poetic, art—shall not be made very prominent. But in the long run this judgment is directly reversed, and pictures descend to posterity more in virtue of their art than of any other quality. Poetical feeling is not a prominent characteristic of the British school; it is the title of Poole to a high rank among our living painters, though he is not well disciplined in execution. Archer shares the same tendency; but he paints more evenly, and is altogether more of a realist. Anecdotal history has for many years been a staple branch of our art, and has especially conduced to the popularity of Ward, spite of an extreme lack of refinement in his treatments. Lucy handles history in a broader way, endeavouring to keep himself right, but failing generally to attain an absolute success through the want of dramatic power; his last and largest work, the 'Jack Cade,' shows a French influence, which may probably do him more good than harm.

Of other painters exhibiting a foreign influence, we may name Calderon in his later works on the French side, Cave Thomas on the German, and chiefly Leighton, in whom there is something of French training and of Italian feeling. He bids fair to be the most eminent of all the British artists who have had a foreign tendency, and the one with the most numerous following. Another influence—that of Etty—might at one time have produced a marked effect upon the school; but, coming to be taken up, divorced from its greatness in colour, by a conventionalist like Frost, its arch-disciple, it has fallen into mere foppery and premature senility, and by this time into deserved disrepute. F. R. Pickersgill has sometimes a similar aim, with no small reality of colourist power, but he cannot be said to have carried it far.

The phase of art which has exercised a real and most potent influence of late years is that previously referred to—Præraphaelitism. It started with actuality of conception and thoroughness of execution, involving great elaboration of detail. As the masters of the movement advanced in power, the range of their style has also enlarged, passing, in some instances, into intensity rather than detailed thoroughness, and always making a strong point of colour. Solidity and realism are its abiding characteristics, exercised indifferently upon modern or mediæval subjects, and combining our school, to a great extent, into unity of effort with every possible variation of motive and point of view. Before Præraphaelitism began as a distinct movement, Lewis and Dyce had taken some steps in the same direction—the former with delicate completeness of detail, the latter with definition and some degree of severity of form; and, as the movement progressed, both have, to a considerable extent, moved on in the same track, although it would be most unfair to these eminent men to

class them amid the followers of a cause of which they were the independent forerunners. The same is the case with one of the leading Præraphaelites of the present day —Madox Brown. He had already made his mark before the actual Præraphaelites were out of the Academy school, and has gone on from strength to strength in development of the bent of his own genius, and in sympathy with theirs. The admirable emigrant picture, 'The Last of England,' as well as his other two, show him to be one of the natural leaders of the British or any school. Millais and Holman Hunt are the two of the original Præraphaelite trio of 1849 represented in the Exhibition; the former supreme as a born painter, the latter great also in painting faculty strenuously worked out, and much more noteable as a man of intellectual vigour and aspiration, although not possessed of Millais's spontaneity of artistic perception and power. Martineau, with his truly excellent picture 'The Last Day in the Old Home,' establishes a full claim to be considered one of the most distinguished leaders in the same school; for thoughtful expression, vigour, and completeness, this work could scarcely be surpassed. Hughes, more to be praised for grace than strength, is also a leader in a different subdivision of the company.

In living portraiture we have already mentioned some of the prominent men. Watts turns aside from the very level track; and, showing an elevated feeling for beauty, and a thoughtful study of character with a view more especially to its artistic adaptability, he paints portraits which stand out in marked and classic contrast to the slurred workmanship of the day. Wells also, in studies of heads and express portraiture, proves a capacity for plain work in good pictorial style, which may be a valuable corrective to a great deal that calls loudly for correction.

Landscape of late years has come almost wholly into the domain of Præraphaelitism. Anthony, indeed, is great in power of a more sudden and arbitrary kind, massive in swift handling, and imperiously concentrated in the impressiveness which he stamps upon his work from a vivid personal sensation of it. Perhaps he has succeeded best where he thought least about finished detail, though the 'Beech-trees and Fern' is an instance to the contrary. Mason also, a painter of singular perception and refinement, is more foreign and broad in his method. But our other landscape-painters of recent time, Inchbold, Boyce, Alfred Hunt, Lear, Brett, Davis, Whaite, M'Callum, and to a great extent Oakes, are all of the Præraphaelite type; witnessing, however, to the width of its range and aim by works so different as the 'Val d'Aosta' of Brett, endless in finish of detail, and the 'Harrowing' of Davis, at once profoundly actual in its broadly realized facts, and poetical in its impression and suggestiveness. With the exception of Turner, we doubt whether any painter of our school approaches nearer to the ideal of true landscape art than Davis in this delightful work.

In animal painting we have three men to name of special excellence. Ward was a master in solid literality, and had considerable insight into the varieties of brute character. Landseer is the dramatist of the animal world: life, spirit, incident, are at his command more richly and more sympathetically than with any other painter of the like class. We need not dwell upon a power recognised and appreciated probably throughout the civilized world, with no dissentient though some qualifying voices. Wolf, a German whom England can only claim by adoption, is the most perfect of the three in intimate study of veritable fact and detail—the positive forms, instincts, and habits, the minutiæ of furs

and plumages. If Landseer is the dramatist, and Ward the connoisseur in live stock, Wolf is most distinctively the naturalist.

We here conclude our very summary notice of the oil-painters, considered with reference to the phases which our school has gone through in their hands, and we pass to the water-colours.

Our water-colour art may be divided into three branches. The first is the style with which it commenced: subjects, generally of landscape, washed in with a prevalent brown or greyish-blue tint, passing gradually into a more fully developed key of natural colour. The second is the style practised by Robson, Barrett, Prout, Turner, and many others, up to our own day; embracing the full key of colour, though often kept down with a tendency to a prevalent tint. The third is the style now generally in use, and the chief technical distinction of which is the use of body-colours, combined with as complete and free an employment of all the hues of the palette as in oil-painting. It shows no limits of aim, no voluntary stopping-short of the facts of nature in atmosphere or colour. Its products are pictures differing from oil-pictures only in the diversity of the vehicle and the consequent aspect of the work, not in any diversity of artistic point of view.

The student of the works of Turner, from the earliest to the latest, will find that he covers the entire field of water-colour operations. His first works, corresponding to the first branch of the art, are perhaps on the whole scarcely so perfect as those of Girtin. He was at this time a student rather than a master, although in many instances he reached the acme of that style also. In the second style he stands unrivalled, and also in the third, which he practised, however, with only a sparing use of body-colour. The most

perfect and enchanting landscapes in the whole world are to be found among his works of these two classes. The Exhibition contains several of each kind; those of English scenery and gentlemen's seats belonging to Sir A. A. Hood, in the former (or second) style, are most specially to be commended to one's study and delight.

In the first style Cozens and Girtin are the chief masters; the latter, more particularly, reaching to an excellence which the limits of the system could not transcend, and which is entirely satisfying to the eye. We ask for no more, so exquisite are the feeling and perception indicated with these restricted means. Sandby and Edridge, and often Blake, belong to the same division.

Robson and Barrett, in the second style of the art, are consummate in repose and light. With them we may name Varley, De Wint, Copley Fielding, Prout, Cox (one of the greatest artists of the British school, in any department), Dadd, and the wonderful truth and colourist-power of William Hunt, whether in figures or still-life. For pure, actual, and intense colour, very few men could be placed beside Hunt.

An artist of real talent much cankered by flimsiness, Cattermole, is a leader in the practice of water-colour painting with body-colour, as is also Lewis, profoundly versed in the subtleties of colour and manipulation. The use of body-colour, however, varies greatly among the men belonging to the third division of the art, which is to be distinguished from the two earlier divisions not more by this quality than by the other which we have mentioned—the prevalent merging of the province of water-colour, as a method governed by its own laws, in that of painting generally. Alfred Newton in landscape, and Burton in figure-subjects, have attained a very high pitch of depth,

brilliancy, and relief. We might refer to many other men—to Alfred Fripp, Haag, and Smallfield, for particular merits; to Corbould, Tayler, and Richardson, for points of fallacy into which the style has already led, and seems but too likely to continue, under the influence of popularity, to lead: but the aspects of water-colour art as at present practised are so familiar, and receive such constant illustration in annual displays, that we may be content to pause here. We will only add the expression of a regret that the art tends, on the whole, to fall into mediocre hands, not guided by any high abstract conception of art, or of the opportunities of this particular branch of it. Aimlessness in style, slightness and unimportance of subject and execution, threaten to keep water-colour art popular among purchasers, and second-rate in intrinsic value, until some new genius, as firm in grasp as Cox or Hunt, shall arise to rule it in the present, and carry it forward to further development.

We proposed at starting to limit ourselves in the main to that section of the International Exhibition which stands apart in the official 'Fine Arts Catalogue.' Our few remaining and very insufficient remarks will apply to that part of the Industrial display which partakes most largely of a decorative or art character.

It is perhaps scarcely an exaggeration to say that beauty of decorative art is a more healthy and essential thing in a nation, and a more to be desired point of attainment, than beauty in the painting of pictures and the carving of statues; just as a nation blessed with lovely national melodies is better off, as a musical people, than one which, without these, might produce here and there a composer of lofty symphonies or oratorios. All nations hitherto, as far as we know, have risen into the power of High Art out of

a long-possessed sense and practice of decorative beauty; and most or all have declined in decoration from the period of their culmination in high art. Raphael, carrying pictorial art beyond the limits traced by his predecessors, and ruining the remnants of true decorative taste by his arabesques in the Logge of the Vatican, is one example in point out of many. The reason for this may not be far to seek. Decorative beauty is perfect at a point below that where the highest high art, the greatest range of subject treated in the most fetterless manner, begins. The practitioner of high art, and the nation familiarized with it, seek to introduce into decoration analogous qualities, which it is not able to bear, and drag down, in the spoiling of decoration, the true standard of the high art itself.

Modern Europe has risen into a certain competence of High Art, or at least of natural subjects treated in art without any conventional limitation. It has reached this point, not, as of old, through a gradual perfecting and enlargement of decorative processes, but by independent effort in painting and sculpture, and the study of the older models of high art. The result is that, in England, along with a certain realizing of the standard of pictorial and sculptural art, there is at the present day nothing that can be called a style of decoration; while in France and some other countries the style of decoration is false and decadent, although the higher art has a character of vitality. On the other hand, China, Japan, India, Turkey, and the East generally, have genuine and most lovely decorative art (exposed in some instances to partial deterioration from European influence), and have not yet risen into the stage of what Europe recognizes as High Art. But, by these very conditions, they are in a healthier phase of art than Europe, although a more limited one.

Chaos rules as yet in European decoration; false standards, false attempts, and failure in the result. We may quote at random a few examples which court and repel the eye in the Exhibition; such as the French carpet of the Sleeping Beauty, the sham-Gothic wooden pulpit from Louvain, the porcelain from the Prussian Royal Factory, or from Dresden, the copy in Gobelins tapestry of Titian's Assumption (wonderful certainly in its mistaken way), the Italian wooden inlaid tables, or Tweedy's Shakspearian and Crusoe sideboards. Most of the painted glass is also erroneous in principle, or coldly imitative of a better period of past art. The English is on the whole the best, and contains a great deal of clever effort, partially at least successful. In this department the firm of Morris, Marshall, Faulkner, and Co., shows an originality and an artistic excellence, true at once to decoration, and to high art in design of figure-subject, which promise well for the future; and the same may be said of their furniture and other decorative work in the Mediæval Court, which stand far apart from most of the specimens in their vicinity. The reason is that this firm includes various artists who are content to practise high art in painting or architecture, and to be decorators and beautifiers of furniture when this is the point in question. Above all, they come with some freshness to the task, and, with many evidences of mediæval sympathy, are not direct copyists of any extant mediævalisms merely as such. Their glass is significant in invention, original and artist-like in design, and simply effective in colour, yet almost retiring in comparison with some of their cruder competitors. It is curious that these artists, who have not produced a single specimen in the least like any specimen of any period of the middle ages, have been popularly pitched upon as the most 'exaggerated mediævalists' of all. Curious, and also

suggestive: the occult reason, undetected by the adverse commentators themselves, being that the artists in question are genuine mediævalists *in spirit*, so far as they are mediæval at all, while the mass of glass-painters are mere imitators of the externals of mediævalism, faults and solecisms included. Similarly, one of Titian's senators in a a frock-coat and trowsers would be more truly Venetian and senatorial than a London shopkeeper in the robes of a Procurator of St. Mark's. The one would possess the essence, the other fumble in the cast-off clothes. But your popular discriminator cannot be so nice in his distinctions: by instinct he blunders towards the truth, but in expressing it he inverts the terms. He would tell you that the counter-jumper is a Procurator, and that the senator is 'doing the Titianesque.' Returning now to the Mediæval Court in the Exhibition, we notice the altar-cloths and carpets from designs by the architect Mr. Street. These are very brilliant in their particular class of design, and show in like manner the advantage of having at work an artist of a high class who bends to decorative requirements when he undertakes to meet them. The revived and ever-increasing study of the Gothic styles appears in numbers of other objects throughout the Exhibition, especially from our own country, and will not fail to produce good fruit wherever it is taken up by a man who, understanding and obeying the form of art within which he works, has yet a personality and an independent perception of his own. Among the French contributions, many of them in various departments most skilfully and excellently worked, we must specify the extreme exquisiteness and subtle manipulation of a great deal of the porcelain. Much of that from Sèvres is truly consummate in its way.

The uses of such exhibitions of art as that to which the

world has here been invited are more gradual than immediate. They reveal to us our attainments by example, and our deficiencies by comparison; suggest to each nation something to be learned from the other; and plant seeds far and wide, to be cultivated, let us hope, into beautiful exotics, and finally adopted into the national mind and practice. But each nation must remain itself, and must elicit to the uttermost its own gifts. These may be chastened and corrected here and there by extraneous hints; yet the national mind must not lapse into that slovenly cosmopolitanism which, in art as in social and political morals, by obliterating deep-lying distinctions, would leave it shallower than before in any real perception or sympathy—a vague approver of good and bad alike, aimlessly aiming at irreconcileable qualities, and incapable of any steady self-development or unswerving conviction. To say No, and stick to it, is a necessary obverse of the power of saying Yes to some purpose.

V.

PRÆRAPHAELITISM

[1851].

Non pas que je sois l'adversaire de ce qui se fait maintenant dans la peinture en Angleterre; j'ai été frappé même de cette prodigieuse conscience que ce peuple peut apporter même dans les choses d'imagination. Il semble même qu'en revenant au rendu excessif des détails ils sont plus dans leur génie que quand ils imitent les peintres italiens, et surtout les coloristes flamands.—DELACROIX, 1858.

THE rules of art may be broadly divided into two classes, the positive and the conventional. We say conventional, not here in the invidious sense in which the term is more currently used, but merely to imply the presence of general consent. The rules of perspective, of anatomy, are positive rules; there are both positive and conventional rules of light and shade, and of colour; those of composition, as teachable under any system, are wholly conventional. And the reason of this distinction is too obvious to need being more than alluded to. Nature is always in perspective, and any conspicuous departure from her ordinary plan of anatomy is a monstrosity; there are natural facts and harmonies of colour, and uniform effects of light and shade, as well as combinations and proportions of these, generally adopted, but not constantly visible in nature; while no certain means exist for determining the relation of position in which a given event or emotion will place those affected by it.

To the positive rules obedience is imperative, though not of equal importance in all cases—he is not a correct artist who violates them: obedience to the conventional rules can rationally be based only on conviction of their value as conducive to truth or beauty. No man is born into the world under obligation to subscribe to the opinions, or see according to the perceptions, of another; least of all is the artist bound to do so. Art—except such as consists in the mere collection of materials through the medium of strict copyism—represents individual mind and views working from absolute data of fact. Turn and twist it as we may, nature and the man are the two halves of every true work of art. The imitation of natural objects as specimens, unblended, unsubordinated, with no purpose save imitation, is confessedly a low branch of art: but the imitation of another man's perception of natural objects? The imitation of the form of a face through which you are incompetent to trace or pourtray the character is a laborious imbecility: but the imitation of Phidias's or Raphael's preference in feature, because Phidias or Raphael liked that, while you prefer Miss Smith?

The conventional rules of painting are, and must ever be, matter of opinion: they are not fact, but belief of the best adaptability of fact. Of such are the rules of a principal light and a principal shadow in certain definite proportions, of the balance of colour, and of specific forms of grouping —as the pyramidal, for instance. The faith in these or the like of these as imperative dogmas in art, the non-observance of which is heresy, has been the result of one of two causes; either that general opinion, and consequently that of the artists who first acted on and promulgated them, was in their favour, or that the public taste was indoctrinated by the artists. There can be little doubt that the second

supposition represents the true state of the case; it being difficult to believe that, on questions of the practical management of nature by art, the public should have been in advance of its professors, or that any but floating notions, waiting to be put into shape but incapable of guiding, should have been abroad on the subject. We may assume, then, that the public was educated into these principles successively by their visible influence in renowned works or the direct authority of the painter; and that they have come down to late generations insisted upon, magnified from methodic practice perhaps into tradition and formal rule, with all the additional weight derived first from admiring disciples, then from unquestioning scholars, lastly from drowsy and comfortable imitators. It is so pleasant to learn what you have to do, instead of studying and discovering it.

On enquiry, the artist of the nineteenth century finds that conventional rules rest on some one's ipse dixit or ipse fecit; and, reflecting further on the point, it may possibly occur to him that he too is endowed, or, to be an artist, ought to be endowed, with the faculties of observation and analysis, and might exercise those faculties for the confirmation or otherwise of the axioms he has been taught. Perhaps he will walk out into the sunlight, and be struck with the teasing fact that, so far as his unaided perceptions testify, there is no principal shadow occupying one third of the space, and that really the background declines to recede in that accommodating ratio which he knows it is bound to abide by. Or perhaps he will mix with the intellectual and the beautiful, and, finding a hardly appreciable leaven of Greek ideal, be compelled to lapse into the notion that mind can speak through homely features, and loveliness be English as well as Hellenic. Or he will come across

groups of endless variety, consistency, and interest, which by rights do not compose at all.

It is now three years ago that three young artists asserted in concert through their pictures that such was their deliberate conviction. They informed the general body of artists and the public at large, in the language of practical demonstration, that, in fact, they intended to divest themselves of not a little of the academical arraying supplied to them, and would replace it from their own resources to the best of their ability: that what they saw, that they would paint—all of it, and all fully; and what they did not see they would try to do without. And they called themselves Præraphaelites.

The painters before Raphael had worked in often more than partial ignorance of the positive rules of art, and unaffected by conventional rules. These were not known of in their days; and they neither invented nor discovered them. It is to the latter fact, and not the former, that the adoption of the name 'Præraphaelites' by the artists in question is to be ascribed. Præraphaelites truly they are—but of the nineteenth century. Their aim is the same—truth; and their process the same—exactitude of study from nature: but their practice is different, for their means are enlarged. Nor is it in direction, but in tone, of mind—in earnestness and thoroughness—that they are otherwise identified with their prototypes.

Such we understand to be the character of the protest which the 'P. R. B.s' have devoted themselves to record,—investigation for themselves on all points which have hitherto been settled by example or unproved precept, and unflinching avowal of the result of such investigation; to which is added the absolute rejection of all meretricious embellishment—of all which might be introduced to heighten effect

or catch the eye to the disregard or overlaying of actual or presumable fact. It is in the nature of conventional rules that their true authority diminishes in proportion as their factitious sway extends itself; for they come to be looked on as inherent and necessary elements in pictorial practice, instead of what they really are, means to a certain end, useful only in so far as they subserve that. But this end may be, and often must be, one not germane to the true purpose of the work in hand, when its introduction and all that ministers to it are but so much excrescence. Thus it is that the pernicious use to which rules of this kind are applied has narrowed the word 'conventional' into an epithet of reproach. The artist is taught to rely not on fact, but on another's use or combination of fact. He puts his eyes to school. He takes results, and not materials, as his ways and means for working in a creative and imitative art; and rejoices to find that his secondary creation is like a previous secondary—comparatively careless whether either resembles the primary.

The main dangers incidental to Præraphaelitism are threefold. First, that, in the effort after unadulterated truth, the good of conventional rules should be slighted, as well as their evil avoided. Certainly it is not the first glance at any aspect of nature which will inform the artist of its most essential qualities, and indicate the mode of setting to work which will be calculated to produce the noblest as well as the closest representation possible. Minute study, however, such as the Præraphaelite artists bestow on their renderings from nature, cannot but result in the attainment of one order of truth. Besides this, it is a practical education; an apprenticeship to the more accurate learning of structure, to the more eclectic appreciation of effect; and tends in a more thorough manner to

answer the purpose contemplated by the cramming education which they set aside. To the disadvantage under notice the Præraphaelite method of study from nature is liable, as are the executive and manipulative parts of a picture under any system—and for the same reason, that, in all, experience is required for perfect mastery; with this difference in its favour, that it has an absolute value of sincerity and faithfulness.

The second danger is that detail and accessory should be insisted on to a degree detracting from the importance of the chief subject and action. But this does not naturally, much less of necessity, follow from the Præraphaelite principle; which contemplates the rendering of nature as it is, —in other words, as it seems to the artist from his point of view, material and intellectual (for there is no separating the two things), and the principal, therefore, in its supremacy, the subordinate in its subordination. The contrary mistake is one to which only a low estimate, a semi-comprehension, of his own principles, can lead the Præraphaelite. It can scarcely, under any circumstances, be fallen into by a man of original or inventive power.

Thirdly, there remains the danger of an injudicious choice of model; a danger of whose effect the Præraphaelite pictures offer more than one instance. All artists, indeed, unless they have emancipated themselves into so imaginative an altitude, far from the gross region of fact, as to dispense with models altogether, are exposed to it; for Virgin Maries and Cleopatras are not to be found for the wanting: but he who believes that 'ideal beauty consists partly in a Greek outline of nose, partly in proportions expressible in decimal fractions between the lips and chin, but partly also in that degree of improvement which he is to bestow upon God's

works in general,'* will find the difficulty yielding enough under the influence of idealism by rote. The Præraphaelite dares not 'improve God's works in general.' His creed is truth; which in art means appropriateness in the first place, scrupulous fidelity in the second. If true to himself, he will search diligently for the best attainable model; whom, when obtained, he must render as conformably as possible with his conception, but as truly as possible also to the fact before him. Not that he will copy the pimples or the freckles; but transform, disguise, 'improve,' he may not. His work must be individual too—expressive of *me* no less than of *not-me*. He cannot learn off his ideal, and come prepared to be superior to the mere real. It is indeed a singular abuse to call that idealism which is routine and copy; a solecism which cries aloud to common sense for extinction. A young artist cannot enter the lists armed with an ideal prepense, though he may flaunt as his pennant the tracing-paper scored with fac-similes of another man's ideal. If he *will* have one, properly so called, he must work for it; and his own will not be born save through a long and laborious process of comparison, sifting, and meditation. The single-minded artist must, in the early part of his career, work according to his existing taste in actual living beauty, whether or not he means eventually to abide on principle by unidealized fact; and tastes in beauty differ notoriously. The prescription-artist corrects his by Raphael and the

* As Mr. Ruskin phrases it in his pamphlet, *Præraphaelitism*. His main principle, however—that our artists should, and that the Præraphaelites do, 'select nothing'—would in truth, as it appears to us, while it assumes to beg too much in their favour, carry their condemnation in it, could its application to them be verified. This we believe not to be the case; and that, indeed, strict non-selection cannot, in the nature of things, be taken as the rule in a picture of character or incident. But perhaps Mr. Ruskin intended his exhortation in a much more limited sense than it bears, thus broadly put.

Greeks. For the other there is nothing but watchfulness, study, and self-reliance. He is working arduously not to self-expression only, but to development.

Modern Præraphaelitism is distinct from mediævalism equally in thought and in practice, so far as the latter depends on education, skill of hand, and acquaintance with the principles of design or perspective. Even in the works which bring the originators of this 'totally independent and sincere method of study' within the same lines of thought or of period with the predecessors of Raphael, the points of variance are essential and decisive. Yet more alien are they from that important section of the modern German school which is said to have recurred to a past phasis of art with the view of reaching by gradual stages to their ideal. This ideal, to judge by the chief works of the separatists, seems beyond doubt to be the Raphaelesque. The works of Overbeck, of Steinle, and in a less degree of Cornelius and Bendemann, bear a strong affinity to the Raphaelesque standard of form and sentiment—sometimes to that of Raphael's later period, seldom to his earliest. Other painters, such as Fuhrich in the compositions which display himself most vividly, can hardly be said to have reverted to any previous school; the character of conception and invention being with these, where not markedly original, German and national to the fullest extent, similarly with the quality of form; for the sources of which characteristics it would be futile to refer back from the artists themselves. Historically, however, some of this subdivision also may be counted in the same class; and, in the works of all, a standard, a preconception of some kind, is equally and unmistakeably evident. But the German and the English cases present this important difference. The former was an academic revival: the principles of an unquestioned

dogma had fallen into degradation, and the aim has been constantly after the highest issue of the school which announced it. In England the Raphaelesque dogma is not only a convention but a cant; few, if any, enforce it systematically in practice. It is held in terrorem over the heads of students; but such is the almost unlimited range of subject and attempt recognized in England that little beyond fragments of precept, intended to enhance the telling attractiveness of a picture, are seriously laid to heart. These are enough to restrain the student from launching out unfettered on the study of nature, but do not suffice to create a school even academically correct. The English innovation corresponds with the German in no other sense than this. The English revivalists recur to the one primary school—nature, as interpreted by their own eyes and feelings; the Germans, to the purest form of a school ready-organized for them. The English, starting with the acquired knowledge of the day, and having before them an unbounded horizon, may be expected to work out such faculties as are in them to original and progressive results; the Germans, with the same advantages, but a rigorously fixed goal to aspire towards, may at best rival their most cherished prescriptions. Actual consonance between the outcomings of the two systems there is none.

The Præraphaelites have been working bravely and without compromise for three years, and have fought their way into public disfavour,—a gain perhaps, as art goes. We hold them to be in the right path: not only because they have achieved unique excellence in imitative execution, nor that we consider their system exceptional, and as such specially needed at the present moment (though these would be grounds of rational approbation); but because we believe it to be intrinsically the true one, capable, and best

capable, of leading its adherents each to the highest point of attainment his mental faculties will permit him to reach. It is of secondary importance, yet matter for satisfaction and of good omen, that the young men who have set the first example in this course of study are, unless we mistake, of power themselves to work out the process to worthy intellectual results.

VI.

CRITIQUES ON CONTEMPORARY PAINTERS AND DESIGNERS.

Quid interest quâ quisque prudentiâ verum requirat? Uno itinere non potest perveniri ad tam grande secretum.—SYMMACHUS.

MADOX BROWN.

The Exhibition of Mr. Brown's Collected Works (1865). Among the visitors to the exhibition of pictures painted by Mr. Ford Madox Brown, there will be some considerable diversity of opinion as to the calibre and value of the collection; less diversity as to its interest; little or none as to its marked individuality. It is the extreme reverse of an empty or an ordinary exhibition: it suggests, on the contrary, a great number and variety of topics bearing upon matters of art, and of these we shall endeavour to indicate and skim over a few.

We all know how decided a development the plan of exhibiting works (often single works) by single artists has taken of late years, chiefly since Mr. Holman Hunt commenced thus displaying his 'Finding of the Saviour in the Temple.' The plan has its advantages and its weak points. Its advantages (irrespectively of its possible money-advantages to the exhibitor or speculator, which we shall not discuss) are mainly that it shows the visitor some one or two things, without distracting him by the presence of other

and antagonistic works; and that he has thus a fair chance of assimilating whatever nurture of eye or mind may be forthcoming. The weak points of the plan are the paucity of attraction held out to the visitor, and the demand made upon him, in the way of payment and interruption, being the same as for mixed exhibitions containing hundreds of works. Were the system of exhibitions of single works to spread further to a great extent, it would be impossible for the keenest dilettante to follow them up—his time and patience would be too much trifled with. Besides, there is a certain sense of proportion even in small things, of which the practical and arithmetical mind is not unfairly tenacious. In this respect, as in some others, a single picture may be compared to a single poem, and an exhibition to a volume. If Mr. Tennyson, for instance, publishes any new poem, every appreciator of poetry wants to read it, and *will* read it whatever the terms may be; yet our enthusiast would not consider it reasonable if the Boadicea (suppose) had been detached from the Enoch Arden volume, and published separately, with all the honours of a volume to itself, at the same price as the other. He would pay, but he might also grumble. Now it is much the same with pictures. The miscellaneous exhibition is like the volume of varied contents; the single picture is like any one poem singly; and the single-picture exhibition is like one such poem, of disproportioned tenuity, published in the form and at the price of an ordinarily full volume. As poetry, it may be inexhaustible; but, as occupying time and as money's-worth, it comes to an end very soon.

An exhibition such as that of Mr. Madox Brown, containing some hundred works all from one hand, and presenting in fact a whole artistic career at one glance, combines to a great extent the advantages of both the mixed and the

individual exhibitions, and avoids the objections to both. There is neither scantiness, glaring disproportion, excess, nor scattering and confusion of interest. We learn more about the painter than if we had watched his contributions through a score of successive galleries, and more about art (supposing the painter to be of the elect band) than if we looked at a hundred even of the better sort of works in a miscellaneous collection. Such a full individual exhibition has something specially complete and satisfactory; correcting partial notions as to the merits or defects of the artist, founded upon sparse experience of his work at intervals of time and place, and enabling the spectator to estimate definitely how far one peculiarity or imperfection may be balanced and atoned for by an excellence *per contra*. The artist tacitly assumes, as it were, one of the functions of judge in the critical court of justice, and furnishes his own summing-up.

The sense of satisfaction and of full *connaissance de cause* is materially enhanced when, as in the present case, the artist publishes an explanatory or descriptive catalogue of the exhibited works. This is a point on which we hope public attention will be distinctly fixed; it is an innovation, all but without precedent, and, as we think, a very important one. Mr. Brown has issued a catalogue clearly defining the subject-matter of the several works, and the point of view from which they have been invented and treated, with some minor details, more particularly as to dates. He writes like a man of full mind, whose temperament and profession have led him to observe and reflect upon a number of things; and, without arbitrary digressions, he suggests several considerations which well deserve following out. His tone is remarkably free from that bane of personal records and explanations, *mauvaise honte;* free also—and

perhaps on that very account—from the apparent opposite of *mauvaise honte*, often as much its obverse as its opposite, uneasy and egotistic self-assertion. We can imagine few greater reforms in the practical and (so to speak) proselytizing relations of fine art than the general adoption of a similar plan of plain descriptive exposition by such artists generally as are of enough importance to make their productions worth expounding, and their expositions worth reading. The plan would involve three leading benefits.

Firstly, it would enable the spectator to know for certain exactly what the artist meant, and what his work means, and would thus cut short a deal of silly and often perverse guess-work. There is an enormous difference between the perceptiveness of various people regarding the meaning of any work of art which tells a story, especially one which presupposes some facts not included in the work itself; brother artists are a good deal readier than the general public at divining the true meaning, and probably few continental nations are, on the whole, so stolid at these problems as the British.

Secondly, notices of this nature by artists of distinction would be truly important and interesting records for permanency. This is so self-evident that we need not pause to develop the point; one has only to reflect for a moment at what rate one would prize such notices if left behind by Michael Angelo, Leonardo, Raphael, Tintoret, Durer, Rembrandt, Hogarth, and many others, even of considerably lower rank.

Thirdly, such notices would subserve a very important purpose in fixing the mind of the artist, and also of the reader and spectator, upon the amount of thought and meaning which the work really contains, whether large or small. A big canvas full of vacuity would stand at once

confessed as intellectually of minor dimensions than a small one packed with purpose; a futile mind would pour into the public ear the unconscious confession of its own futility, to be laid to heart however much the eye might be beguiled by the cunning or imposing hand. In these respects we are bound to say that very few living British painters who might follow Mr. Brown's example in writing a descriptive catalogue would succeed in making it so interesting, or so creditable to their artistic performances, as he has done; for the simple reason that very few paint pictures containing so much solid and detailed thought as his. In the present exhibition, for instance, the picture of 'Work' is at once seen to be full of matter, and a moderately prolonged or careful inspection will satisfy one that this matter is serious and good, not trivial or haphazard; the catalogue enables one to follow out the whole scheme of thought into its details with certainty instead of by guess, and shows that not a corner of the picture, a figure, or an action, is without its close yet varied relation to the central idea. Herein, we may add, lies perhaps the sole counterbalancing drawback of the descriptive-catalogue scheme; it might tempt some painters to be less careful and emphatic in telling their story upon the canvas, knowing that they can fall back upon the explanation which the catalogue supplies. We do not, however, impute any such failing to Mr. Brown, whose story is, in this painting as well as in others, consistently and vigorously, no less than elaborately, told; it is not *merely* on the surface, yet neither is it abstrusely reposited, or frittered into ingenuity. The moderate-sized picture of 'The Last of England,' which at the first glance consists of little more than two half-figures, is an eminent example of this: others we shall have occasion to name in the sequel.

The only artistic precursor of Mr. Brown, so far as we remember, in issuing a full descriptive catalogue, was the great idealist Blake. His catalogue, lately republished in Mr. Gilchrist's book, is, as one might guess, more arbitrary, discursive, and personal, than Mr. Brown's, and would not form, in point of execution, a safe or a tenable precedent for any one to follow. It is, nevertheless, a precedent of considerable incitement and encouragement to the reflective; as it remains to this day a fascinating piece of reading, and its literary treatment of the 'Canterbury Pilgrimage' may well stand comparison with the artistic treatment of that work by the self-same hand, for whose illustration the catalogue was chiefly designed. In general, painters seem to have been exceedingly chary of explaining their works in writing, even in a more casual way than by regular descriptive catalogues; an instance or two from Delacroix might be cited, and doubtless others *passim*, but comparatively very seldom. This strikes us as singular—almost unaccountable. It would have appeared to us natural for every artist of the present day who knows his worth in his high calling, and the chances and mischances to which his works are necessarily liable, to let none of those works pass finally out of his possession without preserving a photograph of it (unsatisfactory as photographs from coloured productions certainly are), and a detailed written description. Yet probably there is no artist alive who does this to the full and on system.

Within the easy memory of the present generation, the British school of painting has been subjected to three successive main currents of influence, and has passed through phases modified accordingly. The first influence was the exhibitions in Westminster Hall, beginning in 1843, of cartoons and frescoes, and the parliamentary commissions

thence ensuing; the second was Præraphaelitism, which started in 1848-9; the third was, and is, the example of foreign, and especially French, art, commencing to be felt about the time of the Great Paris Exhibition of 1855.

It would be difficult to imagine a school of art which had less of distinct artistic idea, less of firm and resolute artistic practice, than the British school when the cartoon competitions were first brewing: we speak principally, though not exclusively, of oil-painting and of figure-pictures, and to these we shall confine the ensuing remarks. In the Royal Academy the four men of decided eminence were Etty, Maclise, Leslie, and Mulready; Herbert was rising. Alfred Chalon, Abraham Cooper, Collins, Eastlake, Howard, Hart, George Jones, Uwins, Patten, Charles Landseer, Redgrave, Webster, are also names still familiar to us: the President was the fashionable, and now already more than half-forgotten, portrait-painter Shee. Outside of the Academy were Cope, Dyce, Ward, Egg, Elmore, Goodall, Hook, F. R. Pickersgill, Poole, Frank Stone; some of them quite young aspirants, the best of them yet unexercised in their full strength: the only one who had as yet done his best was Poole. Haydon and Martin were the very prominent hostile outsiders; in Scotland there was David Scott. All these, or most of them, were the *hommes d'élite;* the rank and file were, as a rule, extremely characterless and unimportant to the cause of art. The school, as such, was the remains of the 'Annual' phase of work—a phase whose essence and resource may be described as mere attractiveness to a class of patrons and dabblers to whom that quality, in its most obvious and flimsy forms, stood in stead of the great and sound excellences of art. Some of the names above cited suffice to show indeed that the school was not wanting in talent of a high and exceptional order; but it

was talent in a slough, without organization, enlarged point of view, or adequate means of development.

Out of this slough the Westminster Hall exhibitions constituted the first step. They called upon our artists for serious efforts, familiarized them with a large scale and important subject-matter of work, and held out prospects of national appreciation and encouragement which, to this day, have been but scantily realized. The second step was Præraphaelitism. This sent our painters back to first principles; reopened the question of what they ought to do, and how to do it; coerced them, by example and contrast, into hard rudimentary work; and above all upheld the principle of personal and individual thought for each man's productions, apart from what he might have learned in the schools, or what might pass current with the purchasers. The third step is the one which the school is still engaged in taking, founded mainly upon Præraphaelitism, as modified by advanced knowledge, maturing practice, and the lessons to be learned from foreign contemporaries; the great things learnable from the latter, and to some promising extent already learned by us, being firmness in style, method, and unity of impression.

It is a remarkable coincidence, as may be seen in his pictures and read expressly in his catalogue, that Mr. Madox Brown has, in his own practice, gone through all these processes of the British school of his time; gone through them, be it distinctly noted, not at second-hand or in the wake of others, but at first-hand, preceding or accompanying the like movement in the school. He is probably the only living painter in whom the cartoon-movement, the Præraphaelite movement, and the foreign standard, have left successive or concurrent traces of their influence: the late Mr. Dyce might a year ago have been cited on the

same grounds, though in him the Præraphaelite influence was comparatively dim. The influence which acted earliest upon Mr. Brown—that of foreign art—is the one which acted latest upon the school; the cartoon and fresco competitions, and Præraphaelitism, followed in their natural order. In the present exhibition, the pictures of 'Parisina' and 'Manfred,' painted in a very early stage of the artist's practice, and the former left ever since virtually untouched, are strongest in attesting the foreign influence; Mr. Brown having studied under Baron Wappers in Belgium, and also in Paris and in Italy, before he started in his profession in England. These pictures are remarkable for force and dramatic conception; the ideas of the painter were perfectly clear, and his hand firm and strong, even at that early date. Another and much larger picture of the same class, visible several years ago in the Pantheon Gallery, was the 'Execution of Mary Queen of Scots.' We cannot question the discretion of Mr. Brown in excluding this picture from his exhibition; yet we are not without some regret at its absence, nor without a vivid recollection of the impression which its somewhat harsh intensity made upon us in our juvenile days. None of the pictures here named are strictly in that sort of foreign style which the painter had under his eye as a student, although they diverge from the character of English work. Indeed, we may observe, in connexion with this question of foreign influence, that Mr. Brown expresses in his catalogue a far from favourable opinion of the effect which study in the crowded French ateliers produces upon the majority of the pupils; he seems to regard the more eminent artists who issue thence as rather surmounting than profiting by the training to which they have been subjected.

The cartoon and fresco discipline succeeded the foreign,

and brought Mr. Brown a step further on to the full development of his powers. Few British painters, of either the younger or the elder generation, came to the cartoon-competition so well prepared for the arduous effort, by bent of genius and by course of practice. He passed, nevertheless, unrecognized officially. The powerful style and energetic posing of his cartoon of 'Justice'—a poverty-stricken widow appealing against an oppressive baron—the dramatic intensity in his 'Adam and Eve after the Fall,' and the truly magnificent composition and fierce variety of the terrible in his 'Body of Harold brought before William the Conqueror,' equally failed to conciliate the suffrages of the judges. Of the latter composition the picture of 'Willelmus Conquistator,' in the present exhibition, is a duplicate. These works had neither the student-like nor the experimental character which necessarily belonged to pictures on the Præraphaelite scheme, when that scheme was first distinctly initiated in 1848-9, principally by Messrs. Millais, Hunt, and Rossetti, in painting, and by Mr. Woolner in sculpture. They had, however, one marked peculiarity which brought them within the same lines of thought to some extent—a determination to realize incident, and especially expression, from the painter's own point of view—to make the thing as intense and actual as he could, quite careless whether the result would be voted odd, *outré*, horrid, frightful, and the rest of it, by people who had not incurred the effort of conceiving, nor the labour of realizing, the facts represented. Another incipient, and indeed anticipative, phase of Præraphaelitism is seen in the portrait of Mr. Bamford, painted in 1846, *after* these vigorous, decisive works: here we find, on the contrary, precision and timidity of style, in the effort to attain another though not a higher aspect of truth. The three works of 1847-48, 'Our Lady of Good Children,'

'Wiclif reading his Translation of the Bible to John of Gaunt,' and 'The Infant's Repast,' follow, still telling in the same direction. The distinctive characteristic of the two former works may be termed purity—purity, we mean, of eye and hand, without bringing moral considerations into question; a sort of secluded feeling, as of one who would fain start anew without founding on precedent or *parti pris*. This was more peculiarly observable in the Wiclif in its original condition—much thinner and more silvery in painting than now, and no doubt inadequate in point of effect. In the 'Infant's Repast' the main quality is high and equal finish. With handiwork of these affinities preceding and accompanying the express advent of Præraphaelitism, it is obvious that Mr. Brown leavened the lump as truly and substantially as the artists whose names were more publicly identified with the earliest stages of the movement; and that whatever further steps he may afterwards have taken on the same road were the steps of a tried fellow-captain and colleague, by no means of a proselyte. The chief difference was that the nominal Præraphaelites were, at starting, tyros, so far as age and practice were concerned; while Mr. Brown, their senior by some years, had already produced works of mark.

The Præraphaelite movement has passed through various stages, and has to some extent belied expectation. When the first storm of obloquy which greeted it was beginning to clear away; and allowed observers to see that the effect produced by the movement upon the general aspect of our school was already not insignificant, some of its adherents surmised that Præraphaelitism, *in the form wherein it first started*, would continue gaining upon its opponents, and that within a few years a vast number of pictures resembling the early Præraphaelite pictures would be painted. This

has not come to pass. Partly, no doubt, through the natural tendency of the facts, partly through the modification (we will not say change) of style of the most popular Præraphaelite, Mr. Millais, and partly through the influx of new determining conditions, especially the effect of foreign schools and of Mr. Leighton's style, Præraphaelitism flagged in its influence towards the production of what are distinctively termed 'Præraphaelite' pictures just at the time when it had virtually won the day. As it turned out, the early phases of the movement did not repeat themselves on a more extended scale; but the movement had broken up the pre-existing state of things, and the principles and practice which it introduced took strong root, and germinated in forms not altogether expected. Præraphaelitism aimed at suppressing such styles of painting as were exemplified by Messrs. Elmore, Goodall, and Stone, at the time of its starting; and it *did* suppress them. But it had not laid its account with that which is, at the present day, one of its most prominent outcomes, through various gradations of circumstance and manner—the paramount popularity of the styles of Messrs. Phillip, Calderon, and other painters who might be named along with them. The succession of styles and fashions in fine art is like the turning of a kaleidoscope. You can substitute agreeable pattern No. 2 to ugly pattern No. 1; but you cannot ensure, nor even expect, the substantial continuance or the return of No. 2 as you repeat the shifting of the instrument. Shift it as delicately as you may, for the sake of only modifying, not changing, the pattern, you cannot command the result.

The upshot of all these data is that Præraphaelitism, though it has achieved a vast amount of effect and of good in our school of art, has not produced disciples (properly to be so called) equal or comparable to its originators. We

can name only one who may be cited as such, Mr. E. Burne Jones; and even he diverges in points of no small importance. Hence, the best pictures belonging to, or directly consequent upon, the Præraphaelite impulse, are to this day to be found among the works of its prime movers, including, as we have already seen, no more able or honoured member than Mr. Madox Brown. The movement has thus not entirely justified itself by one form of proof which seemed open to it—that of producing a number of excellent painters working upon the same principles; but it has taken the converse form of justification—that of demonstrating, by the experience now of many years, that its starters were of the true calibre of leaders, men who point out the path for their followers to pursue, and keep still ahead of them in pursuing it.

Mr. Madox Brown is distinctly a thinking or intellectual painter—intellectual on the side chiefly of human character, not of idealism, of which he is by no means a professor. The only two pictures here which could be quoted as fairly related to the ideal tendencies of art are 'Our Lady of Good Children,' and 'Jesus washes Peter's Feet.' In the former there is a certain idealism of style and of subject-matter, but the artistic conception is still realistic; the latter painting likewise is so in an eminent degree, although its dignity and concentration, in connexion with the greatness of its theme, will not permit us to deny it some ideal affinity. The predominant quality in all the works is a vigorous thinking-out of the subject, especially as a matter of character, and of dramatic incident and expression thence resulting. This is the sort of intellect peculiarly demanded in pictorial art. It differs essentially, and indeed entirely, from that other sort of which the leading German masters furnish the most notable examples—a laborious intellect

which evolves problems, demonstrations, and systems, rather than conceptions; 'which accumulates analogies and 'cross references' when one asks for facts; which, while often attaining the scenic, seldom realizes the dramatic, and still seldomer the thoroughly human. This description of intellect, however honestly we may respect it and its outcomings, is little better than a 'drug in the market' of art.* There is another sort of intellect, profuse in the invention of incident, fertile in ingenious detail, but wanting in that 'centripetal force' (so to speak) which can only be supplied by character strongly perceived and understood—that core of the incidents, that dramatic principle of the drama. Gustave Doré may be instanced as prominent in this line, without in any way detracting from the multiform and exceptional genius which he undoubtedly possesses. An union of the intellectual characteristics of the great French painters Delacroix and Delaroche—the reader will remember that we are speaking simply of intellectual, not of pictorial or executive, qualities—would present almost the ideal for historic or dramatic painters of our century. Ideals are, however—ideals; whatever relation it may bear to the ideal which we have just been suggesting, the intellect in the treatment of character and incident, discernible in the exhibition before us, is a fact. No painter holds his subjects firmer than does Mr. Madox Brown: one might say, that he grips them sometimes too hard, and leaves

* A few remarks made in Mr. Brown's catalogue, with reference to his picture of 'The Pretty Baa-lambs,' may be appositely quoted here. 'In all cases, pictures must be judged first as pictures: a deep philosophical intention will not make a fine picture, such being rather given in excess of the bargain. And though all epic works of art have this excess, yet I should be much inclined to doubt the genuineness of that artist's ideas who never painted from love of the mere look of things—whose mind was always on the stretch for a "moral."

upon them the mark of too eager a pressure. Indeed, he seems to paint with something of the ardour of a sportsman; starts a subject like a fox, pursues it through all its windings and doublings, routs it out of all its nooks and crannies, hunts it down, and has done with it at last. Whatever play he may concede to the sense of beauty, to charm of colour and manipulation, to ready vigour of execution, he is yet far more intent, as with knit brows, upon focusing to his own mind, and educing through hand to eye, the drama and the expression of his theme. A painter of this stamp is supremely adapted for great historic work. The human is always the chief interest to him: and he is able not only to sympathise with the level and multiform aspects of life, but to enter into the heights and recesses of character and event.

From the contrast which we have intimated between Mr. Madox Brown's tone of conception and treatment, and that of some German painters, the reader may be led to infer that the former is conspicuously free from pedantry; and such is the case. Though this exhibition represents a variety of lines of thought and method, and of analogies to outlying pictorial motives and styles, the works are uniformly and equally free from pedantry and from imitation. In fact, Mr. Brown is one of those few painters who, while scholarly in their knowledge of costume and accessory, and sensitive enough to *couleur locale* to produce an impression of scrupulous mediæval or other exactitude, are yet so adaptive and so alien from mere copyism as frequently to invent their details of furniture, implements, dress, and the like; they work from a true *feeling* of the thing, and give in the invention and the niceties of aptness to their own immediate purpose.

A mind which dwells upon the distinctions and peculiar-

ities of character is likely to have something of the humouristic. A strong perception and realization of character constitute individuality: follow this out to a step further and further, and it merges into those conditions which are recognized as the original, the extreme, the singular, the eccentric, the overcharged. Mr. Brown is not, we think, exempt from these contingencies of the turn of mind and work which he possesses in so eminent a degree. Whether they tickle or ruffle the spectator, whether they sauce his enjoyment or spoil it, must depend very much upon the degree of sympathy which he may happen to entertain for this side of things. The British taxpayer and exhibition-visitor who cannot surmise or desiderate an apex of art higher than the nature of a Frith and the pathos of a Faed is assuredly not quite the person to yield himself up implicitly to the pictures of contemporary life, 'Work' and 'The Last of England,' or, taking subjects of a different stamp, to the sacredness of 'Jesus washes Peter's Feet' and the 'Transfiguration,' or to the drama in 'Cordelia and Lear,' the 'Death of Sir Tristram,' and 'Elijah and the Widow's Son.' A critic of this class will in all likelihood be a censor as well; nor will this class monopolize the feelings of exception and demur roused now and again by specialties in the pictures we are reviewing, and those such specialties as are not casual or extraneous, but intimately characteristic of the painter. In short, strong men have strong idiosyncrasies: their persons, their address, their manner of working, their product in work, are strong—not conciliating to men who are weak, or else strong in a contrary direction; the reverse of conciliating. Smoothness grates no one, bristles grate every one; but bristles, in an organism to which they are natural or feasible appurtenances, are a sign of strength:—

Any nose
May ravage with impunity a rose;
Rifle a musk-pod, and 'twill ache like yours.
I'd tell you that same pungency ensures
An after-gust,—but that were over-bold.

We cannot, perhaps, give a better idea of the quality of Mr. Madox Brown's mental and pictorial bristles than by saying that he is exactly the sort of painter that a French art-critic assumes an Englishman ought to be—always allowing the fact of thorough artistic capacity and training, which the critic might be disposed not to count upon beforehand. The French art-critic supposes the typical English painter to be humouristic, dogged in his personality, unamenable to any dictates of the schools save those which he may have found out for himself, and which Nature points to as his special mental pabulum: a painter, if we may be allowed the expression, full of ins-and-outs. If our critic visited Mr. Brown's exhibition, he might exclaim: 'Heaven! I have found him then at last! A painter who is indisputably a true and a great artist; who can play at mastery with the masters of the art; who can do religion, history, drama, society, landscape, decoration—all in turn, and all admirably; and who does nothing without making it peculiarly his own, suggestive, exceptional—different from all men, unappreciable by most or many.' So far our French art-critic, with whom we must be understood to concur only 'with a difference': the art of Mr. Madox Brown, which to this critic's eyes would represent his preconceptions of an English painter, represents to ours that of one of the best artists of our school, strongly individual—not, as *he* might deem it, singular to the point of eccentricity.

The artistic safeguards against the degree of peculiarity which we have dwelt upon are facility of handling and a sense of beauty. With both of these Mr. Brown is endowed,

though not in equal measure with some of his other faculties. Of facility he has naturally a very large share, as his earlier paintings, to go no further, testify: in his more mature practice the quality has been to some extent set aside with a view to attaining others more difficult or more important to his immediate purposes; and the distinguishing trait of execution in his principal pictures is rather energy and forcible completeness than facility. The sense of beauty in this painter is very much mixed up with inventiveness: he rouses and attracts by an original point of view involving a sometimes unusual but deep-lying charm of grace and suavity, and, before one has finished analysing this, one finds that there is a finer sense of beauty at the heart of it than a casual glance would indicate. Tenderness and thoughtfulness, a diving into the value and expression of each several lineament rather than a remarkable witchery of harmony and *ensemble*, characterize his female heads: his best landscapes are steeped in the sentiment of the scene, realized with a noteable precision and distinctness of colour and detail. They are so full of matter-of-fact, and of this matter-of-fact beauty and impressiveness form so large a portion in reality, that these higher qualities can be, and are, elicited on the canvas by excellent art and full chords of colour, without casting about for adventitious or extraneous aid. The thing has spoken for itself to the artist's eye, and through his eye and hand speaks to the spectator; but the latter must always remember that the truths and sentiment of simple fact would not so speak were the artist's eye less vividly receptive, and his hand less loyally gifted.

The exhibition, viewed as a whole, evinces a considerable amount of versatility in the painter. It is, however, that better kind of versatility which depends upon capaciousness

of mind and breadth of sympathy, not upon mere mobility, often a sign of lax rather than various powers, and seldom resulting in more than the facile and the dexterous. Versatility, as such only, tends to cloy; capaciousness, to satisfy. It may indeed be fairly said that Mr. Brown shows himself, in this compendium of his artistic career, one of the genuine masters of our school—vigorously representative of the heights of English art in many distinct aspects, and summing up, in an uncommon degree, a great deal of whatsoever most honourable and fruitful aims have animated the school for the past quarter of a century. His leading qualities, as we have already indicated, are invention, and expression of character. To these we must add the excellence of colour peculiarly forcible, always conceived as an original element of the subject conducive to its appropriate expression, and frequently as rich and harmonious as it is solid; and the excellence of execution, varying considerably in different stages of practice, but, in the central examples, remarkably determinate, exact, and thorough. Both in colour and in execution, the defect, where there is a defect calling for notice, is on the side of strength, which lapses towards heaviness and insistency.

Were it not for Mr. Brown's own descriptive catalogue, we should have entered much more systematically into the subject-matter and dramatic or other significance of the leading works in his exhibition. As it is, we remit the reader to the interesting, clear, and indisputable details which he will find in the catalogue, and have, for our own part, dwelt more at length upon the general quality of the exhibition and of its author's art, and his career and position. A few particular items, however, must be added.

The chief, though not the largest, picture in the collection is the one named 'Work,' illustrating, with a profusion of

central thought and collateral invention, the relative or contrasted position of brain-workers and manual labourers, of those who are out of work, untrained to work, and 'above' work. The nucleus of the subject is a squad of excavators at work upon a suburban road. This is a picture to interest the countrymen of Hogarth, and to command the respect of all who can recognize hard and genuine 'work' in pictorial art. Among the more prominent personages are harvest-labourers out of work; a vagrant wild-flower vendor, typifying the semi-outcast yet not criminal class who have received no adequate working training; the 'upper classes' represented in a brace of riders, a tract-distributing lady, and another lady to whom nature and fortune have been so bounteous that she has not yet been led to think much of anything beyond her own self and circle; a suburban potboy, 'a specimen of town pluck and energy contrasted with country thews and sinews;' a ragged group of motherless street-children, dominated by the shrewish but not unhousewifely genius of the small eldest sister; and two representatives of the highest class in a well-organized polity, 'the brain-workers, who, seeming to be idle, work, and are the cause of well-ordained work and happiness in others.' Mr. Carlyle and the Rev. Mr. Maurice gave the painter the advantage of sittings for these figures. There are yet a number of minor personages and incidents that we cannot detail. The picture is painted with a force and finish which seem almost to court difficulties first, and steadfastly, laboriously, to conquer them afterwards.

The other pictures we shall take in the order we have already followed in tracing out Mr. Madox Brown's artistic course—classing them according as they speak most distinctly to the foreign, the cartoon, or the Præraphaelite influence. We use this latter term, Præraphaelite, with

some reluctance here. It is far from adequate, in itself, to a full expression of the art-movement to which it was originally applied, and which is illustrated in this gallery both in its origin and its sequel; moreover, the term has been continually used to designate works of a very different aim—mere drudgery of detail, mere mediæval makebelieve, mere grimacing of pietism or primness. Such as it is, however, the word Præraphaelite represents historically, if not logically, the movement which began to show itself in the British school towards 1848-9, and the essence of which, in the minds of its founders, might be defined as 'direct and *entire* truth in conception and in art, so far as the limitations of conception by art allow of such truth.' With this prefacing, the reader may permit us to use a loose but convenient term to label rather than describe the works produced by Mr. Brown from a certain date onwards.

Of works executed under the foreign influence, we have already named the two pictures of importance, 'Parisina's Sleep,' and 'Manfred on the Jungfrau.' To these we must add an exceedingly remarkable series of pen-and-ink designs from *King Lear*. 'Rude first ideas,' 'offensively unfinished or ill-finished,' Mr. Brown is not afraid to call them, and with some show of reason. They are nevertheless singularly full of dramatic passion and invention, heaving with energy. It is not unfair to recall for comparison with these another Shakspearean series by perhaps the greatest artist of the century, Delacroix—the lithographed set of designs from *Hamlet:* and we have no hesitation in saying that, in the qualities we have just pointed out—qualities, be it remarked, which form the essence of Delacroix's genius also—this Lear series by Mr. Brown is very far superior.

Of the cartoon influence the most direct record is the 'Willelmus Conquistator' already mentioned. The great

picture of 'Chaucer at the Court of Edward III.,' by far the largest work in the gallery, may also be named in the same category. It is such an effort as British painters seldom attempt, and still seldomer succeed in—here managed ably and finely, and, to a great extent, easily.

We now pass to the so-called Præraphaelite influence. 'Our Lady of Good Children,' 'Wiclif reading his translation of the Bible to John of Gaunt in the presence of Chaucer and Gower,' 'Cordelia and Lear,' the emigration subject 'The Last of England,' 'Jesus washes Peter's Feet,' have been specified in our preceding remarks. 'The Last of England' is as complete, deep, and moving a piece of real life, properly to be termed historic, as our days have produced. A husband and wife, belonging to the refined but struggling professional class, are represented aboard an emigrant vessel, which is just losing sight of land. The shadow of a life which has drained many a draught of disappointment is on his face; that of home-sorrow on hers. Each holds the other's hand, in silence: glimpses of the infant which the mother presses to her bosom are seen beneath her shawl. The husband, vigorous and resolved almost to sternness, broods with contracted brows, intent upon the future which he will carve out for himself and her far beyond the remotest horizon. The background figures are equally true in invention and character; noteably the hardened scapegrace who shakes his fist at the old country which has become too hot to hold him—and his aged mother, whose withered hand is raised to strike down the son's fist, and teach him shame if not compunction. 'Jesus washes Peter's Feet' does not, on the whole, yield to any work in the collection. The painter has set aside the old devices of picture-spinning: we have no foreground backs, or breaking up into groups, or pointing, or gesticulating.

The Lord is washing Peter's feet: that is the sufficient event which engages the Apostles' thoughts, and absorbs them. They have resumed their places at the table, and sit gazing in intent silence. Only John leans forward with the yearning affection in his face which cannot be satisfied except in looking upon his Master's; and Judas, the last whose feet have been washed, quails like a beaten dog as, tying his sandals, he peers under his thick brows. In Peter himself, the passionate love which, after first refusing the ministration of Christ, had besought Him to wash 'not the feet only, but also the hands and the head,' has yielded to devout acquiescence. Lost in awe-hushed thought, he sits with folded hands and depressed eyes and countenance. The soul of the picture is its reverent concentration; and, as regards conception of character, the supreme difficulty of pourtraying the Saviour has been surmounted with success equal at least (we should say) to that of any painter of the period. Next we pause at the half-length figure of Shakspeare, which will repay study, for it expresses the study given to the subject by a penetrating mind. The comparatively small pictures of 'King René's Honeymoon' and 'The Death of Sir Tristram,' along with two female heads, 'Toothless' (a girl with a half-cut tooth) and 'Myosotis,' appear to us the most entirely beautiful pieces of colour in the collection; the small landscape of 'The Hayfield' should perhaps be added. The two chivalrous and mediæval subjects in question are otherwise also full of charm, and of what is clearly as well as neatly defined as 'quaintness.' The visitor, however, must not catch up this impression of quaintness at the first glance, and pass on satisfied that it is the be-all and end-all of the pictures: he will find them, especially the more important Tristram subject, vividly true in action and expression. In these works,

the diffused light, or uniform pallor of shade, contributes powerfully to the beauty of colour, little the less truthful for being the more intrinsically decorative. The three biblical subjects, 'Elijah and the Widow's Son' (here in the form of a picture), 'Ehud and Eglon,' and 'Jacob and Joseph's Coat' (in the forms of cartoon and drawing), are among the most powerfully and peculiarly dramatic of the compositions. The 'Ehud' brings out wonderfully the moment of crisis when the patriot assassin has half thrown off and half retains the mask: it is moreover admirable in decorative invention.

A moderate number of designs for stained glass, and of other adjuncts of ornamental or applied art, complete the exhibition. We cannot too emphatically express our concurrence in the under-quoted remarks of Mr. Brown regarding stained glass; nor could the high qualities of art in a simple form of expression, which he demands, be more decisively conveyed than in his cartoons for this purpose, such as the 'Transfiguration' and 'The Life and Death of St. Oswald.' 'With its heavy lead-lines surrounding every part (and no stained glass can be rational or good art without strong lead-lines), stained glass does not admit of refined drawing, or else it is thrown away upon it. What it does admit of, and above all things imperatively requires, is fine colour: and what it *can* admit of, and does very much require also, is invention, expression, and good dramatic action. For this reason, work by the great historical artists is not thrown away upon stained-glass windows, because, though high finish of execution is superfluous and against the spirit of this beautiful decorative art, yet, as expression and action can be conveyed in a few strokes equally as in the most elaborate art, on this side therefore stained glass rises again to the epic height.'

Here we quit Mr. Madox Brown's Exhibition, with the single further remark that it belongs to that rarest class which will be appreciated the more highly in proportion to the visitor's greater openness to new impressions, and keener temper of mind.

> Però che ciascun meco si conviene
> Nel nome che sonò la voce sola,
> Fannomi onore, e di ciò fanno bene.

MILLAIS.

Christ in the House of His Parents, '*The Carpenter's Shop*' (1850). Among the artists of the present year junior by position to the Academicians and Associates, we find none assuming a more remarkable position in the Academy Exhibition than the really youngest—those who, but a year or two ago, were unknown to the walls of the exhibition, and who are now at any rate sufficiently *known* and argued of. Such an effect is not produced without striking qualities in its producers. Mediocrity or routine may excite attention, or even admiration, in its allotted season; but it never causes a ferment. It is spoken of, liked or disliked, or despised: but its origin and bearings are not debated; it is not the occasion of rancour or party-spirit. In truth, it would be a labour of supererogation to defend the works we allude to, among which are included those of Messrs. Hunt and Millais in this exhibition, from the charge of mediocrity, were it not that accusations, impossible in that form against works palpably unlike the ordinary run, are launched at the assumed imitation of the elder examples in modern art; and what, in whatever shape, is imitation but the supplying of one's own deficiency in original power

from the wealth of others? But these accusations, if examined, will be often found laboriously to refute themselves. The position once advanced that the works under review are imitations of the earlier Italians, it will be shown categorically that these imitators have missed everything possessed by their originals, and have aimed at many things they would have shrunk from with contempt and disgust; inasmuch as they did *not* elaborate shavings, did *not* represent disease, did *not* treat sacred subjects with an utter abnegation of sacred feeling, did *not* excel in the mere mechanism of art. We shall be enlightened with an essay on the preference due to perspective over the want of it; with an assertion that the early painters would have applied it to their practice but for the narrow limits of their executive knowledge; with a second assertion, consequent hereon, that these their imitators perversely and without any such excuse ignore perspective and the other accessions of power time has placed at their disposal: and the upshot of all will be that the living artist is a wonderful executant, and a miserable conceiver, blasphemous, profane, revolting, sickening; that his imitation, or servile copy, or attempt at galvanizing death, possesses not one quality of that which it imitates—whose characteristics are purity of feeling, devoutness, love,—and does possess in an eminent degree that for want of which its original fails of perfection. A school of men in a remote century, and a man in the present year, aim at sacred art. The one achieves the aim spiritually, and fails manually; the other, succeeding manually, achieves, because of the lowness of his ideas, something not spiritual, not even human, but brutal and degrading. And, judging from these premises, let us recognise the closeness of the copy!

It will not fail to be remembered that, in what is said

above, we have been merely repeating accusations already made, and that iteration does not imply concurrence. Far indeed are we from adopting the same ground, or from arriving at the same conclusion; and most distinctly would we be understood to dissent from the absurd charge of incorrect perspective. That Mr. Millais's picture contains expression developed to a higher degree than beauty, and to a degree too merely circumstantial—that it contains limbs from nature not justifiable in being from ugly nature—we admit and lament: but that the purpose is elevated and distinctly sacred, the symbolism clear and consistent, we hope to prove. The text is this: 'And one shall say unto him 'What are these wounds in thy hands?' Then he shall answer 'Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends.'' The picture represents the interior of a carpenter's shop, not qualified, if we may trust our own perceptions, by squalor or dirt, but simply by the common and necessary adjuncts, tools, shavings, and planks of wood —and moreover by splendid colour and unique manipulation. Jesus, a child in the house of His parents, has wounded His *hand* with a nail, and the blood, dripping, has stained His *foot* also: smearings of it stain the *block of wood* that He was touching. His mother kneels to bind up the hurt, whom He kisses and comforts; while St. Joseph, pausing from his work, draws back the hand, to look at it. The infant John the Baptist advances with a bowl of *water*—he who will in the future baptize the Lord into His ministry of suffering: St. Elizabeth also is present, and an assistant to Joseph in his trade. Outside is a fold of sheep bleating into the air, unknowing yet dimly conscious. The picture tells thus, in typical utterance, of Jesus suffering and consoling; of the virgin mother loving and serving; of the Baptist ministering; of His flock. Is the idea unworthy?

Of the treatment, having already expressed our dissent from its excesses, we need only say that it is throughout human—the types humanly possible and probable (never mere symbol independent of the action), and whether apt we have explained. And shall we at last say that the effect of the whole, once understood (and its meaning is sufficiently self-evident), is poetry?—poetry not of the judgment, but of the mind and the hand; poetry which informs the colour and the accessories, which is the art of the artist by and through which he works. And as for the blemishes, they would not be there but for the feebleness, the nonentity visible and concrete, against which they exaggerate re-action.

Ferdinand lured by Ariel (1850). This is a more perfect work than the preceding one—more surprising; a marvel of executive delicacy poured out with delighted profuseness as from a cornucopia. Are we most to admire the labour or the facility, or rather to pronounce them one? or shall we decide in favour of the conception, or of the variety in action, of the elves?—a kind of vegetal bats that claw themselves together into phalanx; that, if clinging to the bushes, would not be seen, being of them; and that would, one may speculate, change their nature could they but once pass the twined thickness of leaves. To the Ariel we demur: not indeed because the spirit is green, which we hold to be as permissible as flesh-colour, or because embodied otherwise than as a conventional sylph or virtual ballet-girl; but because sufficient reference seems not to have been had to the idea of the poem, and in fact to the words of the *dramatis personæ*, 'Ariel, an Airy Spirit.' Yet even a well-founded objection like this seems almost impertinent, as not reaching the 'root of the matter,' before a work which might be said to hint of new opportunities to art.

The Woodman's Daughter (1851). One objection which

has lately been advanced to the literal rendering of a subject appears at first sight entitled to some respect on intellectual grounds: yet we believe that, when at all closely examined, it will be found a specious and self-confuting fallacy. It is said that no one sees the thing actually as it is, but through the medium of his own feelings; and that therefore the strict external representation is, for the higher purposes of art, not true, but false. Accepting this assumption, we would enquire how it is possible, whether desirable or not, that the artist should produce other than an ideal, *his own* ideal? Or we may take the converse of the proposition, and ask how the spectator, who cannot help idealizing nature in the mere act of vision, should find the literal copy of nature more impracticable? Either way, the objection appears untenable.

Mr. Millais's largest picture this year is from Mr. Patmore's poem of 'The Woodman's Daughter.' We can scarcely call it the most elaborate, seeing that the others are no less complete; but it is the one containing the greatest multiplicity of detail. To point out to any one who has visited the exhibition that in the landscape here there is more laborious minuteness, more patient humble-hearted subjection to nature, than in whatever other the gallery contains, would be quite superfluous. The scene is deep in summer with its profuse luxury of vegetation; the air throbs with penetrative light and warmth. The head of the aristocratic boy is a triumph of delicate painting; and the 'sullen tone' of embarrassment which Mr. Patmore's fine observation led him to note is expressed with the most masterly truth, not only in the flushed face, but in the angular tension of the limbs. Prejudiced must be the eye which ascribes this constrained position to any system other than the close study of nature. In the girl's

figure the distinctive character of the peasant-child has been enforced to the detriment, as we think, of beauty: but allowance is to be made for the evident fact that, in its most important portions, Mr. Millais has had to work against time. When we add to this a doubt whether some of the shadows on the figures are not too decidedly blue, we have summed up the defects of one of the most truly delightful pictures within our knowledge.

The Return of the Dove to the Ark (1851) is treated in a singularly charming and natural composition. The arrangement is simplicity itself; while in breadth and selection of colour, and in the quality of flesh-painting, this is perhaps the most advanced, if not absolutely the best, work Mr. Millais has yet produced. The foremost figure certainly is not one of those time-honoured blanket-draped persons whom it has been orthodox for some centuries to consider the types of scriptural women; she may indeed not be peculiarly suggestive of a daughter of Noah: but she has a large human sincerity of character, a healthful freshness primal if not primæval, which is as far above affected prettiness as it is unlike stilted convention.

Mariana in the moated grange (1851). The sentiment here is of utter dearth and life-weariness; no hope for the future, no present stay. A day is past, and nothing more; for the morrow will bring her no nearer to the goal. Throughout the long day's watching, the moist leaves have drifted in, and lie unheeded on her table; a mouse, fearless of disturbance, has come out from 'behind the mouldering wainscot'; and sunset lights up in the casement the emblem of the broken lily. In the dusk of her chamber an oratory-lamp burns dimly; and the bed waits to receive but not to comfort her, after one more day gone in the heartsick vain longing. Mr. Millais has expressed the weariness of mind

by an outward action which might be thought too obvious were the sentiment simple lassitude or grief: but it is more than this—it is the fruitless *close* of hope deferred, the piteous *abandonment* of a prolonged effort against despair: the whole past day is in the moment. And, as though to show his independence of merely physical means, the painter has to an almost hazardous extent divested his theme of its attributes of squalor. A glowing richness of hues surrounds the forlorn Mariana: the house is haunted only by a thought.

A Huguenot, on St. Bartholomew's Day, refusing to shelter himself from danger by wearing the Roman-catholic badge (1852). The key to the altogether peculiar impressiveness of this picture is, as we conceive, that it is produced on the Præraphaelite principle of faithful unswerving truth—a truth which recognises no degrees of less and more. The incident —which is so simple and intelligible as to need no explanation beyond what its title supplies—is founded on the Duc de Guise's order that 'each good Catholic should bind a strip of white linen round his arm' as a badge to be known by. It is not, however, strictly a strip of white linen which the lady attempts to tie round her lover's arm, but a silk kerchief of her own; for time presses, the hour of danger is come, and the first substitute at hand must serve. Her whole soul, which can see nothing but him in the world, looks through her eyes into his with an appealing trust and love;—surely she must prevail! He, inexorable as duty, calmly, with the very arm that clasps her to his breast, draws the kerchief asunder; and the poor rose in her bosom falls and breaks with the closeness of that last embrace. Even through the profound tenderness with which he meets her gaze, his countenance continues fixed in a certain religious austerity and elevation. The pang of part-

ing, the agony of her agony, are on one side—his faith and the Master he must serve upon the other: his choice is one and unfaltering. The human love, the solemn firmness and conviction, are expressed with equal intensity. The picture reaches poetry in its pathos. Yet we leave much unspoken even in saying this. We dwell primarily—and cannot in one sense dwell too exclusively—upon the feeling in which the subject has been conceived and rendered; but the wall and other accessories, the whole gorgeous yet unglaring colour, are, in point of mere excellence, just as wonderful; or rather it is the same faculty, the same love of truth, the same aspiration disdaining to stop short of the best, which has produced both. The one has likeness and feeling, and is subordinate; the other has life and mind superadded to these, and is supreme: both are *so* good because they are so true, and thorough, and unhesitating. The choice of type in each head is admirable—the man's especially, simply because it was the more difficult. One objection of a matter-of-fact kind occurs to us—that the male figure's leg (only one is seen, by a somewhat awkward arrangement) is too uniform in rounding.

A comparison of this picture of Mr. Millais's with Mr. Holman Hunt's 'Hireling Shepherd,' in the same exhibition, may suggest what is the main difference of mind which makes the works of the two painters so essentially diverse—colleagues as they are in principle, and compeers as we deem them in genius. The faculty of the one is in its nature reflective—of the other intuitive. Mr. Hunt thinks out his subject—invents and individualizes it: Mr. Millais sees, or, as we may say, creates his. Thus, the conception of the latter, the object he proposes to himself, is always strong and distinct; the agency for explaining it, as in the case of his 'Holy Family' of two years ago, sometimes

inadequate: and you feel the thing at once, or not at all. Mr. Hunt has always justified his intention to himself; and you see it fully detail after detail, and enter into it more and more. Thus, too, his rendering of nature is more substantive, its components more sharply defined and separable; Mr. Millais's more strikingly effective, and gaining in gorgeousness the more it is considered as a whole. Fulness, with the abstract quality of thought, characterizes the first; piercing intensity, the second.

Ophelia (1852). Shakspeare's description has been here strictly followed—

> 'Her clothes spread wide,
> And mermaidlike awhile they bore her up;
> Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
> As one incapable of her own distress,
> Or like a creature native and endued
> Unto that element.'

One of the most difficult subjects of a single figure within the range of art. There is madness to be represented—the madness of an ideal woman, whom we sympathize with almost as if we knew her—and the action of singing, and the calm 'mermaidlike' floating which is to end in pitiless death, and the unconsciousness of danger under conditions in which the spectator can only by an effort reconcile it to himself. These are points which tax equally the artist's conceptive power and his ability for truthful representation. Few persons can say conclusively in what exact position a woman would float in the resigned dreadless state of feeling imagined by Shakspeare. Probably Mr. Millais cannot answer from his own observation; we certainly cannot from ours. But we find the position he has adopted highly conceivable as a fact, and a perfect emotional rendering. Ophelia is drifting slowly with the stream—the point where she fell being out of the picture; slowly the current carries the garland out of her hand, and bears onward

the other flowers which she has let slip—funeral-flowers now; and slowly the water, which has covered her waist and arms, is reaching to her breast. The face is mad; yet where is the madness? We cannot tell; it is there, somewhere, because the painter is a poet. But the fair face is more than mad and calm as she floats singing to her grave, and the hands are more than helpless. There is a kind of fainting ecstasy in both, unconscious and inexplicable, as her eyes catch, perhaps, through some tangled canopy of leaves, a glimpse of the sky where she is to be 'a ministering angel,'—a meaning unrealized to his own thought probably by the artist himself—the something more than its express intention which we recognize in all intense poetry. The scene of this beautiful death is marvellous in painting: the willow-trunk with all its twigs and branches followed out—not a spray unexplained, not a leaf of the river-bank vegetation stuck in haphazard—the firm sharp rushes and the swaying duckweed—amid all which pierce the cheerful notes of a robin-redbreast. The starry detached look of the blossoms of a dog-rose bush is a subtle touch of nature. Of the water we are not so certain as of the other points of rendering: its colour is a dusky purple—we will not venture to say untruthful, but scarcely familiar to the eye, and the flow is so slight as hardly to enhance the appearance of liquidity. Nothing, however, can be more exquisite than the moveless transparency of that portion which closes round Ophelia's arm; and the delicacy, roundness, and firmness, of the flesh, the sweet features and soft bloom of the face, the living tenderness of the hands, and the rich floating hair amid which a single rose still blushes, are not to be surpassed.

The Order of Release (1853). In choice of subject and in some points of treatment, Mr. Millais has here met the opponents of Præraphaelitism half-way; to his great gain in

popular recognition, although not, as we think, to his own true progression. 'The Order of Release, 1745,' pourtrays the liberation of a Scottish prisoner of war—a Gordon, as his tartan shows. His wife, who carries in her arms their sleeping child, is the bearer of the order, and his eager dog leaps up to lick his hands. The expression of the woman is deeply imaginative. It is also of the extremest difficulty; being one of those expressions of *complicated* emotion of which Mr. Millais has already shown his singular mastery in the Huguenot picture and the Ophelia of last year. Triumph, endurance, the fulness of a heart torn with the ecstasy of joy and tenderness, the nervous unreason which conjures up the fear of failure even in the moment of exultation, speak in the flushed cheek, the proud mouth, the veiled eyes before which the objects swim, and the clutch of the hand which will not let go the 'order of release' held out to the impassive gaoler. The expression of the husband, who sinks overcome upon her bosom, is equally and intensely pathetic: and the minor incidents of his wounded arm, and the primroses which the boy had gathered for his father, now dropping from his grasp relaxed in the deep slumber of childhood, help to tell the story. The technical merits are admirable; deep simple colour unhacknied in its harmonies, perfect texture, and above all the flesh—as that of the child's legs. The sticklers for composition also will give Mr. Millais more than warm praise. Nevertheless, we are not without our objections; and they are objections attaching to what we conceive to be some paltering with the decried Præraphaelite doctrine of absolute undeviating truth. There is no background properly so called, but merely a laying of dark colour, which may be supposed to stand *instead of*, but cannot be admitted to stand *for*, the shadowed prison-wall. Such an assumption, again, is at

variance with the light on the figures, which seems to belong to an out-of-doors effect. Furthermore, the opening of the dungeon-door and the joys of liberation would scarcely have accompanied, still less preceded, the official scrutiny which the guard is bestowing upon the order of release. And the wife's feet are preternaturally delicate and unsoiled for one who has been walking barefoot. Let those who will accuse us, as they have heretofore accused Mr. Millais, of the love of dirt and ugliness: we maintain that those feet represented as they would have been, though always with whatever refinement the feelings of a true artist must dictate, would not only be more truthful, but would supply a link in the story of the wife who has despised toil and weariness in the cause of love. We may add that, with all our admiration of the feeling of this picture, it appears to us to partake more of the sentimental, and by so much to derogate from the nobly universal tone of the Huguenot subject of last year.

The Proscribed Royalist (1853) exhibits a Cavalier, who, hidden in the hollow trunk of a tree, kisses the hand of a fair Puritan from whom he receives a secret supply of food. The background here is perhaps the most lovely and the most perfectly painted which Mr. Millais has produced. The luxuriant vegetation, the ferns and mosses, the thick receding trees which scarcely allow a glimpse of sky, form a gorgeous feast of colour. A truly astonishing amount of beauty is got into the rugged trunk, with its sun-smitten elaboration of pearly hues; and the golden light which stars the foreground is no common paint, but a veritable Promethean theft. The satin gown, too, is vivid beyond precedent, and all the colour of the lady's upper dress a chaste pure harmony. The weather-dimmed gallantry of the Cavalier is completely expressed, but perhaps

he is rather small; and the cautious apprehension in his good angel's handsome but hardly engaging face has a touch of peevishness. The work has a positive glory about it, however, from the downright beauty of the scene and the object-painting. It strikes us—though we speak hesitatingly in the case of so known a student of the real as Mr. Millais—that some of the shadows on the satin are too absolutely black, to the neglect of reflected lights.

The Rescue (1855). The admissibility and the right treatment of exceptional incidents as subjects for art are questions of considerable importance. We hold that these are admissible sparingly, but indubitably, when dwelt upon, not for the futile reason that they are singular, but as developing in an extraordinary degree qualities, effects, or emotions, valuable in themselves; and that, once selected, they must be treated with uncompromising respect to truth, which will be in such cases exceptional truth, or, if there be no help for it, with a bold and confessed conventionality in certain points of fact which cannot be fully managed in combination with the essential purpose. Mr. Millais's exceptional picture of 'The Rescue,' where three children, saved from a burning house, are restored to their mother, fulfils both these conditions. Intense and noble human emotion in a moment of overwhelming dramatic interest, which comes home to all of us with the most perfect directness and force, is its essence; and this is represented under an effect which every resource of art has been used to render to the utmost thoroughgoing and fierce, as far as is compatible with the supremacy of that emotion. The entire history and action of the picture are concentrated into the briefest compass. Of actual fire there is none save a burning brand upon the staircase; but the full virulence and horror of it are embodied in the glare upon the figures, and

the means used for its counteraction in the hose which lies along the stairs. The mother kneels half-way up the flight, her golden hair hardly gathered up, and with nothing on her but her night-gown. Why she is at that precise spot we do not know exactly, any more than we might in nature. Perhaps she has been hurrying about frantically, running up and down the stairs after her children, till beaten back by the scorching flames and stifling smoke; perhaps she has fallen on her knees to pray; or dropped down at this very moment to receive the priceless treasure in her arms. However this may be, the anguish is now all gone; there is nothing in her face but an ecstatic joy that floods every pulse of her being—flushes her cheeks rose-crimson, parts her panting lips, and lights up her azure eyes like cressets. The fireman is descending the stairs with determined unprecipitate caution—a solid dauntless Englishman, whose daily bread is the contempt of death—his mouth sensitive, but compressed and unbending, his eyes counting every treacherous step before him. His business at the instant is to deliver up the children; and doubtless there is other business for him in the flames which must be attended to with wordless promptitude. The best criticism we have heard on his passionless self-possession was expressed in the phrase 'There is the whole battle of Inkerman in that face.' Round his neck clings the eldest boy, who looks back into the fire with curiosity, excited but unterrified. Under his right arm is a little girl, the hem of her night-shift burned away, and her poor legs singed, and the long yellow hair falling so as wholly to conceal her face; but we need not see it, for we know its expression, as, pressing her hand hard against the man, she strains to leap out of his grasp into her mother's. His left hand holds an infant, which sobs in utter piteous distress, but has now recognized its

beloved refuge, as it clasps its mother round the neck. To our perception, no possible heightening could be given to the pathos of the scene as expressed in this half-visible face, that of the mother, and the girl's action; while the fireman and the boy are equally right for true character, and as affording the counterbalance of comparative repose to emotions so wild and hurried. As for the effect, it blazes with an inner light which almost seems its own, and not matter of the laying-on of pigment. That it is absolutely true—that there would not be something more of capricious play and variation in nature—we are far from supposing or asserting; as far as we are from believing that a more resolute approximation to this particular truth is extant anywhere else. Of the main correctness of the deep crimson tone of the fire-reflection, rather than any yellower or paler shade, we entertain no doubt from reminiscences of actual fire-effects witnessed by night. Dawn, grey and primrose-hued, is here stealing on, as may be seen by the glimpse of roofs and sky out of window, and by the tone which falls over the mother, whom some turn in the wall must be understood to have taken out of the fire-light and thrown into cool shadow; but this would not, we apprehend, make any material difference in the blood-red effect within-doors. Probably there would be more smoke than the artist has represented—but the suppression of that (if really to be expected) is a bold conventionality, such as we started by calling necessary in order not to interfere with the expression of the picture: possibly also the window-panes would have cracked in the furious heat, and the reason for the cessation of the fire-light on the mother and infant would be more clearly explained by a sharper boundary-line of shadow. The fireman looks stunted; and some parts of the picture—parts strictly subordinate—are manifestly hurried.

Here ceases what we find to say in demur. We call the work its author's master-piece, and have nothing to express but admiration of the sentiment and wonder at the execution.

Peace Concluded (1856). A Crimean officer, returned home, is reading the news of peace in the *Times*. One of his two little girls has brought out her Noah's ark, and is displaying the animals emblematic of the warring powers—lion, cock, turkey, and Arctic bear—concluding the array with the dove bearing the olive-branch. The other looks up with childish intentness at papa, as though she had hardly got well acquainted with him yet. The strong points of the work are its superlative vigour of colour and execution, the heads of the children, and the beautiful face of the wife, full of tender happiness and repose of heart. Its weak points lie in an invention of the subject somewhat puerile for the painter of the 'Huguenot' and the 'Rescue'; in the wife's position, which, without being improbable, looks rather uncomfortable and constrained; and in some partial slap-dash of handling, as in the figure of the standing child, and the battle-print on the wall. The dog is a splendid piece of lifelike painting; and the whole shows a power of rapid work in the artist fully commensurate with his power of elaboration in former works, though we should not wish to see it adopted too freely.

Autumn Leaves (1856) presents the painter in a new aspect. It is a work entirely of sentiment and effect; the evident object being, as in some pictures of the Venetians and eminently of Giorgione, to convey an emotion at once intense and undefined. Story there is none—merely four young girls feeding a heap of burning autumn-leaves; special individual expression there is none: everything is done by colour, and by a certain passion in the artist which com-

municates itself to the spectator. To do this well is one of the most arduous tests of a genuine vocation; and Mr. Millais has mastered it with a power which places the work among his greatest achievements. For colour, it is the most superb thing in the gallery; and the expression of glowing twilight is in the highest degree wonderful and beautiful: note especially the deep tone and evanescent detail of the poplar against the sunset redness in the sky. Each face has a living sweetness and loveliness of its own. The look and action of the elder of the two sisters, who is dropping the leaves upon the smoking pile, would be open to objection as being beyond the simple incident, and obviously addressed to the beholder, but that, in art of this peculiar aim, whatever assists the emotion carries out the purpose, and is legitimized by it. Such works are not painted to be reasoned upon, but to be felt and delighted in; and this will rank with the highest of its order—with those in which the appeal is most direct, and each feature of the means employed most absolutely absorbed into the essential spirit of the whole.

L'Enfant du Régiment (1856), though neither so powerful nor so elaborate as some of Mr. Millais's pictures, is one of his choice pieces of execution,—all but the background figures, which are sketched in with a flimsiness not worthy of the painter. The tale is a pretty one, intelligibly told in the briefest compass. A party of French soldiers, perhaps in the troubles of the first Revolution, are defending a church. A little girl has got wounded in the arm during the scuffle, and has been laid, tenderly covered over by a soldier's coat, upon the Gothic effigy of an old knight, where, spite of artillery and turmoil, she falls into a gentle slumber. The interest entirely centres in this point, and all here is delicate and suggestive.

The Blind Girl (1856) is a deeper and higher effort than the last: a most pathetic thought, treated in a spirit which may be called religious. A poor girl subsisting on charity —her bosom labelled with the inscription 'Pity the Blind'— is seated on a wayside bank, after a shower. The glory of a double rainbow is in the dark-grey sky; the waving luxuriant meadow-grass is laughing again in bright cool sunshine; crows, sheep, and cattle, rejoice in its return, and a butterfly settles upon her worn dress. Of all this she knows only what she can *feel*—the mild warmth of the sun, but not its splendour; she only knows the presence of her sister, who is turning round to gaze upon the rainbow, by holding her hand, and the harebells which cluster the bank only by fingering them. Her sweet innocent face, with the large lids drooping over the veiled eyes, inclines forward, with that look of craving sadness so peculiar to the blind, but always patient and content. The exquisite truth of the English landscape, and the faithful purpose which makes every detail of homeliness in the figures touching and valuable, should not pass unpraised. If minor faults are to be specified, we should object to the unnecessary clumsiness of the blind girl's hand upon the bank, the cutting-off of her feet just at the edge of the frame, and the excessive size of the sister's boots, which almost deceives the eye into supposing that her lower limbs are either out of perspective or out of proportion.

Some condemnatory remarks have been made on the award of the Liverpool Academy's prize to this picture. It is first characterized as 'crude.' This is rather a wide term, and may be understood in more senses than one. As the conception of a picture is a very important part of it, one may first enquire whether 'The Blind Girl' *is* crude in conception. Painted as it apparently is with the main view of

making us feel the mournful bereavement of those who are deprived of sight, the artist has fixed attention on something which all recognize and hail as an unusual and transcendent object of sight—the double rainbow. But it would not be enough to limit our thoughts to that: we must be made to feel that the essence of the bereavement is its absoluteness and its permanence; that what *we* look upon as the commonest objects are common only because it is our daily and hourly privilege to see them. The general features of the scene are accordingly of the homeliest and most familiar kind—the slaty sky, the early spring-grass refreshed with rain and sun-gleam, the ugly English houses of our own day. All this is seen with quiet childlike enjoyment by the blind girl's sister, who has but to turn her head and look; while the blind girl herself can but listen to the prattle about the 'pretty rainbow,' and not understand it. As for the minor question, crudity of execution, perhaps the tender spring-greens of grass under sunshine, opposed to the slaty grey of retiring rain in the further sky, might look crude to some eyes in nature: at any rate, they appear to be represented with considerable accuracy in the picture. Next we hear of 'haystacks painted no larger than a cow, and a donkey no larger than a crow.' The censor, on looking up from his paper to his window, might perhaps have found that a house is no larger than a pane of glass, *if one only takes the right distance;* and that a cat immediately over the way is some number of times, in proportion to the relative distances, larger than a horse up the street. But possibly the objection really means that the distances are not represented in true aërial perspective—an objection not altogether easy to deal with. If the artist has longer sight than the critic, that alone would make a great difference in their perception of right and wrong on this point: but, inde-

pendently of this, the effect here indicated—a gleam of clear light along a rising grassy plain, and against a dark distance—is one which peculiarly tends to bring out the remoter lighted objects clearly in form and detail, while their *dimensions* remain, of course, to be determined by the distance alone.

"*A Dream of the Past, Sir Isumbras at the Ford* (1857) flashes out on the eyes from the gallery wall with something of the splendour, vividness, and strangeness, of nature itself, while everything else turns by contrast into dead pigment. One sees a glowing luminous horizon, emerald-tinged in twilight; a glorious line of intensely blue Scotch hills, with autumn trees amid which the rooks caw, and the relics of an old bridge; a huge black horse crossing the river; and, on his back, a queer, keen, withered old knight, genial and manly withal, and even chivalrous,—a little peasant-girl, whose great open eyes, though she hardly dares to stare at him with them, cannot enough wonder at and admire the mighty hero in his gilded armour,—and, holding on to the knight, her younger brother, with a faggot of sticks, glad to be so safe out of harm's way. The expressions are wonderfully lifelike and spirited; and there is an easy triumphant power in every part of the picture such as would furnish out a score of successful painters. Still, the work deserves to be severely taxed. The amount of thought which goes to its production is not in proportion to the energy of perception and richness of temperament: the incident seems to have been chosen as representative of the spirit of chivalry, and it is right enough as far as it goes; but that is not far, nor is the knight splendid enough for a type of knighthood. On the manifest over-size of the horse's head and neck we would not lay much stress; call it frankly a blunder, and there an end. The way in which he straddles right across

the canvas from bound to bound is a more serious objection pictorially; and the absolute smoothness of the water through which he wades up to the haunches offends the eye, as a reckless violation of possibility. To vigour of painting every touch of the brush bears witness; but carelessness of painting also is only too perceptible,—as an extreme instance, look at the mere smear of formless umber which stands for the boy's hand clasping the knight. It was not by this kind of work that Mr. Millais won his position, but by thorough earnestness, and devotion to the completeness of his art; and his real admirers will reckon hardly with him whenever he recedes a step. Altogether, this picture is one of the most powerful—even of the most splendid—which he has produced, but also one of the most open to attack, and on the most serious grounds.

The Escape of a Heretic, 1559, (1857) is somewhat less admirable than the preceding, and its execution, while less grand, is no whit more deliberate; but there is a sense of overwhelming dramatic crisis. A girl condemned to the stake for heresy is rescued by her lover in the disguise of a friar-confessor,—who gags his fellow-priest with his own rosary, binds him hand and foot, and in a moment has his gown over the tabard in which the lady has been arrayed for death, with the frightful devils and flames painted on the yellow ground. The priest glares with his goggling blue eyes, and twitches hard with his impotent thumbs; the girl rushes forward into her lover's arms, and would be screaming with excitement; he, still holding the naked dagger over her, is hissing out a terrible 'hush!' with outshot lips and clenched brows. It is the most startling moment realized in the most startling manner. However, the expressions are so extreme that they will look almost ludicrous to most people: there are some truths which cannot be

conveyed in painting without an appearance of exaggeration. Nor are the expressions extreme only, but difficult to understand: it is not without careful reflection that one apprehends the exact point of the story, and even at last we are not certain that the girl's expression is quite right. The colour is the most neutral that Mr. Millais has painted: the lover's right leg is strangely twisted inwards, or curiously elastic. One point must not be overlooked: in spite of the somewhat melodramatic incident, and the fierceness and suddenness of the emotions, the whole is so strongly conceived, and looks so true, as not to produce any melodramatic impression. The pictures of this year, we may add, indicate a turning-point in Mr. Millais's career, undoubtedly perilous. Full master as he now is of his own powers, it is for himself to decide whether he will advance from strength to strength, or scatter in waste that which he has earned with toil and held in triumph.

The Ransom (1862). Mr. Millais is invariably the best painter, as such, in any exhibition to which he contributes. This work shares with his recent 'Black Brunswicker' the merit of being one of his most evenly painted pictures, and also the drawback of being one of his least intense in general calibre and particular excellences. It does not enthral or even interest one so much as others: and the group has rather a set aspect. Another blemish is the characterless air of the costumes; they do not identify any special period, and, which is more blameworthy, have not a *real* look, which would redeem any fair amount of mere inaccuracy; the elder girl, whose back is turned, in a pale maroon-violet dress with gilt edges, more Indian-looking than anything else, is the most extreme instance of this defect, and not, to our eyes, even fine as a piece of local colour. The subject is a well found one: a knight ransoming his two young

daughters, who have been detained as hostages by an opponent, or perhaps seized in a feud. The father is represented at the moment of offering some jewels in part payment, which the hostile baron seems to decline; he will have nothing but money, jewels are not 'in the bond.' This point is well carried out in the actions of the father's page, whose hand recurs to his purse, and of the opponent's retainer, who, with a shrewd and not unkindly smile, still keeps steady hold of the girls' wrists. Another head—that of a relative, perhaps, of the detaining baron—does not aid the story. A bloodhound, familiar friend of the girls in their weary bondage, waits upon their departing footsteps. We think it unfortunate that Mr. Millais has not given, as he might readily have done, additional emphasis to the gist of his subject by indicating a family likeness between the father and the daughter whose face is seen. The finest points are the handsome, courageous, yet anxious face of the father, the retainer's lifelike head, and the flesh-painting of the page; the formal selfishness of the master of the house, gratifying his small soul by a small act of stringency, is also well expressed, and the hands are perhaps the best that Mr. Millais has painted. With some shortcomings, this work would be a triumph for a painter other than Mr. Millais, and is a credit, though not a vaunt, to him. Actuality of representation, force and richness of colouring, are present in large measure: the picture, however, has less value as a work of colour, in the distinctive sense of the term, than several others by its painter.

Trust me (1862). This must, on the whole, count as the 'crack picture' of the Academy. The materials are of the simplest and most matter-of-fact, and in no way specially pictorial; but the excellence of painting, and the charm of perfect ease and truth, are supreme. An old fox-hunting

squire has come down to breakfast in the costume of the chase; his daughter has preceded him, and has taken from the post-bag a letter addressed to herself, which her father asks after, but she holds behind her and will not produce. One surmises a love-letter, but one not probably requiring any particular secrecy; the fair one stands upon her sex's privilege of wilfulness, for its own sake, and to give a little line to papa. The heads, with a nice suggestion of family likeness, are right to a tittle for their purpose; with plenty of 'blood' in them, and the quietest, most finely-touched shades of expression. The execution, less elaborate than in the earlier works of Mr. Millais, but missing nothing which requires to be given, is a thorough sample of the *ars celare artem*, from the heads to the 'pink' of the father and the chocolate silk dress of the daughter, and from these to the white folding-doors shut, with a line of gilt down the junction, forming the simplest of backgrounds. When Mr. Millais does so much with so little, we are in no mood to ask for more, though doubtless there is such a thing as more to be had, and we should even prefer to have it:—and yet the artistic triumph is enhanced by this very slightness of subject. The simple, refined, matter-of-fact, yet not wholly unsuggestive theme could not have been more excellently treated by any painter of any time or school than by Mr. Millais: the art and importance he gives to it are just enough, and no hair's-breadth beyond. As a study of expression, the daughter's face should be carefully considered. It is impassive—so impassive that it might be transferred without impropriety to a portrait-subject; and yet so *capable* of meaning, and so apt in completing the whole action of the figure, that it deserves rather to be regarded as giving the exactly right, only half traceable, shade of emotion which the occasion demands.

The Parable of the Woman seeking for a piece of Money (1862). This is one of a series of designs made by Mr. Millais from the Parables, and executed on wood: the oil-picture has been modified in various minor respects. It is a most vigorous and brilliant piece of candle-light effect, with a blue night-sky outside, touched with a mystery of dim prismatic hues by the serene moon: the woman's face is of fine contour, and gives all that is required by the subject in actuality of expression. Yet, with every thing to praise and nothing to blame in this rich piece of painting, we must add that it has no significance. We see a woman looking for something on the floor, but not, in any special sense, the woman of the parable. It may be mainly the fault of the subject.

The Eve of St. Agnes (1863). A very important question, as to subject-matter and its treatment in art, is raised by this the great picture of the year. The popular objection to the work is that it is not like Keats's description, to which many censors add that Madeline is ugly or ungraceful. The latter objection does not bear directly upon our present enquiry: there can be no doubt that Mr. Millais *intended* his Madeline to be charming, and, if he has not succeeded, that is a failure, not a perversity of intention. The other objection is perfectly true: the picture is not like Keats's. Keats places Madeline's bed behind her (a point of some importance to the incident, because Madeline 'dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled'); Mr. Millais, in front of her: Keats's scene is mediæval, Mr. Millais's Jacobean; Keats's window is 'triple-arched,' Mr. Millais's square and square-mullioned; Keats's moonlight (we have heard even this proposed as an objection to the picture) is inaccurately like sunlight in the colours which it casts from the window; Mr. Millais's is accurately silvered down. All these dis-

crepancies are truly stated: what is the upshot of them with regard to Mr. Millais's picture? Simply this: that he was under no obligation to cite Keats as an authority for his picture of a girl going to bed by moonlight in a chamber with a painted window, but that he chose to do so for the sake of the association and the interest thence derivable. For our own part we do not dissent from his preference: we would rather remember the picture in connexion with the lovely passage from Keats, link together in our mind Keats's Madeline and Millais's maiden, and gulp down the discrepancies for the sake of the association, than have nothing to think about except the girl and the moonlight. Not but that these are really the things to think about, and 'Millais's Moonlight' as good a name for the picture, and as likely to be adopted in practice by artists and others, as any other name: just as 'The Carpenter's Shop' and 'The Fireman' do duty from mouth to mouth as the titles of two of the artist's other pictures, though no such titles were printed in the Academy Catalogue. The whole question, however, from this literal point of view, is of next to no consequence. It is as likely as not that Mr. Millais's real inspiration was not Keats's poem at all, but the moonlight which he saw, or which he thought he would like to see to paint a picture of. Assuming, on the contrary, that the idea for a picture which was first in his head was that of the *Eve of St. Agnes*, and the second and subsidiary idea that of painting a moonlight at Knowle, the course of his thought, as a painter, would naturally be this: 'Here is Keats representing a painted window by moonlight, and a girl, by means of poetry. He has made a noble thing of it. I will look at the same sort of thing as nearly as my opportunities allow, select my girl and my moonlit room, and make a picture of that.' And he has done it, to a

result as transcendent in painting, in its way, as Keats's is in poetry.

Is it to be said, then, that a painter may take up any subject from a poem, and paint it almost at random, so far as the poem is concerned? By no means. He must not paint it at random; and, however leniently we may judge Mr. Millais's free-and-easy treatment of Keats's facts, we feel none of the same indulgence for his own unsuggestiveness of any poetic beauty and meaning corresponding to that of Keats. We do not agree with many objectors that his damsel is, properly speaking, ill-favoured; but we do agree that she has little of the poetic charm attaching to Keats's Madeline; and in especial we condemn Mr. Millais's obtuseness to 'keeping' as regards costume (a point of which he is always quite careless), and the want of beauty in the forms and drawing of his draperies. But the knot of the whole question lies in the pictorial point of view, as distinct from the poetic or any other. Mr. Millais is a painter, and he is quite right in assuming that his paramount business is to paint a pictorial moonlight as best he can, more or less like Keats's poetic moonlight as the chance shall turn out. This he has done, producing a wondrous and a glorious pictorial moonlight, a glamour of indescribably tinted lustre, radiant in the light, dim in the darkness, mysterious and delicious everywhere; and, thoroughly as we feel that he is indifferently qualified for illustrating Keats, and has not even taken the trouble to strain to its utmost his faculty in that direction, we feel at the same time that he is amazingly well qualified to illustrate the thing which Keats here illustrated—viz., moonlight; and that his superb success in that respect is, though not a discharge, a set-off for all collateral defects. One would perhaps fain 'draw upon him' for Keats; but he does not give one Keats, and pleads 'value delivered' in a different medium.

There is a solid distinction between the recklessness of his professed subject shown by a great naturalistic painter in pursuit of pictorial realization, as by Mr. Millais in this instance, and incapacity for his subject shown by a commonplace man. In the former case the painter is bent upon his paramount object, and, by attaining it, compounds, in the best way he possibly could, for whatever defects he is chargeable with. He gives you the best of his own special excellence, instead of the nearest equivalent to another man's excellence; and, if we are not to have both, there is no denying that we get the better of the two. The designer has been negligent in illustrating his nominal subject-matter, because he is urged onward by an instinct for seen facts and for paint—the born painter's birthright. On the other hand, the commonplace artist has no real instinct for anything, and has therefore nothing to offer in compensation when he misses what he professes to be aiming at. He displays poverty of *pictorial* perception, as well as of insight into the theme which he is dealing with; instead of attaining the goal by a different route, he breaks down half-way.

The Wolf's Den:—My First Sermon (1863). In these pictures,—the quartett of gambolling children, and the single little girl,—Mr. Millais is again Millais the unapproachable. There is no such painting as this to be got elsewhere in the united kingdom; no such power, brilliancy, suavity, ease, and 'go'; no such rapid portraiture of lineament and life; no such full indication of slight things, without the insistence which a painter is justified in reserving for important things, if he chooses. It deserves notice too that Mr. Millais, though certainly not overburdened with intricate thought, and treating in these pictures subjects which may fairly be called trivial, puts no grain of triviality

into his work: the girl in the pew is as serious as a Bellini, and the children romping between the pianoforte legs have a quality of pictorial grandeur. None of the small points which could be picked out for animadversion in the pictures are worth mentioning at the moment, in view of such a general result.

My Second Sermon. (1864) presents the same small damsel, now in a doze, who figured last year wide-eyed at 'My First Sermon.' This is an excellent piece of painting, and agreeable in childlike character; though it is rather exasperating to find a man of such pictorial power and command of expression as Mr. Millais knocking off picture after picture of little girls and boys. To be a family-man is not without its perils to the artist: he *will* be painting his own cherubs, and mammas will be admiring them, and commissioning him to paint theirs as well.

Leisure Moments (1864). Mr. Millais is very generally to be found among the artists who have achieved a genuine success; although he sometimes makes a decided miss, and continually provokes you in one way or other. However, his tremendous faculty for painting, unrivalled by any contemporary Briton, enables him, for the most part, to 'come in at a canter,' and overbears every counter-plea. Thus it is in the present year. 'Leisure Moments,' representing two over-dressed little girls, in a room whose decoration seems intended to outface anybody who enters it, lolling on the floor beside a globe of gold fish, is destitute of sentiment, and even of taste; the children are much too brazen and *blazé* for the former, the get-up of the place too fine without charm of detail for the latter. Yet all this makes comparatively little difference: the picture is a positive and vivid success, in virtue of the signal power with which it is painted, and (perhaps we should add) of its singleness

of purpose directed solely to this end. The painter has not faltered or had misgivings. He has determined that we shall admire, on account of its painting, a picture of children whence the charm and *naïveté* of childhood are absent, and in which the metallic worldly key-note struck by two girls just emerging from infancy shall be sustained throughout. He has done it unflinchingly; and that which, in less strenuous hands, would have been a repulsive failure, comes out, in his, a strong artistic success.

Charlie is my Darling (1864) shows a young lady, brimming and blooming with health and spirit, in a riding-habit, standing on a mounting-block, and looking out (if we understand aright the application of the title) for her lover. One cannot call this quite a tasteful picture: but it is a brilliant piece of rapid, direct, forcible work, well worthy of the artist, while the fixity and yet impulsiveness of the figure have a certain originality by no means to be slighted as easy or valueless.

Lilly, daughter of J. Noble Esq. (1864). Here Mr. Millais is decidedly below his own mark. The first and potent objection is that this, in general arrangement of pose and colour, is little more than a *rechauffé* of the 'First Sermon' of last year: the next is that in no single quality is it remarkable, relatively to Mr. Millais's range of faculty: the third, that there is an awkward intermixture of the extra-literal treatment, according to which the child-sitter is represented accurately posed for her portrait, in a chair raised upon the portrait-painter's 'throne,' and of the 'pet' treatment which has dictated the bestowal of a doll upon the 'darling creature,' to be held while she sits. This is not so serious an objection as the other two; yet it indicates an incongruous and a rather silly notion of the subject. A picture of a person sitting for a portrait is not properly

a portrait, but a *genre* or domestic picture; while a portrait, rightly understood, is a representation of the person in his ordinary or some special aspect, founded upon the artist's study of him while he was sitting. The two things cannot be mixed without being jumbled.

The Romans leaving Britain (1865). Mr. Millais has hardly painted a finer or more approvable picture than this, although some of its precursors may satisfy individual preferences, as they do ours, on one ground or another, chiefly that of distinctive and personal originality. This work shows us a Roman legionary in the final parting from his British wife or mistress, when the decadent masters of the world relinquished their grasp of the remote island which they could no longer hold securely. The feeling of tension and crisis as the last moment for parting impends, and the sense of space, and of a whole world to be lost in and to divide the spouses, are very finely conveyed: a gull screams and disappears in the moist air; the cliffs jut out and toss; the sea breaks far below on the shore, blue with immingled greens and russets. The colour and tone of the background and the nearer scrubby soil are so simple and masterly that one may fairly call them perfect, although they are possibly somewhat fainter and slighter than fact would warrant. The figures also are to a great extent excellent, especially the jealous fierceness of the woman who will keep possession of her husband till the very end, as so much rightful property: one sees that she would fly like a cat at any intruder, and that 'wild and whirling words' may yet have to be exchanged even with the husband himself, such is the rage of her affection at his departure. His figure is hardly inferior in the expression of its action, but he is a trifle tame on the whole; the woman's feet also seem rather inefficiently placed. For power of painting, this and the

other works of Mr. Millais stand, as usual, supreme in the exhibition.

HOLMAN HUNT.

A converted British Family sheltering a Christian Missionary from the persecution of the Druids (1850). The story here is told distinctly, and with a striking attention to suggestive detail. In a hut constructed with one side open (as are bricklayers' sheds at the present day), and adjacent to a stream—an arrangement whereby, without any unnatural sacrifice to pictorial necessities, the artist has enabled us to see what is passing both within and without—is a Christian priest who sinks in exhaustion among his converts. He has been engaged in preaching to the Britons at a temple of the old religion, whence the Druids are inciting the barbarians to acts of persecution. These are chasing a second missionary, who flees, well-nigh hunted now to death. He labours panting and with encumbered limbs, while behind rushes the whooping and yelling crowd, pitiless. Inside the hut its occupants are ministering to the safety and restoration of their teacher. A youth, who is squeezing for his revival grape-juice into a cup held by a little boy, watches, through a gap in the wall, the people collected around the temple. Two men are together at the door; one of whom, the head of the family, shuts it while his eyes follow the Christian in flight. A boy crouches to the ground, the better to catch the sound of the pursuers' feet. One woman is moistening the preacher's mouth with a sponge; a second supports him from behind; and a girl

is removing a thorn-bramble which has clung to his dress in his escape, and has torn his feet.

Two qualities are prominent in the picture; the number and consentaneousness of the actions and incidents represented, and the marked carefulness of the execution. The effect of broad sunlight has been aimed at, not merely in the mass, but in the painting of each several part. So scrupulously, indeed, has this object been held in view that it may in some measure have counteracted itself: hence a certain crudity of colouring which makes the picture stand out bodily from those about it. A not less noticeable point is the thought and pains given to the telling of the story in detail. Thus, a cross rudely scored on the wall of the hut, and having a lamp burning before it, explains that the inmates are converted; fishing-nets are hung in the sun to dry, indicating the same fact, on the ground of the asserted sacredness of fish in the druidical religion. It is scarcely necessary to say that the work is painted in utter disregard of all rules simply conventional, and for which no reason can be deduced from nature; and the mere trick of composition is of these. Yet composition founded on beauty when not incompatible with likelihood is a true principle not lightly to be departed from: and we may notice an unnecessary, and so far injudicious, repetition of perpendicular lines in the lower drapery of the principal figure, as connected with that of the woman.

The Hireling Shepherd (1852). Mr. Hunt gives his picture this motto from 'King Lear'—

> 'Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?
> Thy sheep be in the corn:
> And, for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
> Thy sheep shall take no harm.'

This motto is virtually the title of the picture, while its

moral is expressed in the words 'The Hireling Shepherd.' The first quality which strikes in this work is its peculiar manliness, and spirit of healthful enjoyment. There is no laziness in it—no listless unappreciative copyism, or putting up with whatever comes first. The actions of all these sheep—each distinct and characteristic—have been watched and perfectly understood. In the country scene in which the incident takes place—from the marsh-mallows, elecampane-plant, and thickly-tangled grass of the foreground, to the August corn-field and pollard-willows, and above all the elms and bean-stacks of the distance—there is a feeling of the country, its sunny shadow-varied openness, such as could hardly be more completely expressed; a reality which makes the distance beyond the horizon as conceivable and as actual to the spectator as it would be in nature. It is evident from Mr. Hunt's title that the seemingly unimportant incident of the old song has been treated not merely as a casual episode of shepherd life, but with a view to its moral suggestiveness; and the same feeling is to be traced throughout. The shepherd who neglects his flock is a 'hireling' shepherd: he has caught a moth, which he is engaged in showing to his lass, deeming it a fine opportunity for sidling up to her and being idle; but it is a death's-head moth, and the ill omen is hinted at in the girl's startled shrink, ever so slight and involuntary though it be. She has a favourite lamb on her knees, but gives it nothing wholesomer to eat than unripe apples; meanwhile the sheep are in the full career of disorder. That some of them 'be in the corn' we know by one whose head protrudes above as he makes blind way onwards: the bell-wether stops bleating for a moment at the entrance, but he has already crossed the marsh; others hustle after; and in the distance one or two have also caught the imitative im-

pulse, and are about to follow. The healthy-blooded rusticity of the figures—robust, but (save in the girl's raw-beef feet) not coarse—hits the happy medium; and the broad open-air sunlight effect has been kept undeviatingly in view. This is the explanation of the almost crimson redness of the faces; an explanation which, after much indecision, we are disposed to hold sufficient. In the object-painting we find cause for unmixed praise, except as regards the nearer water, which is of too chalky and positive a whiteness, and has a wiry appearance through retouching; and the apples on the girl's lap are of a metallic green, scarcely observable even in the unripe fruit.

Claudio and Isabella (1853). Subtlety of thought in combination with the most manly breadth and directness of feeling is the distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Hunt. His method displays this, as well as his conceptions; and it is thoroughly exemplified in the 'Claudio and Isabella'—the prison-scene from 'Measure for Measure,' whose essence is distilled in the quotation, 'Death is a fearful thing—And shamèd life a hateful.' The work shows forth the opposition between moral elevation and moral cowardice, with that calm self-possession which is true power. The bowed head of Claudio, his sidelong glance and mouth set half open, and the impulse which directs his unconscious hand to the manacled limb, express, as fully and quietly as we can conceive it, the dread of death and the ignoble hope. The appeal of Isabella, whose wrist he had clasped in his urgency, has the solemnity and earnestness of an order of feeling altogether loftier. The half-shadow falling on both figures, from the light behind them which enters through the prison casement, is managed with wonderful beauty; and the whole colour is varied in sober richness. The glimpse of fresh blue sky and the apple-blossom through

the window, with the church-spire visible afar like an emblem of religious duty controlling the immediate affections, and the lute hung up in the dungeon, form especially a delicious passage of colour. The hands of Isabella—rather large and long—are also painted with extraordinary truth of effect. Perhaps Claudio's hair looks a little like a wig; and we feel, though unable to say precisely wherein it consists, a degree of immaturity in the style of this work as compared with Mr. Hunt's latest,—which the date marked in the corner, 1850, may account for. In force of conception it is surpassed by none; impressing as it does all the moral dignity of the subject, without any of that didactic tameness which is heresy in art.

Our English Coasts (1853). In point of perfection, we must pronounce this small sheep-picture to stand first in the Academy Exhibition, in virtue of its showing sentiment of the highest order belonging to its subject, absolute truth, and beauty and finish of execution. The first and most important quality, the sentiment, is indeed developed to such a point as to raise the work into the rank of poetic and even of abstract treatments; so intense is the expression of the general subject resulting from the individual expressions of the strayed flock, one of whose members has slipped neck-deep into a tangled net of briary foliage, and so directly suggestive of its finer analogies. We may say without exaggeration that this picture, barren of a single human figure, and confining itself to strictly ovine expression, contains as deep a human interest as any in the gallery. Then what variety and character are there in the actions of the sheep; what a brilliant glow of colour in the foreground grasses and wild-flowers; what studious fidelity both of design and general aspect in the green hill-side which forms the middle distance; and what a sunny warmth over

all, from the reflections on the foremost sheep to the just visible track of vapour drawn along the sky by the remote steamer! Such a picture of such a subject counts as a new experience in art. We rate it as (according to its scale and theme) the most triumphant vindication yet seen of the Præraphaelite principle; showing how much of the new, the beautiful, and the significant, may be educed from the simplest materials by the determination to represent everything faithfully and thoroughly.

The Light of the World (1854), the great religious picture of the gallery, is, as it ought to be, *the* great picture of the whole exhibition. It includes those excellences of elaborated thought and execution which may be noted in other works, sometimes singly, sometimes united as in the painter's 'Awakening Conscience,' and transcends all by applying them to the loftiest of subjects. We say this without derogating from our own confirmed belief that symbolic subjects are neither the most appropriate to pictorial art, nor the most influential—especially at the present time, when both the highest intellects and the mass of men would fain stand face to face with fact, and symbol subsists in a kind of 'dilettante condition, for the benefit mainly of Romanizing religionists, small poets, and retrograding painters. Here, however, is a thoroughly noble work of sacred art: which makes the circumstance that it is symbolic rather than representative sacred art sink into unimportance.

The public have already had from the pen of Mr. Ruskin the most eloquent and discerning criticism of this picture which they are likely to get; and thus any wish which we might otherwise have entertained to vindicate it against a slighting of its general claims to respect is superseded. Particular interpretation is another matter. Mr. Ruskin understands

the symbolism to rest chiefly on the contrasting lights with which Christ appears as He stands knocking at the door of the human soul; that from the lantern in His hand which signifies the light of conscience, and that from the glory round the head which signifies the hope of salvation. The interpretation is so beautiful and consistent as to tempt one to say that, if this was not intended, it ought to have been; yet we believe the painter's object to have been another. Not that we charge him with obscurity: it appears to us an attribute of the highest works, those of a symbolic character most of all, to mean something beyond the express intention, and to be susceptible, in the details, of more interpretations than one. We ourselves read thus the picture in which Mr. Hunt has embodied those words of the Apocalypse: 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me.' The orchard through which Christ approaches is the world. The door is the human soul, barred, and cramped with rusty nails, and overgrown with weeds and thorns. As Christ knocks, night is hardly yielding to the emerald glimmer of first dawn; symbolic, by analogy, of the last day and judgment; for the judgment passes, as it were, upon each soul individually, according as the door remains shut or open. The lantern by whose light Christ walks through the orchard is the Church; it being the Church which testifies of Christ to the world, or, in other words, whose light, sustained by His hand, shows Him to men. This appears to be indicated by the types of ecclesiastical architecture adopted in the lantern, and also perhaps by the emission of the rays through several loopholes. The scared bat beating blindly out of the recesses of the door is the sluggish lethargy of mood which the Knocker's arrival

frightens—an unclean creature of the night of the soul. The fallen orchard-fruit suggests many things equally applicable; that the time is already over-ripe, as immediately and aptly as any other idea. The dews of heaven with which the ground is covered scintillate starlike in the light. Christ is robed as Prophet, Priest, and King. On His head are the crown of majesty and the crown of thorns; on His breast the priest's breastplate with the jewels of the twelve tribes of Israel, united by a cross to another jewelled plate (the first square or limited, the second circular or limitless), to show that the election of the peculiar people is extended, by the grace of the cross, to all men. The face is solemn, even awe-inspiring; sad, long-suffering, divinely pitiful; the face of both a mediator and a judge. This we say, of course, relatively. Mad were the Christian painter who should flatter himself that he had conceived, much more that he had realized, 'the fulness of the Godhead bodily.' The silence of the picture is very perfect. No sound but of the pierced hand which knocks: it is a great hush and a great expectation. Of minor executive points the less said the better, when, as in this case, the essentials of such a work are worthy of all praise. It sums up all to say that the power and harmony of the effect equal, if they do not excel, the precedent of anything else from Mr. Hunt's hand; that the accessories are right, complete, and subordinate; and that we know no other exhibiting painter who would have combined so lofty a general result with such mastery in each detail.

The Awakening Conscience (1854). Among the domestic pictures of this year, the first for deep earnestness of aim and high quality of execution is 'The Awakening Conscience' of Mr. Hunt. In truth, it does not rank as domestic art at all in the sense in which people are accustomed to

use the word from having seen its efforts almost restricted hitherto to trivial literalities of small boys or facetious bumpkins, or at best to facts which, being destitute of hold on the thought, are not events. This, on the contrary, is of all pictures in the Academy the one which most challenges, and most is painted for the express purpose of challenging, grave practical thought in the beholder. The subject is a painful one, and there are those who will consider it better left alone; but no one can doubt that it has been produced, not in lightness or disregard of opinion, but in all seriousness of mind. In an elegant interior stands a lady in a loose morning-dress. The piano at which she has been sitting remains open. Her fashionable 'protector' has just come in. He has thrown himself into a chair before the piano, touches the notes carelessly, and sings something—perhaps Tennyson's 'Tears, idle tears,' the music of which he has brought with him; something, at any rate, which, while to him merely sweet sound, strikes in her heart and conscience a chord that thrills. She holds her hands hard together; a quick spasm is in her averted face; the eyes fill with bitter tears which do not fall, and a bitter pang sharpens the parted lips and the whole stricken countenance. The man's face is not entirely right. You see that he is singing; but the play of feature is not quite easy enough, and the expression, as distinct from the action, not free from ambiguity. On the carpeted floor, suggestively introduced, a sparrow which has entered from the garden escapes as the cat whose deadly paws are playing with it glares up startled by the singing. The room is all in cool shadow, save for some ray of light which catches a point of polished surface here and there; but the background is lighted by the delusive reflection, in a glass, of the fresh garden-trees seen through the opposite

window. This subdued tone and the relief of clear pleasant light are originally and exquisitely managed; and the accessories—reversed worsted-work, piano, and ormolu clock under its glass shade—details of furniture and details of costume, are perfect; bright and new, as they ought to be, yet not distracting in effect. From the lady's scarf alone we would be willing to spare some excess of bright pattern. Less or greater excellence, however, in points of the execution of a picture by Mr. Hunt—which is sure to be finely executed as a whole—is a secondary matter; we rest the nobility of the picture upon the fact that the thought which dictated it is to be honoured, and the feeling with which this is expressed admirable. We rejoice to find the earnestness and unflinching thoroughness of the Præraphaelite school applied to subjects of our own day, which, properly treated, are among the highest of all; supremely difficult, but free from uncertainties, and possessing for succeeding times a value such as no other subjects can pretend to,—a truth to us, and to our children a record.

The Scapegoat (1856). 'The scene,' as the catalogue notes, 'was painted at Oosdoom, on the margin of the salt-encrusted shallows of the Dead Sea: the mountains beyond are those of Edom.' This picture, independently of its other sources of interest, possesses that of being the first exhibited result of Mr. Hunt's Eastern travel. We call to mind no other work painted for the sake of its symbolic value in which the meaning is conveyed through so strict an adherence to the absolute visible circumstances of an apparently unimportant fact. To any who care to see in it nothing beyond a natural-history study of a Syrian goat, it is exactly that—a goat astray on a desert lake-shore. The purpose and significance of it are something far different. The scapegoat, on whose head were ceremonially laid the

sins of the congregation of Israel, which he was sent forth to carry away into 'a land not inhabited,' is understood as one of the clearest types in the Mosaic law of the Saviour Christ, who 'took away the sins of the world,' who 'hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows'; and the goat in the picture is a religious type in precisely the same manner in which the goat wandering or perishing in the wilderness was one. Piteous and haggard, hunted into the waste by every faithful Israelite, the goat pauses helplessly, after a weary length of miles, amid the salt ooze of the Dead Sea. His dimmed searching eyes find nothing but barrenness—a hyæna's skull, a wild-goat's horns, a camel's skeleton, a withered olive-branch, drifting half-sunk in the sea-bed, and crusted with the salt which condenses in the shallows into solid crystals,—nothing to suggest or sustain life: he bleats miserably; and the salt yields under his hoof, like a coating of treacherous ice. The head, having round it a fillet of scarlet which was bound there 'in the belief that, if the propitiation were accepted, the scarlet would become white,' has as much of intense and appealing expression as could be obtained without exceeding the truth of brute nature. The sky changes from tint to tint in the light of sunset, which strikes the distant mountains into a furrowed barrier-line of crimsons and purples; and mountains and sky shed their reflex on the ooze, intersected by the deeper tracks of pale water. The work is a solemn and impressive one, betraying in the plainness of its form no poverty of conception. In principle, indeed, its symbolism is of the highest kind of all,—that where the symbol is a truth, accurate and consistent in all its details, which the thing symbolized underlies and endows with life. Still, it may be matter of grave discussion how far it is prudent to work upon a type which, to the majority of persons, or without

a key first given, will convey at best an emotion, but not a symbol unmistakeably defined. As regards execution, the picture is marked by the painter's unflinching earnestness, power, and knowledge. The effect is strange and riveting, as it should be; the colouring, considered as a matter of manipulation, has something cutting and uncombined which requires to be cared for, especially with reference to an exhibition-room.

Fairlight Downs—Sunlight on the Sea (1858). This landscapes unites, as so few men know how to unite them, simplicity of subject and treatment with the insight which penetrates and the power which realizes. Quiet and grand, a small fragment of English nature lies before us. The sky, mysteriously broken with pale tints of green and drifts of violet-ashen cloud, shifts over the expanse of brilliant sea, emerald-green to the left, passing into dancing ripple and the broad blinding space of central light, with streaks of opaque blue and orange rifts up to the horizon. The farm-smoke rises; the green downs and ploughed field and haystacks lie mellow in sunshine; the trees part their knotted arms; dusky-red under the light hover the long trains of steamer smoke; and the sailing-boats move their smooth way onward. Midway in the verdure, a few sheep press towards you; and a black spaniel (slightly awkward in his gait, though truthfully observed) is scampering after the walking-stick which his unseen master has thrown forward to be caught, and which stands quivering in the ground. Slight as it is, this small familiar incident brings the whole thing home to you with doubled force of undiluted fact. For strong masterly painting—strenuous without toil—this landscape bit ranks with the completest works which its painter has produced. The effect of light is new and singularly vivid, the tenderness of the sky-painting most

beautiful and consummate, and the relief of detached objects near the eye almost needlessly illusive. It is wholly a pleasurable thing to look at; and not least so because of the evidence, palpable in every item of it, that the artist is a man with power to spare.

MACLISE.

The Meeting of Wellington and Blücher on the Field of Waterloo after the Victory (1862). The vast picture painted in the stereochrome or water-glass method, by Mr. Maclise, in the Royal Gallery of the Houses of Parliament, is 45 feet in length by some 13 feet in height. The chorus of artistic applause has accompanied the painter throughout his onerous task; and this chorus will, beyond a doubt, be taken up a hundred-fold by the general public. The work is, without exaggeration, a fit object for national pride. With this painting Mr. Maclise sets an indisputable seal upon all the brilliant promise and vivid aspirations of his career—a career which, while marked by powerful genius and many great pictorial faculties, had hitherto produced little upon which one could look with satisfaction as well as admiration, and far too much that was vapid, stilted, and even hateful. At length the greatest opportunity of his life has come, and, to his lasting renown, Mr. Maclise has been equal to it and superior to himself. He has produced a work which stands without competitor in England, and which no continental masterpiece could possibly put to shame. We can award it no higher praise than to say that its completion in time to be seen by the throng of foreign visitors whom the year 1862 brings us is the most

fortunate circumstance which could have happened for the credit of British art.

Before describing the picture in its details, we may refer briefly to the nature of the process termed stereochrome or water-glass painting.

'Water-glass' is to be understood in the sense of 'liquefied glass,' or silica rendered fluid by combination with an alkali, such as potass, soda, or lime. The soda or 'natron' water-glass, however, is considered inferior to the potass or 'kali' water-glass, the exact composition of which is given as follows: 'It is composed of quartz powder and purified potass 333, according to Fuchs's direction. The solution of this kali water-glass, of 1.2 specific gravity, is mixed with the fourteenth part of a caustic alkali of 1.33 specific gravity, thus forming what may be called the fixing water-glass. This, in the actual fixing, is generally diluted with one quarter part of water.' Another recipe is two parts of water to one of water-glass; about thirty quarts of the dilute solution going to fix a picture of the size of Mr. Maclise's.

The painter who purposes to use water-glass may look upon himself as a fresco-painter freed from all the trammels of fresco. He takes for his picture, as in fresco, a plaster ground containing silica (quartz-sand), but rougher than as required for the fresco process, being worked by the mason, in the operation called 'floating,' with a wooden instead of an iron hand-float. On his duly-prepared ground the water-glass painter uses the same pigments as for fresco; not needing, according to Mr. Maclise's experience, to avoid the animal or vegetable pigments through fear of their fading. He dilutes his colours with nothing but simple water. When he has finished painting, the water-glass comes into play for the purpose of fixing the picture, rendering it, as at present affirmed, perfectly safe inside

a building or outside, and indestructible by either water or fire: some specimens have already lasted unharmed for twenty years. The water-glass is diffused over the painted surface by a 'sprinkler,' a species of slightly more complicated syringe: a mere ordinary syringe cannot, in Mr. Maclise's opinion, be altered so as to answer the purpose. Or a sort of bellows, worked by the feet, may be substituted for the sprinkler, and is considered to have the advantage of being less fatiguing to use.

We have said that the water-glass is used after the completion of the picture; and there is warrant for considering it best to postpone the process till then. But it is the glory of this method of painting that the artist can do almost exactly as he likes—a free man indeed in comparison with the bondman of fresco, bound to complete at a sitting whatever he takes in hand, and to leave it as it comes at his peril. The water-glass painter may, if he chooses, dispense with a preliminary cartoon; he may paint a square inch or foot, fix it, retouch it to any extent, and then fix it again. His ground is laid all at once, and he can leave work and resume it at pleasure. He can glaze, or work transparent colour over the ground-colour, not indeed so perfectly as in oil-painting, but far earlier than in either oil or fresco painting—within ten minutes from the laying of the ground-colour. He can even glaze by the new process of shedding the colour, much diluted, through the water-glass sprinkler, if he likes. Mr. Maclise has done this quite to his own satisfaction. It is stated that black, cobalt, and chrome red, are more difficult to fix by the water-glass than other colours.

The nature of water-glass, and its power of penetrating and combining with a plaster containing quartz-sand by the affinity of the silica present in both materials, are not

new discoveries. It is only of late, however, that some of the German painters, casting about for a substitute for fresco, applied the principle to their art. It has been carried out on the completest scale in the New Museum of Berlin, by Kaulbach and others, whose pictures Mr. Maclise examined in the autumn of 1858, before venturing to execute by this process the cartoon which he had previously prepared of 'The Meeting of Wellington and Blücher on the Field of Waterloo after the Victory.'

Such is the definition of his subject which Mr. Maclise has himself supplied in a report to the Fine Arts Commission; but it might more accurately be described as the parting of Blücher from Wellington after their hurried meeting—the English general leaving to the Prussian the main charge of the pursuit of the great French army now dispersing in confusion. In the centre of the picture Blücher, eager and fresh, wrings hard the hand of Wellington, who looks, as a great captain should look after a hard-fought field, worn, dauntless, self-sustained, more sad than exultant. The difference in the parts borne by the two generals is indicated even in so small a point as the military travelling-cap of the Prussian, contrasting with the cocked hat of the Englishman. Wellington sits his bay Copenhagen; his sword, bridle, and field-glass, are taken from the objects themselves. By him are mounted Lord Arthur Hill, afterwards Lord Sandys, General Somerset, and the Honourable Henry Percy, who carried home the despatches and the captured eagles. Beside these are a few of the Life Guards, and of the First Regiment of Horse Guards Blue, being nearly all the survivors of that corps. They preserve a thoroughly military demeanour. One holds aloft the tattered banner of the Blues, carried through the Peninsula, and now in Chelsea Hospital; one,

a Life Guard and a prominent foremost figure, having played all day the fierce match with Death, is now relapsing almost into the jaunty stiffness of the parade-ground. By Blücher are Gneisenau, to whom the pursuit was more especially confided, Nostedt, Bülow, Ziethen, and a Black Brunswicker, in his dusky green uniform and his death's-head cap, bearing his naked blackish sword. Very portrait-like and living, very finely characterized, are these historical faces; there is in them a sense of a great thing done, and a great companion in arms to be in the presence of; firm and set, they are dominated by one electric feeling, united in heart as in cause. The painter has been above that frittering-away of emotion by which a smaller man would have aimed to show his cleverness, in the assigning of separate and minor points of action and individuality to the several personages. With these foreign officers are the British officers attached to the Prussian army, Colonel Vandeleur and Sir Hussey Vivian, who rides a white charger snuffing at the face of a dead French carabineer—an incident which is of no small pictorial importance in bringing together the multifarious elements of so enormous a composition. Next to this left-central group is another, occupying a considerable space, admirably painted, and again subserving unity of interest—the Prussian band playing with a will (as one may well conceive they did) 'God save the King' in honour of their British allies. Right between Wellington and Blücher come the white shattered walls of the Belle Alliance, flanked by a deserted dove-house. Two of the pigeons lie dead upon the roof of the main building; others are resuming their wonted self-possession. The crescent moon stands white behind a cloud over Sir Hussey Vivian's head; and a few stars are coming out to the right in a sky which has scarcely assumed its twilight aspect,

subsiding into a yellow horizon over the background heights, along which French soldiers, escaping with artillery, are attacked pell-mell by the English.

Having so far attended to the central action of the piece, with its accessory features, we now turn to some of the leading foreground incidents, commencing from the left. A Prussian surgeon feels the pulse of an Englishman; a Prussian hospital orderly carries off a French artillery officer not yet beyond hope. An English orderly binds up the leg of a colour-sergeant of Foot Guards, whose set face of pain and endurance tells his agony and his fortitude. The officer in command of a French gun lies across it dead, along with a carabineer. Above these are two Irish soldiers, Connaught Rangers. They have both been wounded, as arm in sling and bandaged head bear witness; they are cheering the Duke with the frantic pride of victory and nationality combined. Nothing in the picture is finer than the head of the foremost of these shattered, pain-contemning, triumphant Irishmen; one sympathizes with the zest of Mr. Maclise in giving them their heroic prominence. A Highland piper lies dead in front; his wounded right arm is held by a tourniquet; he has been blowing his pipes till the last breath choked in his throat. His naked breast bears a locket with the hair of his Highland sweetheart. Then come another dead couple of Frenchmen, cuirassier and carabineer, the former with sword half-drawn from the scabbard: an English soldier next, dead or dying, his 'brown Bess' with him to the end. Behind these is a Frenchman, possibly unwounded, though confused among the dying and the dead. There is in his face a sense of personal preservation mingled with the ruin of his cause; he hears in silent grimness the parting words of Blücher starting upon the pursuit. A vacant space towards the

centre of the foreground has been made use of to show the trampled relics of dog-rose and dockweed, the cast shoe of an artillery-horse, and the impress of it stamped deep into the clayey soil, where the animal had strained and struggled to drag on his load. Between the very legs of Copenhagen are an Imperial Guard and another Frenchman, dead.

Just to the rear of the charger come three wounded men of the Life Guards, waving their swords in martial welcome to the Prussians; their trumpeter lies lifeless, with a drum stove in, and the wheel of an ammunition-waggon, near him. A wounded officer of Lancers is attended by the regimental doctor, who gives him a tumbler of hollands and water, and by a drummer with the medicine-case; a sergeant of Foot Guards sustains his head. Farther back is the leading episode of the epic—the 'young gallant Howard' of 'Childe Harold,' borne dead in the arms of soldiers of the three nations—one of the 42nd Highlanders, an English Foot Guard, and an Irish Fusilier. Very noble are these heads, mourning as soldiers may mourn, with hard eyes, compressed lips, and that last fixed scrutiny of the face they shall never see more; the details of expression slightly varied, the type of emotion the same in all three. The head of Howard has been taken from a miniature in the possession of the family; it is beautiful and soldierly, and bears a happy suggestion of family likeness to Byron. In front is a chesnut horse, with glazed eye and the sharpset ear now relaxing in death. His rider, a French Imperial Guard, is a corpse also. An Enniskillen Dragoon is hard by, attended by a comrade. Behind is a smaller group of a Flemish soldier passed on through his last agony into the world of spirits by a friar, who has that hard aspect which may tell as much of long converse with pain and sorrow as of any natural want of sympathy. A nun and a *vivandière* are

both by, the latter with a satchel full of epaulets, orders, and other knicknacks, taken from the victims of the battle; a baby reaches over to enjoy their glitter. A smaller kindred group appears of a Frenchman and an Englishman dead side by side, whom two peasant-women are rifling.

One point which deserves note in the invention of Mr. Maclise's picture is that he has been rigidly historical in his incidents, introducing at this moment of the interview between Blücher and Wellington only such personages as were or may have been actually there at the time, and not allowing himself to combine into the composition any episodes or persons, however tempting to the artist, proper to an earlier period of the great day. In this respect he has set himself a good rule, and succeeded in acting upon it with a wealth of detail and a freedom of application which leave us nothing to regret. At the same time, we would not be understood to say that the opposite principle—that which derogates to some extent from literal fact for the sake of epic or pictorial interest—is in any degree illegitimate. Both rules are good, and capable of eliciting the highest powers of the painter—one man being more likely to do his best according to this system, and another according to that. But Mr. Maclise's rule, as being the more coercive, is the more arduous; and such unqualified success in it as he has here realized must be all the more counted to his credit.

The composition, broadly considered, falls into four main sections: the central group of Wellington and Blücher, flanked on the one side by British officers and Guards, with the Howard group, and on the other by German officers and the Prussian band; the left and right wings of foreground groups of wounded and slain; and the background

portion, consisting of the pursuit. This arrangement is quite enough for order and for symmetry, which yet does not sink into mechanical counterbalance; it enables the spectator to take in as a whole a composition of such huge size and multiplex detail; and (which is of paramount importance) it preserves in the picture a character suitable to it as part of an architectural whole.

Mr. Maclise deserves high praise for that without which a good conception of his subject would be a barren title to respect—the adequate and effective executive rendering of it. The ordinary defects of his style are but too well known; hard leaden colour, metallic surface and texture, an ideal of beauty too fatally tending towards the barber's dummy, and a staring, parading, attitudinizing treatment of incident and character. It amazes one to find his extraordinary capacity and merit linked to such lowering and damning faults. But in the Waterloo picture all this is so far corrected as to be scarcely in any way traceable. The painter's invariable qualities of clear-cut definition, and of exact unsubordinated detail, are present here as elsewhere, but under such control as to constitute a merit rather than a defect. The tone of colour is solid, satisfactory, well sustained, and sufficiently modified; and the histrionic conception of heroism so fatal to most of Mr. Maclise's works may be said to make no appearance here, unless perhaps, to a slight degree, in the face of Wellington, and there only in the manner of expressing the intention, not in the intention itself. In fact, the style of painting is throughout masterly, well balanced, and not liable to any serious objection. If, as we heartily hope, Mr. Maclise achieves as great a triumph in the stereochrome of the 'Death of Nelson,' which he is about to paint on the corresponding opposite panel of the Royal Gallery, his position as a

national painter will be prouder than that of any other British master, living or dead.*

LEIGHTON.

Cimabue's Madonna carried through Florence (1855). The full description of this large picture supplied by the Academy catalogue runs thus: 'Cimabue's celebrated Madonna is carried in procession through the streets of Florence. In front of the Madonna, and crowned with laurels, walks Cimabue himself, with his pupil Giotto; behind it, Arnolfo di Lapo, Gaddo Gaddi, Andrea Tafi, Nicola Pisano, Buffalmacco, and Simone Memmi; in the corner, Dante.' Mr. Leighton is a man with a distinct faculty for painting—for drawing, designing, and colouring. He has manifestly studied in a ripe school for developing these qualities—the French; and there is an amenity in his style which overlays and harmonizes many defects. Coming before the public for the first time with so conspicuous a work, he deserves to be estimated exactly, with an ungrudging recognition of what he does display, which must not be accepted as including what he does not. His picture has largeness, but not greatness; style, but not intensity; design rather than thought; arrangement rather than conception: it is individual, but not specially original. The power of drawing is there, but with great deficiency in parts; Giotto's stockings, for instance, have no legs inside them, and Cimabue's thighs could not avail to propel him in the procession. The power of designing is evidenced in the man who pauses a moment

* This hope has, since our article was written, been amply realized by the actual completion of the Trafalgar subject.

to string his guitar, and the woman next to him with an instrument of music; the two figures possessing the most of positive beauty in the composition. The painting is broad, clear, and sweet; it is not strong, but able and consistent. The whole general effect may be appealed to,—which is open and free, without displaying any striking qualities of natural aspect; or, as a particular passage, the boy in blue succeeded by one in deep carmine, then by a drapery of indigo, then by vermilion and other shades of red. The flesh-tints are soft, but without power or character; the spots of colour on cheeks and elsewhere like patches of rouge. There is little discrimination of character in the personages; Cimabue is a peaked Frenchman, Giotto tardy and unobservant, Dante smirking and a chatterer. Of beauty there is equally little: high noses and nostrils, lanky hatchet faces, are the order of the day. Thus the countenances are conventional; but it is Mr. Leighton's own conventionality, and that peculiar enough to give a coherence to the entire work counteracting in some degree the want of individual distinction. We may say, in fine, that there is a *tone* about the picture—an unisonal, methodic, not mechanic, quality; a something like measured rhythmic utterance in words; and we anticipate from the painter, hardly indeed great works, but superior works, honourable, concordant, and inspiriting.

The Triumph of Music (1856). This is a work altogether unlike the 'Cimabue' which gained Mr. Leighton so rapid a reputation in 1855. It is as destitute as it could well be of executive beauty or charm, and of everything which made that picture valuable,—the colour coarse and hard, the composition null, the draperies common in arrangement and design. Nor are the higher requisites of the subject realized with any approximate degree of completeness. The

only way to keep patience with it is to consider the temper of mind in which the work is conceived; and in this point of view Mr. Leighton stands higher than he did with the Cimabue, and fully as high as with the Paris picture from Romeo and Juliet. Pluto is imagined as a dreadful image of deathliness—worn-out, emaciated, and with no power save that of blight and corruption. Orpheus plays his viol with bated breath, averted eyes, twitching fingers, and starting veins—scarcely daring so much as to think till the supreme effort be over; and Eurydice yearns and strains towards him out of the awful Hades, as though she could sigh herself up into the world of life. The background, half undistinguishable, looks dreamy and oppressive. The whole spirit of the picture is rather mediæval than classic, with a curious something about it besides which belongs to Mr. Leighton individually. However, as we have intimated, its merits are matter of feeling, by no means of realization.

Reminiscence of Algiers—a Negro Fête (1858). This water-colour clenches, quite as much as any of the more conspicuous works Mr. Leighton has exhibited, his title to be considered a true undoubted artist, born and bred. Admirable in couleur locale, brilliant and beautiful in colour, with a certain strangeness of manipulation which makes its individuality complete, it recalls, but always in a manner of its own, the intense orientalisms of Decamps. The scene is a white arcaded hall, with lovely tints of blue mosaic. Wild but ordered groups of gaunt Negresses stand round or sit upon the stone benches, watching the mazy evolutions of a female dancer, whose muffling of white scarf sways here and there to every motion of her supple body. This drawing does not enter into competition with the delicate elaborations of such a man as Lewis: but, of its kind—broad,

rich, vivid, and fascinating—nothing more perfect has been done by an Englishman.

Paris, on his wedding-morning, finds Juliet apparently lifeless:—The Fisherman and the Siren—(1858). That line of pictorial work wherein the artist renders himself illustrator of another man's ideas is continually taken up by painters who have little of their own to draw upon, and who cling to a hint from any quarter; but it is in reality one of the most difficult of all to manage. It demands much self-abnegation on the artist's part, and earnest study of his subject-matter; and presents the double pitfall of too little originality, and too much. No common mind is required in order to enter into another mind's workings. The artist who gives too little of himself is pretty sure to be a weak man: the artist who gives too much commits the lesser fault, and one which, in the case of a superior man, carries its own palliation with it; yet it vitiates the work of art as an *illustration*.

To try your hand upon Shakspeare, for instance, is a severe test. Not one of the painters who have made the attempt in this exhibition can be properly said to have succeeded. The Wedding-morn of Juliet when she lies in apparent death, treated by Mr. Leighton, is the best picture among them. As a picture, indeed, though mannered, it is powerful and uncommon; but, as a reading from Shakspeare, it fails—as how should it not, coming from a man who has much more of the specially artistic faculty in him than of the mastery over human character? Mr. Leighton is a born painter and an ambitious man—a combination much too rare and precious in the British school to be left unattended by anxious good wishes. He seems to be as yet in the tentative stage of practice, and not to be very certain when he has hit the mark, and when missed it. We

suspect that his most essential quality is a touch of the Paul Veronese stuff—a delight in whatsoever is comely, stately, and life-breathing. To this is added a true touch of passion —witness his picture of *The Fisherman and the Siren* in this exhibition, or again his 'Orpheus,' and his unexhibited 'Venus.' The inference is that he consulted his own powers better in such a subject as his 'Procession of Cimabue,' or in that of the 'Orpheus,' which gave a scope for passion under a certain arbitrary and fantastic aspect, than in his strictly dramatic works, such as the present scene from Romeo and Juliet, or the one which sustained his reputation at the Paris Exhibition—fine as points are in both. We would not wish to see him abandon art of this kind, however, before he has fully sounded his powers in it; but, in order to do so, he ought evidently to value and study the real faces and emotions of real men and women more than he does. A brisk course of portrait-painting might do much, and the selection of a new head for every figure he designs in a picture: if not a perfectly appropriate head, it will still be better than his own idea of a head in general. The blemish is very apparent in this Juliet picture. Even the Nurse has scarcely any point of character which would so much as distinguish her from Lady Capulet (who, by-the-bye, is not an old lady in the play, but exactly twenty-eight years of age), and Friar Lawrence is a kind of picturesque bandit-monk. Yet, as a piece of art and an indication of power, the picture is on a very superior level to the stock of an English exhibition—it is true painter's work. *The Fisherman and the Siren*, from Göthe's ballad, is a poor classical reading of the subject generally; but there is a passionate *abandon* and irresistible clinging in the Siren which, though it may elevate some eyebrows, is the right untimorous thing for the artist to have done. There is

a dignity too about the colouring, as there always is with its author.

An Odalisque (1862). Mr. Leighton has, perhaps, done nothing more delicious than this. The exquisite lines of Blake might be its motto:—

> 'The look of love alarms,
> Because 'tis filled with fire;
> But the look of soft deceit
> Shall win the lover's hire.
> Soft deceit and idleness,
> These are beauty's sweetest dress.'

Against a low white marble wall the Odalisque leans, nestling her head in her arm; a face of cream and roses, golden hair close-gathered in the white head-dress, bosom half-revealed. A swan paddles up to her, ruffling his wings as he darts forward; this action, seen from behind, and partially foreshortened, is most pictorial, and, we think, as yet unrepresented. The ornamented scarf and peacock-fan of the Odalisque, the figs, roses, gilded domes, pink and blue sky, and turquoise and chocolate butterflies, settled for a moment upon the whiteness of the marble, make up a whole in which the luxury of art is not allowed to degenerate into the mere luxury of sense and of gorgeous objects. The colour is subtly attuned to the theme; but we think there is one failing passage,—that in which the roses, gilded domes, and pink sky-flush, come together, a cloying combination of sweets.

The Star of Bethlehem (1862). The Academy catalogue completes the title and the subject of this picture by adding, 'One of the Magi, from the terrace of his house, stands looking at the star in the East; the lower part of the picture indicates a revel, which he may be supposed just to have left.' The thought is both ingenious and impressive. The King, who stands upright with doffed diadem,

and who almost monopolizes the space of canvas, is a grand figure, placed so that the conception of the subject does not depend much upon facial expression. The 'revel' is got into the picture by one of those artistic expedients which may perhaps be managed with accuracy in perspective and proportion, though it looks out of scale, and might at first sight be taken for a frieze painted on the wall rather than a part of the real action. We incline to think that it introduces more embarrassment into the treatment than it is worth, helpful though it doubtless is in carrying out the subject. We apprehend that the general idea is wholly original, and it is what we rate highest in the picture: we do not consider the conception—the mode in which the idea takes shape to the artist's mental eye—quite equal to that idea itself. The King makes no act of outward obeisance as he stands fronting the wondrous effulgence: but his soul bows down, and he cannot retain his crown in such a presence. This too is fine: yet we think that an artist less self-conscious than Mr. Leighton might have expressed his thought, if more tritely and obviously, in some form which would have appealed more directly to the general sympathy.

Michael Angelo nursing his dying Servant (1862). The story of the tender care bestowed by Michael Angelo in his old age upon his aged servant Urbino—a story already finely treated in French art—is one of those which bring the austere and sublime genius upon the same level with his kind, and which bespeak sympathy as well as reverence for his personal character. In Mr. Leighton's picture the mighty master is made much younger than his real age at the time, eighty-two; he is the impersonation of knitted strength still in unimpaired vigour. He has come from his work, mallet in hand, and affectionately sustains the languid

form of Urbino. The richness of his slashed silk dress is not consistent with the use of the mallet: we ought to have him as either wholly a man of rank, or wholly a working sculptor. The rounded window-opening with oranges seen through it is one of those small touches of beauty which Mr. Leighton insists, and rightly so, upon getting into his severest work. This is a production of fine character, not falling below its standard, any more than the luscious 'Odalisque' previously described falls below *its* standard. The dullness of surface nevertheless is a symptom of his foreign study not to be indulged too far.

Helen of Troy (1865). Mr. Leighton has poured a blaze of white moonlight upon his Helen, who paces the ramparts to look once more upon Menelaus and the Greeks. This large picture, with three figures upon a scale of more than life-size, Helen and her maids Æthra and Clymene, reinforces an opinion which may have been formed from previous works of Mr. Leighton, that he suffers from his very ability. One may distinguish volume of ability from depth of ability: the former he has in a very remarkable degree; the latter, not by any means in proportion, not even as much as some painters greatly his inferiors in range and height, as well as facility, of power. We do not believe that Mr. Leighton is so easily satisfied with his own products as some of these might tempt one to suppose: we apprehend he has too much ambition and too acute artistic feeling for that. But it looks as if he found it over-easy to form and express his conceptions: they seem to take shape too cheaply and instantaneously, like one of those Japanese fans which, disintegrated in every rib by one turn of the wrist, hang together again perfectly by another. Mr. Leighton finds severe critics in two orders of minds: firstly, the prosaic minds, which do not rise to the conception of an artistic

treatment in a work of art; and, secondly, the trained and tried artistic minds, which see through and beyond the sphere of his treatment, artistic though it undoubtedly is. The intermediate orders of minds, semi-realistic, semi-poetic, sympathetic rather than knowing, take the greatest pleasure in his work; and, for our own part, it is seldom that we can without an effort side with the protesters or oppugnants, so great is the fascination of this artist's tact, grace, and efficiency, so vivid and consentaneous the momentum of his mind and hand, so tempting the acquiescence in a form of art whose very artificiality does not make it insincere. Subject to the qualifications above implied, we include this Helen among those works of its author which exercise a strong attractive power upon us. All the harm we wish Mr. Leighton is that the gods would infuse into him a little of what Carlyle terms 'human stupor.' After that infusion, and after painting for two or three years pictures which would enrage himself and dismay the most indulgent of his admirers, he would probably, afterwards and always, paint better than he has ever yet done. To render himself justice would become a severer task and a more positive achievement than now.

FRITH.

Life at the Seaside, Ramsgate Sands (1854), is the popular favourite among the pictures in the Academy Exhibition. It deserves no less praise than it receives, for lively fidelity to the aspect of things selected, and for *recherché* nicety and completeness of execution. All that is aimed at is attained: everything is in its place—cheerful, lounging, recreating.

It is Mr. Frith's masterpiece for adequacy of means to end. But, when all this has been heartily admitted, we must ask *Cui bono?* Could no more have been made pictorially of life at the seaside? and, if thus much only is taken, is it worth the labour expended upon it? We cannot but think that much more might have been made of it. No work of art admitting of a varied display of life is complete unless it has something serious: no treatment of the seaside can be the best without some passage of external nature as intensely felt as if the general subject partook of the epic rather than the genteel comedy; be it serene sea, or dashing surf, or fathomless sky, or what not—though but a point, there it imperatively should be. Neither of these requirements could at all detract from the prevailing look of holiday enjoyment; the picture would lose no jot of familiar character or the tone of society. Now we find nothing that goes deeper than the surface in Mr. Frith's capital work; every one is being amused, or beset by the caterers of some entertainment (of whom there is a slight glut), or killing time. Of the sea there is but just a line in the foreground—well enough painted to be quite in keeping with the rest of this skilfully handled picture, but not so dwelt upon as to be a repose and a delight. Perhaps there are few to whom these remarks will not appear strained and hypercritical: we shall not be persuaded that they are so till we learn that painting is to be a catching-up of profitless externals. That Mr. Frith has an eye most acute for externals this work swarms with proof; the old lady indignantly nervous at the pertinacity of the Jew vendor of 'tomboli,' but still immovably deaf to his appeal, would alone prove it to demonstration.

The Derby Day (1858). This is a very extraordinary production—probably *the* picture of a crowd, *par excellence*

against all comers. We mean of a crowd as it is—combining number, variety, incident, easy and truthful disposition, and general truth of effect over the whole scene; for there are certainly to be found pictorial crowds with more of the epic character of a crowd, and perhaps even more swarming in number or arrangement. To catalogue all the several personages or groups would be tedious; to describe them, endless. There is the betting-booth, which the human sheep is entering to be fleeced. There is the thimble-rigging group, with its four or five different kinds of professional blackguards; the ruddy-cheeked yokel, who vows he cannot but win if he tries, with his sweetheart who pulls him away; the bustling city-man, who asks 'whether this kind of thing is to be tolerated,' answered by the brow-mopping policeman who 'can't interfere, sir;' and the youthful counter-jumper who fancied himself fast and a man of the world, till he found his pockets empty. We have the tumbling-boy, who cannot throw himself head over heels for longing to be after the lobsters which lie temptingly within his view; the chalked little dancing-girl, who has not lost her taste for kissing baby; the girl on stilts, who goes up to the carriage full of ladies and gentlemen—one of them, his eyes beginning to swim, reaches to help her to champagne, but a lady stops him. We have the French 'dame du demi-monde' who turns away with a swelling heart from the gipsy who offers to tell her a fortune too certainly fixed already (this incident is borrowed from Dickens), and the beggar-boy who steals under the carriage to appropriate the neglected wine-bottle. These are only a few of the incidents, but may serve as a specimen of the whole. Sparkling, airy, well put together, efficiently cared for throughout, full of spirit, facility, ingenuity, and lifelikeness, this picture is; and its materials, if not lofty,

are certainly difficult. Its chief real value, perhaps, is the undistorted picture of actual life in the year 1857 (a few trivial anachronisms need not be taken into account) which it will offer to our great-grandchildren. Anything of the same kind from past times is precious to us, and this will be precious to them. Here our praise culminates. We called the picture an extraordinary production, but its extraordinary is that of commonplace. It does not attain to beauty, to grandeur (and a kind of grandeur there is even in a Derby Day to the seeing eye), to dramatic intensity, or to that depth of humour which has passion at the bottom of it. For conception, it might be due to a clever man of society; and, for execution, to any hand of great practice and nicety, unimpelled by genius. This is the perfection of neat-handed art, which need hope for no higher triumph—a great work it is not. It is the picture of the year in the same sense as the Derby Day is the event of the year—to sight-seers and people in search of amusement. There is grave business going on meanwhile, and heart-joys and heart-aches, and life and death compass us on the right hand and the left, and don't create nearly so much fizz and fuster as a Derby Day; but they elicit deeper thoughts and higher faculties of human nature, and of art too. Mr. Frith is well entitled to his triumph; so is the owner of the winning horse. And the crowd go home from the race, and find that it was no such great matter after all; and the laudation of Mr. Frith sinks at last into silence, and it is sooner or later discovered that a clever picture has been painted, evoking the powers of a quick eye not deep, and a light hand not great, and such sympathies as pertain to curiosity and entertainment.

The Railway Station (1862). This appears to us by no means so attractive or pleasant a picture as the 'Ramsgate

Sands' or the 'Derby Day'; and, if it reaches an equal point of popularity, the result may probably be due as much to the prestige of the old works as to the charms of the new one. Perhaps the main cause of its inferiority is one for which Mr. Frith is not responsible—except, indeed, that he need not have chosen the subject—we mean the change from clear, airy, out-of-door scenery and associations, to the crammed vacuity and littered orderliness of the railway station at Paddington, with its clayey-grey iron columns and roofing occupying the upper space generally of the whole picture, and hanging like a blight over the rest of it. Below these comes another unsightly feature—the long line of brown carriages. But, even apart from this, the picture certainly cannot sustain the comparison with its two precursors. The subject is not a specially suggestive one by any means; though telling, through its being so familiar, and so plethoric of figures and details of incident. People at a railway station are in a state of bustling transition, or of vacant shambling expectation: strong passions and emotions and vital interests are no doubt rife amid the throng, and involved in the motives which have brought them together at that particular spot; but the predominant influence of the moment is to get this stage of it well over, and have done with it, as neither time nor privacy serves. One may pick out touching or startling incidents from the ferment; but to paint, as Mr. Frith does here, a panorama of a railway station, is to paint a tableau of Discomfort on its good behaviour. If, however, the subject is not one of great value, the treatment, in point of selection of incident, offers nothing to object to; it is as natural, various, effective, and pleasing, as could well be managed. Yet it is necessarily of a kind which leaves the work deficient in unity or permanence of impression. The picture is not vividly

dramatic, nor tender and pathetic, nor broad, solid, and portrait-like, in its exhibition of social life,—these being the three forms in which modern subjects are chiefly capable of being treated with a great result: it belongs to the class of pictures to which Mr. Hicks has contributed the 'General Post-Office,' the 'Dividend Day at the Bank,' and the 'Billingsgate Market'; and there is little to place Mr. Frith's picture above those of Mr. Hicks. In passing from the more intellectual phase of the treatment to the artistic —the skill and harmony of painting and realization—we find only moderate grounds for commendation. The effect of the work as a whole is null; the colour, greatly oppressed by difficulties to which we have already adverted, makes no head against them, not even by beautiful or exquisite points of mere detail; the handling and surface, taken in the lump, have an air of slackness, as if the task had ceased to interest the painter before he was halfway through it.

The picture presents a number of distinct groups, of which seven may be accounted principal. The main contrast is at the right-hand corner. It is a startling contrast, and in some sense not an effective one, the two incidents not having anything in common which would enable the one to serve as a counterbalance to the other. Still, each of the incidents is well introduced, and the two together mark the wide range of life which the subject can be made to cover. The first incident is a bride and bridegroom starting on their tour and their new portion in life. The bride, dressed in bright fawn-colour, takes a regretfully happy leave of her two bridesmaids, sisters of her own; the hinder bridesmaid presses with her lemon-gloved hand the lavender glove of the bride resting upon the other sister's shoulder. The newly-wedded left hand is linked in the arm of the bridegroom, who is giving (sentiment be

hanged!) directions to a servant for the disposal of the lady's leather dressing-case. Two small children, also a sister and a brother of the bride, clamour their sorrow at her departure, and receive consolation from a nurse. The value of this group in redeeming the prose of the whole subject might be considerable, if the figures were superior in beauty and refinement—but this is not the case. The bride is at best tolerably good-looking in a common way, and the bridegroom tends to being a puppy. The sympathetic and well-chiselled face of the further bridesmaid is the best point. The whole family, though clearly intended to be aristocratic, have in reality an underbred air and get-up; including the over-dressing of the bridesmaids, and the artificial curls of the little boy in green velvet. The second and contrasting incident, of which the next carriage is the scene, is the arrest of a criminal—forger, fraudulent bankrupt, or what not,—by two detective officers, painted from the actual men, Brett and Haydon; the former of whom accosts with fatal civility the criminal as he steps into the carriage, while the latter holds the handcuffs. The felon turns frightfully leaden-pale inside his travelling-wraps; his nerveless right hand droops, losing the leather bag, the left still holds the jamb of the carriage which he is never to enter. The guard, who had opened the carriage-door, remains there impassive to the catastrophe; as impassive as an old gentleman seated inside, who continues reading his newspaper. Another denizen of the carriage is in a very different frame of mind—the criminal's female travelling companion; she starts up, her left hand to her mouth and cheek, in a spasm of terror. This figure, very expressive and in all respects quietly treated, is one of the best in the picture.

We pass now to the other five principal groups. No. 1

may be called the petty family-excursionist group. A plain hot matron in a red shawl, fussy as usual, pulls her bonnet forward over her dingy curls; she leads her daughter, ten years old, with the provision-basket. The father holds the hand of a younger son in knickerbockers, who carries a birdcage covered with yellow gauze,—to give the bird an airing along with the family, it may be inferred. No. 2 is the porter's truck group. A stalwart porter pushes forward his heavy-laden truck; the luggage includes a basket to which a young woman, whose back is turned, gives a final touch, lest the precious contents should suffer. No. 3 is the schoolboy group. A family is assembled, to part from two of the boys who are going to school. The elder boy, some eleven years of age, is no doubt returning after holidays; a new watch-chain decorates his breast; tears are on his cheeks, but he leaves them unwiped, and hopes nobody has noticed such a sign of weakness. The younger boy is probably being escorted to school for the first time by his brother; he holds a cricket-bat, and takes leave of his mother, who stoops down to kiss him. There is an unfortunately dressy look in this figure, and the costume, though conspicuous, has no pictorial beauty which would benefit the composition. The father lays his hand upon the elder boy's shoulder; his face seems intended to express an amount of subdued feeling beyond anything which the occasion calls for. A sister of fifteen, and a boy of five, who holds a toy-whip, and whose attention is diverted by the crowd and the strange scene, complete the group. No. 4 is the Frenchman and cabman group. An extortionate cabman, not an ill-looking fellow nor in any way overdone, has followed his fare on to the platform, and holds out to him in his open palm the crown or half-crown which pays twice his legal, and not the whole of his asserted, claim.

The Frenchman, yellow-complexioned, in a furred overcoat, and with dangling pouch and other travelling accessories, looks at him as a poor Frenchman would look in such case, and handles his portemonnaie in a way ominous of giving in; he divines the imposition, but stands unretorting, half in incapacity to comprehend the arguments and details, half in mere helplessness. This figure is in all respects very satisfactory. The Frenchman has a wife, however, who, with the feminine instinct of coin-preservation, is by no means so tamely disposed to submit. Lean, blonde, and high-featured, she holds up the index-finger of her gloved right hand, and urges her husband to resistance. 'Mais c'est infâme!' flows from her thin lips, mingled with the sounds of 'Etranger' and 'Policeman.' No. 5 is the recruiting group. A recruiting sergeant tosses up his baby, to be kissed in its descent, and consigned to the arms of its mother who has come to see him off. A sturdy navvy recruit examines his railway ticket; a blackguard about-town recruit sucks his stick, and drags down his under-lip with it, as his widowed mother sobs on his shoulder; he disregards the *Punch* offered by a newsboy. He is, on the whole, not a little 'down in the mouth,' and less an ingrained rascal than a low fool with a natural tendency to continue sinking.

Besides these, there are several minor groups and figures, including some of the best things in the picture. A porter points to a white poodle on the arm of an old lady, who asks whether the pet may not be allowed to go with her, though she knows the prohibition well; her hatted daughter frowns and sulks. A keeper couples two setters for the dog-box. An old man, white-whiskered and feeble, in a travelling-cap, leans upon the arms of his two daughters with apathetic placidity, his big dogskin gloves, baggy to

the shrivelled hands, hanging downwards. The elder daughter looks solicitously at him; the younger gazes forward with the blank glance of one determined not to see the intercepting newsboy. An elderly gentleman bound on a fishing excursion pushes on to be in time. Two Volunteers have come down to have an afternoon's shooting practice. A seaman, with a sensible honest face, takes leave of his baby, with his finger to its soft cheek. His left hand is round the shoulder of the mother; her blubbered anxious face, and red eyes fixed upon the baby, that she may not look at her husband and burst out crying, are extremely true; and the group altogether constitutes one of the most thoroughly successful among all. A youth and girl kiss at the carriage-door; a naval officer looks round, as he would be likely to do, to see the same operation performed by two girls upon the platform. Porters and signalmen load the luggage upon the carriage-roofs, or pass upon their several errands. The engine at the extreme end of the station, already attached to the train, snorts for the start.

We have thus gone through the varied incidents of the picture, which the reader will perceive to be judiciously selected, and to the best points of which we have aimed at doing justice in no grudging spirit. The light is diffused and easy, without any traces of direct sunshine; the effect tends rather to chilliness, in consequence of this and of the cold hues of the railway-station itself. Lastly, there is no group of figures, nor single figure, nor item of any kind, eminent for beauty or elegance, or capable of raising the picture out of the class of prosaic work, contemplated by an ordinary mind, and realized by a hand of adequate skill, but not of exceptional power or special faculty.

WHISTLER.

Etchings (1863). Mr. Whistler has established a name in London as an artist equally expert with brush and with etching-needle. American by birth, Parisian by art-training, he at once made an impression, some years ago, with his first exhibited picture of a 'Lady at the Piano.' His etchings have always shown a marked propensity for shore-life, river-life, boat-life, barge-life—for everything which hints of old wharves, jetties, piers, rigging, bow-windows overlooking reaches of the peopled stream, and that class of hard-fisted, square-shouldered, solid and stolid faced men, on whom the odour of tar and of tobacco is equally incorporate. 'Broad sheen of full-tided river-surface; ridged tide-marks creeping up the beach; ripples gleaming and dancing to the eye near at hand, or lending an ambiguous comminution to the more distant space of water; clouds blowing over an uncertain sky, or dispersed by gleams of sunshine, which grow gradually into steadiness of light—these aspects of free nature, and such as these, set off the quaint, out-of-the-way, matter-of-fact picturesque of Mr. Whistler's human or artificial material. It is a little curious that the artist, of all artists past or present, who has an intuition of the opportunities which Thames scenery offers for the purposes of art, should come to us from a birth-place across the Atlantic, and a studio across the Channel. The fogs, beauties, and oddities, of our river, just as it stands before us now, bid fair to become Mr. Whistler's *specialité;* he has yet some years to work in before the whited sepulchre of embankment robs London of the one really characteristic feature which it offers to the study and delight of artistic

eyes. Mr. Whistler's etchings are not confined to these riverside views; as many of our readers will be aware, he frequently employs his skill upon landscapes or figure-subjects—though he seldom in the latter line does more than single figures or heads. As an adept in the technicalities of etching, whether with the dry-point or aqua-fortis, Mr. Whistler stands quite exceptionally high; one might cast about in one's mind to name his superior since the days of Rembrandt, and one might exhaust in a very few names the list of his equals. Boldness in the general effect and in the habit of conceiving his subjects is combined with surprising delicacy of hand and line, as well as with an arbitrary method of treatment which one is sometimes in doubt whether to count as a charm or a blemish. Beyond question, this quality conspires to the result of numbering Mr. Whistler among distinctly original artists; but doubtless also it is sometimes excessive or misapplied, and it goes far to restrict his admirers to the artistic and connoisseur classes. To others, with all his singular fineness of work, he appears slovenly; with all his peculiar insight into his subject-matter, true rather by way of eccentric haphazard than of thorough knowledge and presentment.

The Lange Lize of the 'Six Marks':—Wapping (1864). Mr. Whistler's two pictures, of very diverse subject and aim but equal quality, we regard as, on the whole, the most thoroughly satisfying works in the Academy gallery to the artistic sense. His is the art of concealing art; yet always with so fine an originality that, to the perceptive eye, the art is the one main and supreme constituent of the whole, the sum of its total result. He realizes through nature for the sake of art; an aim as legitimate as the more usual one of realizing through art for the sake of nature, and even more intrinsically pictorial. Seemingly reckless to the un-

initiated, every touch which he lays on is calculated for a right purpose, and takes its place. The rough is not too rough to be fine in its relations, nor the fine so fine as to fail of its significance. His picture of a Chinese woman painting a blue vase is the most delightful piece of colour on the walls: the more you examine it, the more convinced you become that it will yield new pleasure on reinspection, and the conviction is never falsified. Its harmonizing power of art is so entire that we find it a choice piece of orientalism, though conscious that there is not even an attempt at the Chinese cast of countenance. This 'Lange Lize'* (or 'limp damsel,' as the Dutch term the female figures on Chinese porcelain) is painting her blue pot 'of the six marks' so deservedly prized by collectors, with a natty touch and appreciative turn of the head which do not allow us to mind whether she sees her own painted 'lange lize' through eyes of the proper almond-shape or not. Art also is 'justified of her children.' No less excellent is the scene at '*Wapping*,' overlooked by the public-house balcony with its three leisurely occupants—the whitish Thames flecked with barge, boat, and steamer, under a sky of indistinct blue. Never before was that familiar scene so triumphantly well painted. Everything is literal, matter-of-fact—crowded, dispersed, casual. It has all been seen and fixed by a pictorial genius, and so expressed with a sort of tart gusto and immediate curious perfectness that —so far as the sole purpose of artistic record is concerned —it need never be painted anew.

The Little White Girl, &c. (1865). Of Mr. Whistler's four contributions this year, two are perhaps the very best things he has yet exhibited; for charm, 'The little White Girl' (a title which seems to refer back to his earlier picture of

* We do not venture to vouch for the spelling.

'The Woman in White'); and, for perfection according to his individual scheme of execution, the '*Old Battersea Bridge*.' The exquisiteness of the 'Little White Girl' is crucially tested by its proximity to the flashing white in Mr. Millais's 'Esther': it stands the test, retorting delicious harmony for daring force, and would shame any other contrast. The loveliness of the delicate carnations, especially of the hand which lies along the white dress, cannot be overpraised. The flame-yellow of the hair, the black of the fireplace, the crimson-pink of the azaleas, contribute to a consummate whole. We say consummate, without any misgiving on the score of the peculiarities, at once slight and forcible, which Mr. Whistler shows forth in this as in all his pictures. To advocate a style of execution as a model for general adoption is one thing: to recognize its absolute success in hands exceptionally gifted is another. No one who knows what he is about would ask Van Eyck to paint with the brokenness of Rembrandt, nor Tintoret with the precision of Leonardo. Mr. Whistler seems to have a veritable intuition for a certain system of colour and handling which, with him, produces the exact result he aims at, and it is a peculiarly artistic and felicitous result; it is not less organized in *ensemble* than arbitrary in seeming by the square inch. That other painters encounter and conquer difficulties which Mr. Whistler eludes is true, and their credit mounts up accordingly; but we cannot exact, in one true artist, conformity to the ways and means of another, while a contrary method is exuding, as it were, by instinct, from his very finger-ends. Let the alchemist turn dross into gold, and the painter turn canvas into fine art, by his own process. The 'Old Battersea Bridge,' with a mud shore and a riverside group, boats ready for launching, a grey sky and greyer river, the sidelong bridge crossed

by carts and passengers, shows one way of treating these simple materials to perfection, whether composition, tone, truth, or originality, is in demand. We shall not ask for a different way, nor could two men in a thousand produce by *any* way so precious a picture. The two remaining contributions of Mr. Whistler are Japanese subjects, unsurpassed in delicate aberrances and intricate haphazards of colour—but these hazards only happen to masters in their art. One of them, '*The Golden Screen*,' is fully up to their author's standard of completion; the second, '*The Scarf*,' might probably have been held over with advantage till next year. A Japanese would applaud them, we think: and no nation knows better than the Japanese what to be at in invention, colour, and execution, or the concrete of all, fine art—if once we admit their national point of view, or even, to a great extent, without any such line drawn of concession and demarcation.

A picture in this exhibition by another artist, Mr. Pettie, may here be glanced at, for the purpose of contrasting the peculiarities of slight execution which he displays with those of Mr. Whistler. The former able artist appears to work on the assumption that a sketchy though not loose style of painting is preferable to the mature and deliberate style of a thorough picture. A dangerous assumption this, and sure, sooner or later, to lower the whole range of an artist's development. With Mr. Whistler, on the contrary, the question is one of executive substance, moulding the work of art with a view to its artistic result—not, as with Mr. Pettie, a question of mere propriety of representation. The difference is something like that between quality and quantity, or between breeding and etiquette.

HUMOURISTIC DESIGNERS.

CRUIKSHANK.

The Exhibition of Mr. Cruikshank's Collected Works (1862). All British people—even publicans and distillers, we should hope—have a kindly feeling for George Cruikshank. He has been amusing, bantering, castigating, and improving, almost two entire generations of men, and regaling their eyes and minds with real, sound, good art—at times excellent art—into the bargain. Cruikshank, at his best, is an admirable artist; a consummate etcher—clear, simple, delicate, thoroughly conscious of what his method of art is qualified to do, and how it should be done. His deficiencies, such as want of drawing of the human figure, which he is apt to treat with the caricaturist's free and easy licence—limp limbs, and vapid old-fashioned faces—his very deficiencies have a certain value in the general result of his work, as serving to keep him out of the rank of men who can do everything pretty well up to a certain level, but who have little or no original artistic starting-point of their own. Cruikshank does not come fully into competition with these facile masters of what is not quite good enough in any respect to be really worth doing at all. He has his solid excellences, for which he deserves hearty thanks and admiration, and his downright incapacities—the two forming a combination which ranks him fairly among the rarer class of men. For popularity certainly he may go to the whole public at large; but, for thorough appreciation and high estimate of his special artistic powers, it is to artists chiefly that he may

look with confidence—a clear evidence that he is a master-craftsman of their guild. Well do they know that Cruikshank's powers are not of the average but the exceptional class; that he is not a calculable man—not one of those of whom each half-century repeats the type; and that, while a more even level of attainment is to be had for the asking in as many relays of men as you choose, a second Cruikshank is by no manner of means to be ordered of Dame Nature 'at sight.'

We are glad to express in strong terms our sense of the great merits of this honoured veteran; whose powers, still in fair working order, have been perhaps somewhat obscured, in the eyes of the public of recent years, by the efforts and successes of younger men. To them also be all due credit given. It would be absurd to wish them to perpetuate any of the numerous and obvious enough defects with which Cruikshank is fairly chargeable; but the best of them might be glad to inherit the tradition of his genius and peculiar faculty. Styles and tastes change; those are in the long run the lucky ones which have had genius as a substratum to work from and form themselves upon.

Under the name of 'The George Cruikshank Picture-gallery,' a collection of the designer's works has now been got together for public exhibition in Exeter Hall. They are described in the catalogue as 'Proof etchings, sketches, &c., embracing a period of upwards of fifty years.' The collection is not by any means a complete one: indeed, it is decidedly defective in the works of Cruikshank's best period, which may be considered to have dated from about 1825 to 1845. The truly masterly series of etchings to 'Grimm's Goblins,' Boz's Sketches, 'Oliver Twist,' 'Jack Sheppard,' 'The Tower of London,' are wholly unrepresented; and nothing could supply their place with entire

adequacy. Of woodcuts, too, there is nothing—or nothing to speak of—beyond the designs of 'The Bottle,' and 'The Drunkard's Children'; excellent works certainly of their class, but only displaying one side of the artist's many performances in this method of art. Of the works exhibited, a large proportion belong to his earlier period of extreme and unsightly, often repulsive, caricature—political satire, lampoons upon the fashions, and the like; and many of these suffer a further deterioration by being coloured. The selection, however, if not a judicious one for the upholding of the artist's fame, or the gratification of the artistic spectator, is curious as showing a large number of designs of a period remote from the experience and memories of most visitors. We proceed to name, out of the total of 148 catalogued numbers, a few of the designs which present some point of peculiarity.

No. 1 consists of 'First Attempts by G. C., from about 1799 to 1801, when about seven and eight years of age—thirteen sketches.' Boyish attempts in the manners of Callot and Mortimer may be observed here; one of some dustmen in an interior has a strong spice of the artist's own after-style. In another early series, from 1801 to 1803, we find a caricature of Cruikshank in person, during his indentures to a lawyer—anything but a zealous pupil evidently. Some of the early designs, such as 'Colonel Patty Pan, Sir John Sugarstick, 1808 or 1809,' have a strong spice of the exaggerated manner of Gillray; others, of which the 'Illustrations of Songs' are examples, are quite as absurdly overdone as Rowlandson; and the coarse hideousness of such caricatures of fashionable costumes and doings as the 'Inconveniences of a Crowded Drawing-room, 1808,' or the various 'Monstrosities' of successive years in point of costume, is appalling. In 'Sir Francis Burdett taken from

his House No. 80 Piccadilly, by Warrant of the Speaker of the House of Commons, in April 1810, and delivered into the custody of Earl Moira, Constable of the Tower of London,' Cruikshank abandons—or intends to abandon —caricature, in favour of the contemporary historic style; the pair is curious, if not much better than that. The 'Cato-street Conspirators, 1820,' is of the same class, and better. The 'Points of Humour,' sixteen etchings in all, show him gradually getting into his power, some of them being markedly in advance of others. The eight from 'Peter Schlemihl, the Shadowless Man,' confirm the progress, and bring Cruikshank onwards to near his best style. Several of the 'Comic Almanack' etchings, extending over a number of years, show him also in his prime. Two other designs may be singled out as interesting from their associations. 'Coriolanus addressing the Plebeians, 1820,' exhibits a number of the Radical politicians of the day. Some of these—as Cobbett, Orator Hunt, Richard Carlile, and Thistlewood—Cruikshank groups together as 'low, desperate revolutionists, or *extreme* Radicals.' Another group contains 'the *respectable* Reformers'; Hone, 'the eloquent and noble Sir Francis Burdett,' and Cruikshank himself, among the number. The second of the designs to which we are referring is named 'A Bank-note not to be imitated.' It was published by Cruikshank 'about thirty or forty years back,' in horror at witnessing the execution of two women for passing one-pound forged bank-notes. Its appearance 'created a sensation, and I had the satisfaction of knowing,' says Mr. Cruikshank, 'that no man or woman was ever hung after this for passing one-pound forged Bank-of-England notes.' The last design in the catalogue shows that the artist has remained a 'respectable' Reformer: it celebrates the rejection of Bright's 'Reform Bombshell.'

From these we pass to the water-colour designs for the etchings to Ainsworth's 'Miser's Daughter,' a good series, the merit of which is, of course, only partially suggested in the water-colours. Those from the Irish Rebellion of 1798 are interesting and valuable. The etchings for the *Omnibus* Magazine, about 1841, are among the most elaborated of the artist's performances; on the whole, they go farther in this direction than his style will bear without detriment. The same may be said of the later etchings from 'Cinderella' and other fairy tales, which want the zest of earlier fantasies. The Falstaff series, dating only some six or seven years back, is among the best works in this manner. Two water-colour pictures from 'Tam O'Shanter' aim, not without some considerable amount of skill in painting and effect, at a pitch of completeness very unusual in the coloured works of Mr. Cruikshank.

We have last to mention the *pièce de résistance* of the collection, the huge oil-picture named 'The Worship of Bacchus,' 13 feet 4 by 7 feet 8. It is certainly not a good picture, and can scarcely, we think, be considered a good total-abstinence lecture, though it embodies with some force and directness the fundamental working doctrine of the National Alliance. The general idea, carried out in a number of wholly or partially isolated groups, is that the self-respecting classes of British society drink always and everywhere, in moderation and no harm meant, at least at first; but that there is no calculating the baneful effects of this needless self-indulgence upon the drinkers themselves as the habit becomes confirmed, and more especially upon the classes less inured to self-control. The man who in his old age occupies himself for nearly three years in painting this homily upon canvas, to the most negative of results in point of art, deserves respect even from those who have no

notion of leaving off the toasting of the bride at a wedding-breakfast, or the prescribing of pale ale for a woman in childbed.

LEECH.

Pictures of Life and Character from the Collection of Mr. Punch (1854). This scrap-book volume of wood-cuts will be none the less welcome for being familiar; rather it possesses a gusto of old acquaintance seasoning a quality of truth and amusement which cannot cease to be young. Design chases design so rapidly from Mr. Leech's hand that, though we do not forget the first in the smile which greets the last, we can soon bear to be reminded of it, and are pleased at being so. The humour of to-day is the thing for to-day; but the humour of yesterday has been caught in such a graphic form that on turning back to it we find it as risible as ever—not a squib which has fizzed out, but a classic. Here we have the cream of Mr. Briggs's House-keeping and Horse-keeping, the Brook Green Volunteer, the Rising Generation, Flunkeiana, Bloomerism, and other eccentricities serial or single. And these belong almost exclusively to the last four years or so—certainly the period of Mr. Leech's most complete command of his artistic powers; a desert of years and sketches remains behind unrepresented. Neither are any of the political subjects included, in which the designer luxuriates: the whole lot may be laughed at unreservedly by all.

The genius of Mr. Leech, and of his once colleague in 'Punch,' Mr. Doyle, is distinctly various. Leech's art is social, Doyle's individual. The first has more wit, the

second more fancy. Both possess humour; but Doyle has that essence of peculiar personal humour—quaintness—in a very superior degree. On the other hand, Leech has, in a certain sense, more of ready invention as distinguished from fancy. He has represented more scenes, more incidents, each with a specially-invented subject of his own in it,—in this, coming more near to the inimitable Gavarni than any other English artist. What Doyle sees are types of society, classes of men and women; round which he throws the riches of an exuberant and airy fancy, or which he sublimates—we can scarcely say caricatures—into exquisite burlesque. Leech sees the men and women themselves; and pourtrays them with a spice of caricature, indeed, when that serves his turn, but on the whole with very lifelike exactness. He has, it may be said, a broader and more unbiassed eye for character—his view being, however, an excellent one of an order common to all men having a touch of the same faculty; while Doyle's is something peculiar to himself, and is therefore the likelier to suggest new trains of observation and perception. In fine, Leech leans to the dramatic side. He might have written excellent scenes in a comedy, had he handled the pen instead of the pencil. Doyle is a discursive humourist, like Hood —seizing on all kinds of things, but uncertain in his use of them; and having that kind of poetic aroma and intrinsic life which marks the creations of the Elizabethan stage as a class, and makes their separate dramatic characters only a part of them and not the whole,—a part which just corresponds to that wherein Leech is the higher master.

It would be unfair to quit Mr. Leech without adverting to the acute and thorough feeling which he possesses for English scenery. A hunting-field, a fishing-punt, a winter's drive, or a sea-side, from his hand, is done to the very life.

In such subjects, besides the most lively characteristic truth, he gives remarkable breadth and solidity, and a something in the command of his light and shade which even stands for colour.

Mr. Leech's Exhibition (1862). John Leech, the originator of millions of smiles, laughs, and guffaws, upon the countenances of almost a whole generation of English people, has made a selection of his designs from *Punch*, had them 'reproduced (much enlarged) on canvas by an ingenious new process,' and worked them up with oil-pigment into coloured sketches; and he exhibits the series at the Egyptian Hall.

Mr. Leech occupies a very distinct, as well as an eminent, position among the caricature artists of our country and age. Without going so far back as to the origin of our caricature art in Hogarth (whose being much more than a caricaturist does not prevent him, as some enthusiasts almost seem to think, from being that as well), we might take Gillray as the first man from whom onwards there has been an unbroken succession of this class of art familiar to the eyes or the memories of most of us. Gillray is best known as a political caricaturist,—savage, burly, ponderous, laying on the lash with delight at hitting a raw place,—repulsive for the most part, though by no means wanting in talent, point, and spirit. Rowlandson, whose water-colours and aquatints are continually turning up, and whose 'Dr. Syntax' may be more especially cited, had less virulence of feeling and less comicality than Gillray, but fully emulated him in the gross overdoing of his personations. In his hands, a work-a-day company of human beings, among whom anybody might find himself to-morrow, is a conclave of ghouls and ogres; a fat person is a mass of shaking blubber, a lean one a living skeleton; and the wretches will be howling, stamping, leering, and grovelling in brutalism, at the slightest provo-

cation. There was a meagreness in the mind and artistic style of Rowlandson which tried to mask itself in all this bluster. His most conspicuous successor, still happily surviving and working, is a man of a very different order. Cruikshank is an inventor and an artist of a high class; tragic, terrible, grotesque, fantastic, playful, funny, or moral, as he passes from subject to subject. He stands very high among our designers, of whatever sort. It is, however, one of the drawbacks of his style that, when he means to be frolicsome with a spice of exaggeration, he overshoots the mark, and becomes a downright and even extreme caricaturist; and the ill-constructed 'moulds of form' which serve his turn in such cases are but too prone to reappear in more serious work. Still, for power of mind and execution combined, he stands unrivalled on our list. Hood was not properly an artist at all, nor did he make any pretension to being one; yet he claims mention here as unsurpassed in pure fun and whim, and the power of commanding a laugh.

As we come nearer Mr. Leech's time, we find preparations for the line of work which he arrived to take up and make his own. H. B. (the elder Doyle) fixed the type of political skit, in vein of humour and general scope of treatment, which prevails to this day. Seymour, who began the illustrations of 'Pickwick,' and invented the outer man of that hero—a most successful achievement—had a genuine gift, and was especially addicted to one of Mr. Leech's great points —the treatment of sporting subjects. He was too much inclined, however, to the merely vulgar and disagreeable side of the thing, rancorously showing up the cockney sportsman, but doing little for hunting-field, cover, or punt, in a more general or hearty form. Kenny Meadows took portraits from a wide range of society; constantly overdone and sometimes altogether forced, yet often very acute and

telling in a mannered way. Hablot Browne, who completed 'Pickwick,' and has illustrated almost all Mr. Dickens's subsequent books along with many others, has great lightness and neatness of hand, with other qualities which from time to time succeed in expressing subjects dramatically: but he has always been too great a mannerist, too flimsy as a representer of facts and details, too farcical in character. His comic turn is not so much that of an artistic caricaturist as of a lively sketcher: we may be grateful to him, nevertheless, for the portraits of Squeers, Quilp, and Pecksniff. In the way of subjects out of his own head he has done little. In Sibson an early death cut off an admirable etcher, and an artist of great power over the grotesque and eccentric. Mr. Thackeray may to some extent be classed with Hood, as not a professional artist; but he is a master of oddity, and the visible realization which so many of his own characters have received at his hands is a real service to the reader in fixing his conception of them. Last among the predecessors of Mr. Leech, or the contemporaries of his early period, we may name Henning, one of the illustrators of *Punch* at its starting. He did some subjects of the same class as Leech, but in a much more limited range, and his qualifications as an artist were exceedingly slender.

Two French contemporaries of Mr. Leech, and three of his English successors, should hardly be omitted here. The excellent lithographic and woodcut artist, Gavarni, has done more than anybody else to bring forward a class of subject in which Leech also excels,—the hitting-off of the humours of particular classes of society, often in a series. His 'Enfans Terribles' may probably have given the hint for the Englishman's 'Rising Generation.' Others of his series touch upon ground which would be deemed dangerous on this side of the Channel, exhibiting too much of the life

of the *demi-monde.* Daumier, the creator of the Robert Macaire and Bertrand of art, is a rich caricaturist, second to none in that way, but does not deal with any side of life which is other than ungainly. Doyle, Tenniel, and Keene, coming after Leech, have done excellent things tending in similar directions, but never running exactly parallel with him. Doyle is an artist of most delicate fantasy and whimsical observation, much more exceptional in his range than Leech. Tenniel, a professor of high art in painting, and a mature draughtsman, is somewhat trammelled in caricature by coldness of style, though he frequently hits the mark very happily. Keene is extremely solid and actual, a finished designer in a realistic style of his own rather than a ready sketcher, more bluff and lifelike than comical.

Mr. Leech, as we have implied, is not exactly forestalled or emulated by any of these. He is a vivid and close observer of all kinds of real life, with a view to its odd phases and pretences, and for the sake of the amusement to be extracted from it. He is continually funny and humorous; not fanciful or grotesque. He draws upon his observation of facts, and upon his own mother-wit and prompt invention, with so impartial a hand and so much natural truth that we may often remain in doubt whether he is representing what he has noted, with or without some extra spice of his own fun, or whether it comes wholly from himself. He can enjoy and express what is pretty and pleasing just as easily as what is odd or burlesque. He has also a true eye for scenery; and nothing is more characteristic of him than subjects of social life—gamesome, high-spirited, with prettiness and humour combined, and giving a genuine glimpse of the open air, and country or seaside occupation. He seldom tries to insinuate a moral, but only to put one in good-humour with oneself

and others. In point of style he is always an accomplished sketcher and indicator of reality, without ever aiming at the completeness of design and execution which may be made compatible with the subjects he works upon, but is by no means required by them. Often he is not properly a caricaturist at all, but an exact pourtrayer of the obvious in life, within the range of his style. He is never gross or violent; ready to laugh folly and pretence out of countenance, but not to leave a rankling sting. He treats his butts in the spirit of a good-natured Englishman of our easy-going epoch; and, after plenty of 'chaff,' could shake hands with them to-day, if they existed in the flesh, and begin again to-morrow. His ability as an artist has been constantly progressive. A marked distinction would be traceable between his current designs and those even of a dozen years back; and the difference is immense if we recur to his earliest productions.

The sketches now being exhibited at the Egyptian Hall are not reproductions of the designs in *Punch*, but the very designs themselves, enlarged and transferred to canvas by a process of printing upon an elastic surface. The designs, thus enlarged, have been scraped down, to get rid of the blackness of the rough-and-ready lines of the drawing in printer's ink, and then coloured by Mr. Leech himself, in oils, with some washes of water-colour underneath. They are thus brought to the state of clear, easy sketches in oils, pleasant and efficient for their purpose. To convert them into highly-finished oil pictures would have been quite inappropriate, and has evidently not been any part of the artist's intention. The visitor may observe, in several of the skies and backgrounds, a development in colour of the feeling for nature which those portions of the sketches so constantly present in Mr. Leech's woodcuts.

DOYLE.

Brown, Jones, and Robinson (1853). Richard Doyle supplies us with the most humorous and amusing book of the Christmas season, and the one whose art has the most of capital inventive and descriptive faculty. He is a designer of exhaustless fertility; gives character to a pin's point, grace to a caricature, and laughableness to everything, save only when at special moments he chooses to show that he can command beauty and poetry free from any admixture of quaintness,—as here in the sunset boat-scene of the Lago Maggiore. How many minute facts, how many peculiarities, oddities, and absurdities, has he not noted and recorded to the life's life! how many figures and expressions, complete in how few touches, cannot he crowd into a single design, leaving himself as free and as full as ever for the next! Various or versatile he is not, for he sees everything through one peculiar medium, and renders it in one peculiar manner; but his observation and invention are in continual exercise, and whatever may be their last product has something to distinguish it—as a new individual of a constant species—from all that went before. His fancy and his pencil enjoy perpetual adolescence. His powers are always ready, and depend upon themselves entirely, needing no extrinsic aid for full development.

'Brown, Jones, and Robinson Abroad,' are not so burlesque, and perhaps not quite so irresistibly risible, as the memorable 'Pips's Diary'; but they are as complete and excellent specimens of the artist as could be conceived. The several characters are nicely discriminated and sustained.

Brown is a goodlooking likeable kind of little fellow, of artistic propensities and enthusiasm; Jones, a lanky maypole, the most thoroughly English of the three in character, with a taste for decorum, and yet for free-and-easiness, and with a spice of pugnacity in his nature; Robinson, verging towards middle-age, is the most comfort-loving, vain, and pliable. Landing at Ostend, they undergo the smells of Cologne, (which Coleridge computed accurately at the number of 'two-and-seventy'), and 'do the Cathedral'; go up the Rhine, sketching and luxuriating, but not exempt from the baleful companionship of the genuine British grumbler and the unevadable 'bore'; see Frankfort, Heidelberg, and Baden—where Jones gets into a scrape for assaulting a sentinel; ramble in Switzerland; sun themselves in the entrancement of the Italian Lakes; visit Milan, Verona—where Brown's sketching hobby induces his arrest by the most truculent-visaged of Austrian detachments—Venice, Vienna, Prague; and home again by Rhineland and Cologne.

To enumerate the points of humour, of character, of winning grace or bright quaint fancy, would be to describe minutely the copious sum of the designs. As a series, they have an air not only of general truthfulness, but of personal adventure or reminiscence; and we doubtless travel with Mr. Doyle's pencil along many a stage which he has himself passed, and see many a face whose individuality or eccentricity his own eyes have noted on the spot.

VII.

TURNER'S LIFE AND GENIUS

(in a Review of Mr. Thornbury's Book, 1861*).*[1]

JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER was born on the 23rd April 1775, at No. 26 Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, where his father, William Turner, followed the calling of a barber. His mother's name appears to have been Mary Marshall, although in one instance Mr. Thornbury gives it as Mallord, intimating that from her surname Turner received his second Christian name. The father's family belonged to Southmolton in Devonshire, and seems to have been of a humble station. The mother is represented as of a dreadful temper, ending in downright insanity. She is said to have been somehow connected with Shelford Manor-house, near Nottingham, and it is inferred that her position in life was greatly superior to that of the young barber; but all this is left extremely foggy.

The boy Joseph, or (as he was called throughout his earlier career) William, was, somehow or other, an artist in faculty from a very early age; it was born in him,—mysteriously, as such faculty *is* born. He once told his highly-valued old friend, the Rev. Mr. Trimmer, of Heston, that a particular print by Vandervelde 'made him a painter.' He also stated 'that his first instructions in painting were

from a person who taught him to place a small piece of carmine in the centre of the cheek, and to lose it by degrees. This might have been the itinerant painter who painted his father's blocks, and who is said to have instructed him.'

At ten years old he was sent to school at Brentford; at eleven or twelve (probably) to the Soho Academy, where he drew flowers and the like under a drawing-master named Palice; at thirteen to a school at Margate. About the same time he began paying visits to an old family friend, Mr. Harraway, in Bristol. Other drawing-schools which he attended were those of Paul Sandby, R.A., in St. Martin's-lane, and of Thomas Malton in Long Acre. His first recorded employment, still towards the childish age of thirteen, is the colouring of prints for the printseller John Raphael Smith, eked out by touching up amateurs' drawings, adding skies and backgrounds to architects' designs, and, a few years later, by sketching at the houses of Dr. Munro and Mr. Henderson.

Of his various early drawing-schools, he particularly distinguished one. 'My real master,' he would say, 'was Tom Malton of Long Acre.' Under this instructor he appears to have studied perspective and the more mechanical parts of an artist's business; and it is a singular fact that he was twice sent away as incapable. (Mr. Thornbury gives this particular on the authority of 'old architects now alive.' If I am not mistaken, the fact must have reached him through a statement made originally to me, not by 'old architects,' but by one old architect, Mr. Peter Robinson, who died in 1858. Upon the statement itself I have every reason to rely, but the embellishments which garnish it in the biography are Mr. Thornbury's own.) At the age of fourteen, Turner became a student in the Royal Academy; being already placed in the office of Mr. Hardwick the

architect, though never articled to him. His drawings in this office, says Mr. Thornbury, 'show wonderful skill for a boy of fourteen, being robust and firm in execution, though prosaic and dry in style; and are careful and full of thought.' One of them is of a tavern and some old houses at Lambeth. 'Years after, Mr. Hardwick showed Turner some of these early drawings. He remembered them, and, pointing to the Lambeth public-house, said: 'Ha! yes; against that inn there was a board stuck up, on which was written, Be sober, be vigilant; and close by were the parish stocks, I remember.'' There is no doubt that, at the Academy or elsewhere, Turner learned to draw the human figure correctly. Besides the many excellent (in opposition to the many other extremely queer) figures, suitable for the purpose, introduced into his landscapes, there is the nude study in the national collection for the Hannibal picture; and Mr. Thornbury mentions another, belonging to Mr. Munro, 'worthy of Etty for power, or of Mulready for correctness.' By the age of about fifteen, also, he had copied two of Reynolds's portraits, having, by some introduction or other, obtained the *entrée* of the great painter's studio; and at the same curiously early age, in 1790, he exhibited his first picture in the Academy rooms, —a water-colour of 'Lambeth Palace.' Poultry-yards are stated to have been his first studies from nature. Towards the same time he commenced pedestrian sketching-tours, the first trip into Yorkshire dating perhaps about 1797. 'He walked twenty to twenty-five miles a day, with his baggage tied up in a handkerchief, and swinging on the end of his stick. He sketched quickly all the good pieces of composition he met. He made quick pencil-notes in his pocket-book, and photographed into his mind legions of transitory effects, by aid of a stupendous, retentive, and

minute memory.' Soon after, he 'began to teach water-colour drawing at schools, obtaining first five shillings a lesson, then ten shillings, and subsequently a guinea'; was employed to make drawings for a publisher, and the views for the Oxford Almanack, and became to some extent a known and established artist. He had certainly done a huge variety of prentice-work, all of a practical and modestly remunerative kind, by an age when other youths have scarcely settled their choice of art as a profession.

According to Mr. Thornbury, who receives the story at third hand, a disappointment in love embittered the youth of Turner, and overclouded his manhood. He engaged himself, possibly towards 1796, to the sister of a school-fellow at Margate. Upon leaving her for a professional tour of some two years' duration he wrote constantly, but had his letters suppressed by an evil-minded stepmother, and he returned to find his betrothed engaged, in desperation and misconception, to another man. He declared that he would never marry, and that his life was henceforth hopeless and blighted. To this, and to a hereditary taint of money-grubbing, the biographer ascribes much of what is most distasteful to contemplate in the mighty master's after life.

Turner's first oil-picture, according to one account, was painted in 1795, 'from a sketch in crayon of a sunset on the Thames, near the Red House, Battersea." According to another, 'it was a view of Rochester Castle,' with fishermen drawing their boats ashore in a gale of wind, well drawn, and resembling Loutherbourg. The first of some importance 'was a view of flustered and scurrying fishing-boats in a gale of wind off the Needles, which General Stewart bought for £10.' In 1800 he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and gradually abandoned

teaching, finding, apparently, few pupils and inadequate profit in the work. In 1802 he became a full Academician. His age, twenty-seven, was remarkably early for such a distinction; and it was not without reason that Turner, who had a strong feeling of gratitude, and what phrenologists call 'adhesiveness,' towards those who valued him and promoted his fortunes, retained throughout his whole career a steady and rooted attachment to the Academician body. Great as was his addiction, and vast as were his services, to water-colour art, he was not a member of the Society of Painters in Water-colours, which held its first organized exhibition in 1805; indeed the Academy exacts undivided allegiance from the men of its choice.

Up to the age of twenty-one (1796) the unsqueamish Turner had continued living with his father in the barber's shop in Maiden Lane. His first move is believed to have been into the lane at the end of Hand Court close by. He had three other moves before fixing himself, in 1812, in Queen Anne Street; and this latter residence was varied, from about 1814 till 1826, by frequent sojourn at Sandycombe (or, as Turner also christened it, Solus) Lodge, Twickenham. To this semi-rustication Turner's father moved along with the painter. He was in the habit of assisting his son by such services as the straining and varnishing of pictures: services, one might think, very natural to render, and very proper to receive, though they have scandalized some ultra-dutiful sons, of whom it remains to be proved that, if they were men rising in the world, and their fathers scrubby cheese-paring little barbers from Maiden Lane, they would be equally well pleased to domesticate the old men with them for sixteen years, ending only with death. The elder Turner accompanied his son to London when the latter quitted Sandycombe Lodge

for exclusive residence in Queen Anne Street, and continued with him till his death in 1830. The motive of the removal seems to have been partly, or wholly, care for the father's health; and his demise was deeply felt by Turner, who, according to the authentic testimony of the present Mr. Trimmer, 'never appeared the same man' afterwards. 'At Sandycombe Lodge,' says the same gentleman, who from boyhood was known to Turner, and whose reminiscences form valuable items in this biography, 'everything was of the most modest pretensions; two-pronged forks, and knives with large round ends for taking up the food. The table-cloth barely covered the table; the earthenware was in strict keeping. At this time Turner was a very abstemious man. I have also dined with him in Queen Anne Street, where everything was of the same homely description. I should say that he never altered his style of living from his first start in Maiden Lane. You were welcome to what he had; and, if it was near his dinner-time, he always pressed us to stay, and brought out cake and wine. Turner, when beginning his great classical subjects from the Æneid, regretted his ignorance of Latin: my father undertook to teach him, for instruction in painting in return. My father, who was accustomed to teaching, has told me Turner sadly floundered in the verbs, and never made any progress; in fact, he could not spare the time. He was ignorant of chemistry and the affinities of colour; and I have heard him say that no one could tell if a method would answer, as he would be dead before it was proved. He was far from satisfied with his own method, and would gladly have changed it for a better.' Besides Latin, Turner attempted at a later date to learn some Greek under Mr. Trimmer.

To the second year of Turner's stay at Sandycombe Lodge (1815) belongs the only further trace which his

biography supplies of a matrimonial project. It is a very ambiguous trace, amounting solely to the following passage in a letter addressed by the painter, from Queen Anne Street, to the Rev. Mr. Trimmer, who resided near Twickenham: 'Poor Daddy seems as much plagued with weeds as I am with disappointment that, if Miss —— would but waive bashfulness, or, in other words, make an offer instead of expecting one, the same [*i. e.*, Sandycombe Lodge] might change occupiers.' The present Mr. Trimmer considers that this letter relates to a sister of his mother: probably the name, left blank in print, may have appeared in the MS., and set the question beyond doubt. Mr. Thornbury comments upon the letter in terms going considerably beyond anything which itself implies. Whether the lady was informed of the left-handed offer thus made (if matrimonial offer it is), and what her reply may have been, are points which do not appear in any way.

Turner's most interesting tours are given as follows: In 1789, with his intimate companion and much-admired fellow-artist Girtin, on the Thames; in 1792 and thereabouts, in Wales; in 1797, in Yorkshire, and in the Lake and Border Country; in 1798, 1801 (probably), 1818, and 1831, in Scotland; in 1801 or 1802, in France and Switzerland (his first continental tour), and again in the former country in 1832, and in the latter in 1838 and 1843; in 1819, on the Rhine; and, in 1828, in Italy. He was in Italy again towards 1840.

Mr. Thornbury states, and it may be presumed accurately, that Turner's fortune was made principally by his engravings; his pictures being often, sometimes purposely, unsold, and, when sold, often fetching sums which, from the present range of prices and the greatness of the works, are apt to amaze one by their insignificance. Of course,

however, with the shoals of oil-pictures and water-colours which his astonishing fertility produced, he must have realized large amounts from them also, taken in the aggregate. Many even of his engravings were unsuccessful. The 'Liber Studiorum' was stopped because it was at first partially a failure; his plates to the History of Richmondshire were a great loss to the publishers. Turner, moreover, was often at variance, sometimes passionately quarrelling, with his publishers and engravers. It is established, too, though one would be glad to forget the fact, that Turner in several instances got up 'sham proofs' of the Liber Studiorum plates in their later stages, taking out the old thickened letters, and engraving new open letters on the plates. Mr. Thornbury generously, and not unjustly, suggests that the act, in itself always condemnable, may have seemed to Turner in some degree permissible on account of the great changes introduced into the light and shade, and general effect, of the subjects. Amid his many occupations, it may be added, he was diligent in getting up studies for his lectures as Professor of Perspective to the Academy: the biographer mentions 'a huge portfolio full of careful diagrams,' and other most elaborate and difficult studies, very conspicuous for 'exquisite knowledge and care.'

From numerous records bearing upon the same matter, I select the following as a glimpse into Turner's domestic economy in Harley Street, which may serve also as a type of what it was in Queen Anne Street. It is communicated by an old friend, Mr. Rose, of Jersey:—

Two ladies, Mrs. R—— and Mrs. H——, once paid him a visit in Harley Street, an extremely rare (in fact, if not the only) occasion of such an occurrence, for it must be known he was not fond of parties prying, as he fancied, into the secrets of his *ménage*. On sending in their names after having ascertained he was at home, they were politely

requested to walk in, and were shown into a large sitting-room without a fire; this was in the depth of winter; lying about in various places were several cats without tails. In a short time our talented friend made his appearance, asking the ladies if they felt cold. The youngest replied in the negative; her companion, more curious, wished she had stated otherwise, as she hoped they might have been shown into his sanctum or studio. After a little conversation he offered them wine and biscuits, which they partook of for the novelty, such an event being almost unprecedented at his house. During the time the ladies were present, one began to notice his cats, which caused him to remark that he had seven, and that they came from the Isle of Man.

The seven tailless cats introduce us to a prominent and amiable trait in Turner—his strong love of animals. At one period he was specially obnoxious to the enterprising boys in his neighbourhood as the declared champion and protector of all blackbirds. Here is another record,—the Mr. Jones upon whose authority it rests being the veteran R.A. still living, with whom Turner appears to have been for a long course of years upon terms of great good-fellowship:—

Even in fishing, Turner was merciful. His old angling companion, Mr. Jones, says: 'I was often with him when fishing at Petworth, and also on the banks of the Thames when we were making our annual visit to Sir J. Wyattville at Windsor Castle. His success as an angler was great, although with the worst tackle in the world. Every fish he caught he showed to me, and appealed to me to decide whether the size justified him to keep it for the table, or to return it to the river: his hesitation was often almost touching, and he always gave the prisoner at the bar the benefit of the doubt.

In connection with the same old friend, here is another anecdote, interesting as being the only one (within my recollection) which gives an inkling of political sympathies on the part of Turner,—whose whole character, however, is clearly that of a Tory, disposed to like and hold by what he finds established, and probably taking public and national affairs very much on trust:—

One of his dearest friends he used to call 'Georgey' and 'Joney' alternately. But Turner, though I believe a Tory, loved liberty and those who fought for it; so, when his friend's villainous namesake be-

trayed the Hungarians, he said to Jones, 'I shall not call you Georgey any more:' the name was henceforth hateful to him.

Turner's life consisted in genius developed, pictures painted, Nature interpreted; not in incidents and vicissitudes. The accumulation of a fortune which, at his death, was sworn under £140,000, was the steady occupation and the result of his career. It is impossible to weigh the exact part which an instinct and a habit of parsimonious hoarding, on the one hand, had in this lifelong pursuit of Turner, and, on the other, the part which is due to the great and noble object of posthumous charity upon which he had set his mind. His will, dated in June 1831, recorded his purpose of leaving the bulk of his fortune to an institution for decayed British artists, to be called 'Turner's Gift'; and this purpose, added to the equally public-spirited one of leaving his pictures (many of them kept unsold for this express purpose, spite of the most tempting offers) as a gift to the nation, reappears in the codicils which he continued adding up to August 1846. There is no question therefore that his mind was occupied with these munificent projects for the last twenty years of his life, and probably for many years preceding. It is a case in which the spirit of bounty and of national feeling, the spirit of self-exaltation, and the spirit of stinginess, may, either of the three, have had the chief influence, and where all three are certain to have combined in greater or less relative proportion. The generous-minded, and perhaps even the merely candid, will cling to the belief that the first spirit was in the ascendant; the low-souled detractor, that inevitable Thersites of every Agamemnon, and, along with him, the whole fatal tribe of the 'knowing,' will see,—they *have* seen it, these many years past,—that it was all miserliness and conceit. The student of character, however acute, if modest enough, may

confess that he cannot decide; though he will perhaps feel constrained to admit to himself that, if the great motive had not been there, the mere love of money would have tyrannized with unshared sway, and would still have produced much the same system of hoarding.

Perhaps the most singular circumstance of all connected with Turner's will is one relating to a fact which is so plainly set forth in Mr. Thornbury's biography that all delicacy in stating it is set aside. Turner had two mistresses,—I infer, at different periods of his life,—his housekeeper, Mrs. Danby (who, in her later years, suffered from some cancerous disease so terrible that she had to cover her face up), and a Mrs. Booth. He left a family of four illegitimate children; yet the will, while it makes a modest though not wholly insufficient provision for each of the women, is absolutely silent, in all its various modifications, regarding the offspring. At least, none of the various legatees are distinguishable in the will as being the testator's children, though it is possible nevertheless that some of them really were so: it is a point I have no means of determining. For this apparent omission, truly extraordinary and repulsive on the face of it, Mr. Thornbury's biography does not in any way account: it may be that Turner had in his lifetime made fitting provision for his children. Let us hope that a full disclosure of all the particulars would remove from the great painter's memory what must, in their absence, remain an indelible stigma upon it.

While on this subject, I may extract Mr. Thornbury's testimony as to that phase of Turner's life which, according to the modern conventional acceptation of the term, is assumed to have more to do than anything else with a man's 'morality.' It is not such a statement as his ad-

mirers would wish to see or to remember on the subject; but, in the long run, nothing is gained by a suppression of the truth:—

I am sorry to own that I cannot say very much for Turner's moral character. A selfish and brooding solitary life and naturally strong passions could not be expected to lead to anything but a selfish and vicious old age. Latterly, Turner resorted to wine while he painted, to rouse his imagination; and at Chelsea I fear he gave way to even more fatal drinking.

Nor were these his only excesses. He would often, latterly, I am assured on only too good authority, paint hard all the week till Saturday night; he would then put by his work, slip a five-pound note in his pocket, button it securely up there, and set off to some low sailors' house in Wapping or Rotherhithe, to wallow till the Monday morning left him free again to drudge through another week.

We have now come to the last stage in the career of this mighty genius, and in many respects noble, though faultful, man. Towards the end of his days, he disappeared from his house in Queen Anne Street, and his ordinary haunts, and went to live in Chelsea, in a small cheap cottage near Cremorne Pier,—it may be supposed more for change of air than anything else. Mr. Thornbury relates the oft-repeated story that Turner, coming to the house by chance, and learning the landlady's name to be Booth, assumed that name, by which he was undoubtedly known in the neighbourhood, for himself also. For myself, remembering the admitted fact that Turner had a mistress named Mrs. Booth, I should fancy a very different inference as to these incidents to be the natural and true one, but have nothing beyond the surmise to go upon. Here, on the 19th December 1851, died the greatest pictorial recorder of natural appearances whom the world has yet seen.

Turner, some time before this, feeling dangerously ill, had sent for a well-known doctor from Margate, whom he had before employed, and in whom he had confidence. The sick man, who had once said that he would give all his money if he could but be twenty once again, watched the doctor's face with eager anxiety. He was told that death

was near. 'Go down-stairs,' he said to the doctor; 'take a glass of sherry, then look at me again.' The doctor did so, but the reply was the same. Turner would not believe that the awful change was so near. I fear he had no religious hope to cheer him at that hour. The dreadful despairing fear of annihilation pressed upon the heart of this great man.

The day he died—nay, I believe the very hour almost that he died—his landlady wheeled Turner's chair to the window, that he might see the sunshine he had loved so much mantling the river, and glowing on the sails of the passing boats.

I am told that up to the period of his very last illness Turner would often rise at daybreak, leave his bed, with some blanket or dressing-gown carelessly thrown over him, and go upon the railed-in roof to see the sun rise, and to observe the colour flow, flushing back into the pale morning sky.

The character of Turner is a far more complex question to deal with than the events of his life. Mr. Thornbury quotes a note which he received from Mr. Ruskin, summing up the chief points of it; and the whole general tenour of the biography bears out the writer as to the acuteness of the summary. He puts down 'uprightness, generosity, tenderness of heart (extreme), sensuality, obstinacy (extreme), irritability, infidelity.' Perhaps an innate bent towards hoarding should have been added, as it was certainly a permanent characteristic of Turner's conduct, and accounts for a good deal which stands in seeming, and sometimes substantial, contradiction to other attributes. Of the sensuality, and the infidelity (which is rather a state of mind, or intellectual relation to other people's convictions and assertions, than a point of character), I have already said or extracted enough. The uprightness, obstinacy, and irritability, in combination, underlie much of what was most prominent in Turner's dealings with other men. His inflexible assertion of his own rights, even on small and contemptible points, his respect for the rights of others, exhibited every now and then in an almost whimsical manner, his seclusion and *brusquerie*, the unexpected turns, whether

towards affability or churlishness, which his intercourse with the world frequently presented, as well as many features of his artistic career, are related to these qualities. He was 'ready to hang himself' sometimes when he read an ill-natured critique of his own work, but would as soon have actually done it as receded one hair's-breadth from his rooted aims in art. For a View of Modern Rome, commissioned by Mr. Munro of Novar, he punctiliously insisted upon receiving only the same price as he had had for some other picture sold to the same friend. Not less decisively did he insist upon being paid his travelling-expenses when he went to Venice to paint a picture for Mr. Munro; and the story of his charging for cab-hire, after bringing round, and receiving payment for, one of his high-priced works, is among the best known (and most invidiously retailed) anecdotes of him. He would make a mystery of trivial matters which had no element of the mysterious,—breaking off in his speech, winking, and saying 'Make out that if you can;' hiding his manner of setting to work, and slinking off upon his continental excursions. There is even a suspicion of his having been an eavesdropper,—baseless, I would be willing to assume. His quarrels with men connected with himself in business have been alluded to: his resolute refusal of all intercourse with members of his own family seems to have hinged upon similar points of character, as everything discountenances the inference that he was ashamed of his humble origin.

Of Turner's generosity, spite of his reputation for niggardliness, the evidence is ample and well attested. He was niggardly, and he was also generous: niggardly for himself in his mode of living, and niggardly in exacting the last fraction of his due from others. He was, as a rule, niggardly also, if it can fairly be called so, in point of social

hospitality; yet we have seen that he would welcome a friend to what he had at hand for himself, and it is by no means unreasonable to think that this trait in Turner had much less to do with stinginess than with his turn for secretiveness and being left to himself without bother and interference. Such is assuredly the case with a number of men: they are lacking in expansive hospitality, not in the least because they think about or grudge the cost, but simply because that kindly quality is no part of their habit or character. To have it might be a virtue; but to lack it is not exactly a vice, and is certainly not always the vice named stinginess. Whether Turner was prompt at bountiful works in the ordinary course of his life from year to year,—whether he habitually gave a fair proportion of his income in public or private charity,—does not appear. It may rather be inferred that this was not the case: the daily habit of liberality could scarcely co-exist with the daily habit of penuriousness. But it is established on repeated and irrefragable evidence that he was capable, continually capable, of genuine generosity, sometimes on a striking scale. Here are a few of the instances. He had destined his picture of the 'Rise of Carthage' as a bequest to the National Gallery, and refused not only many private offers for it, rising in two cases to £2,000 and upwards, but even a proposed public subscription to buy it during his lifetime for that same National Gallery, at the price of £2,500, along with the 'Fall of Carthage' for a like sum. Here it is obvious that he was actuated by the pure preference for bounty over profit, mingled perhaps with one of his whimsical impressions of strict equitable obligation: he had settled to bestow the picture, therefore it was no longer his to sell. His artistic fame would have been just as well served by the sale as by the posthumous gift, and his personal

vanity far better. In taking his turn as visitor in the Royal Academy school, Turner always objected to receiving the prescribed fee; and, though he yielded, he appears to have done so only because it was the system. He would not allow his tenants to be distrained for rent. 'He once returned to Mr. Charles Heath bills to the amount of £1,000 advanced to him for work done for the Keepsakes, willing to be paid or not at a future time, as the state of Mr. Heath's affairs would decide.' An old patron of his, becoming involved, had to order the cutting-down of some timber: Turner sent him, and that anonymously, the whole sum required, believed to be as much as £20,000. A precisely similar case occurred with the son of the same friend. He was also the founder of the Artists' Benevolent Fund. But this is not the only form of generosity: one which speaks more strongly for a man's real character, and which is more rare and difficult to maintain with unvarying consistency, is the never uttering a syllable in dispraise of any professional competitor. For this form of generosity Turner was peculiarly eminent,—all evidence concurs in affirming it; though Mr. Trimmer thinks he considered most of the landscape men beneath criticism. His most formidable rival in his younger days, when the real tussle lay before him, was his friend Girtin. Turner was not one of those friends whom the proverb prays that we be 'saved from.' He actually depreciated himself to exalt his competitor; and was, perhaps, generous and single-hearted enough to believe his own self-calumny. 'I never in my whole life,' said he, 'could make a drawing like that: I would at any time have given one of my little fingers to have made such a one.' And again: 'If Tom Girtin had lived, I should have starved.'

For 'tenderness of heart,' the last remaining item on Mr. Ruskin's list, there is also ample evidence. In his

youth, the painter was full of frolic and kindly good-fellowship, and he was friendly and social among his intimates to the last. His affections were peculiarly strong and steady; his sense of loss in the death of a friend was intense. Mrs. Wheeler, the daughter of his old friend Mr. Wells, an artist, (and herself, with her two sisters, remembered in Turner's will) says: 'I have more than once seen him weep bitterly, particularly at the death of my own dear father, which took him by surprise, for he was blind to the coming event, which he dreaded. He came immediately to my house in an agony of grief. Sobbing like a child, he said: 'Oh! Clara, Clara, these are iron tears. I have lost the best friend I ever had in my life!' The deaths of Callcott and of Chantrey overwhelmed and unmanned him in like manner.

After all this evidence, it would be equally futile and uncandid to question the uprightness, generosity, and kindness, of Turner's nature. True, he had other characteristics 'warring against the law of his mind.' From his father he inherited penuriousness, and from his mother (perhaps) a certain tone of violence and churlishness—what may be termed 'pig-headedness' or spleen. To this add isolation, some disappointment, and ill-regulated habits of living, and we find the radiance wofully obscured, sometimes eclipsed; yet still it is the enchanted prince in the tough animal hide, the Circean lover who eats his human heart in indignation and protest. Ulysses can recognise him: only Thersites would goad and hoot.

The intellectual power of Turner, apart from his unexampled genius in painting, presents a sort of parallel to his moral character: solid and right perceptions struggling through an obstructive medium. Capacity for self-expression, save with the pencil, seems to have been well-nigh

denied him, as well in speech and even person as in manner and many points of conduct. At bottom loving and generous, he passed for being hard and miserly; thoughtful and acute, he could not express himself in word or writing; allied in perception to whatever is most glorious and beautiful, his aspect was in the main commonplace, if not mean and ungainly. Mr. Trimmer, indeed, says that 'his remarks on pictures were admirable—no beauty and no defect escaped him'; but, coupling this with the general body of testimony on the subject, I should infer it to mean rather that he blurted out the right thing from time to time than that he succeeded in phrasing it 'in an intelligible dress of words,' or, at any rate, in a persuasive one. He maintained on one occasion 'that public opinion was not worth a rush, and that one should paint only for judges,' —a most infallible truth. 'He never rhapsodized about scenery.' He called Stothard the English Giotto; Etty and Constable he is said to have disliked to some extent —I am not sure whether personally, or in their works. 'He worked as many hours as would make the lives of two men of his own age.' He was 'greatly interested in the science of geology,' and in his declining years hung about the work-rooms of Mr. Mayall the photographer, eager, inquisitive, and suggestive as to the powers of the dawning art. Dr. McCulloch the geologist 'was delighted with his acute mind, and said: 'That man would have been great in any and every thing he chose to take up—he has such a clear, intelligent, piercing intellect.'' In his perspective lectures he was confused and hard to follow, yet with flashes of light upon his subject, and even of impressive speech. His speeches in the Academy Council were quite as obscure; people scarcely knew which side he was taking, only that he always used his influence to compose strife

and avert acrimony. About the time of Macready's Shakspearian revivals, he was a great theatre-goer. Moreover, 'he was rather desirous to obtain a repute for general knowledge, and was a reader of all the best books and reviews of the day.' Among the books composing his travelling-library were Young's Night Thoughts, Isaac Walton, and 'some inferior translation of Horace.'

Turner's writing was always wrong in spelling and syntax, and jumbled in arrangement. His many attempts at poetry were failures, yet not destitute here and there of a vigorous way of considering and presenting the subject, nor of some emphatic, good lines. The motto to his picture of the 'Decline of Carthage,' referring to the surrender by the inhabitants of their arms and children to the Romans, in the vain hope of peace, has always appeared to me fine, especially its close :—

> At Hope's delusive smile,
> The chieftain's safety and the mother's pride
> Were to the insidious conqueror's grasp resigned;
> While o'er the western wave the ensanguined sun
> In gathering haze a stormy signal spread,
> And set portentous.

If those lines had occurred in Milton, they would certainly not be considered bad. Mr. Thornbury gives eleven pages of extracts from a farrago of 'heroic' verse found scribbled in one of Turner's pocketbooks, and doubtless of a much earlier date. I happen to have been the transcriber of these extracts (every line of them, unless I am mistaken) some years ago, when Mr. Ruskin was arranging the Turner relics at the National Gallery: Mr. Thornbury appears to have bundled the extracts into print exactly as they reached him, in or out of sequence. They are exceedingly bad verses, yet to some extent noticeable, as showing the interest Turner took in the local occupations and associations of

the districts he passed through in his sketching-tours,—the verses having evidently been written as he went on from place to place. At Poole in Dorsetshire it is pretty clear that his aspect excited some 'chaff' from the burgesses of the town,—

> Across the gutter here shipowners frown,
> Jingling their money,—passengers deride:
> The consequence of misconceivèd pride.

He enters with zest into the quarrying at Portland, and into the question, which he argues with patriotic persistence, why England should be indebted to Russia for her hemp, instead of growing it for herself. 'Armonuous' for 'harmonious' is amusing; so is the simple account of the exaction of Magna Charta—

> Those days when leaguèd barons strong
> Dared to tell their monarch *acted wrong.*

Turner's personal appearance was evidently not impressive. 'At first sight,' says Mr. Trimmer, 'Turner gave one the appearance of a mean-looking little man. Once in a sketching ramble, in descending a hill, he snapped a tendon achilles; and limping about afterwards with a stick did not add to his appearance. But all this wore off. His hair was dark brown, bordering on black, and his complexion sallow' (though Mr. Thornbury says, 'red as the shell of a boiled lobster'). Other descriptive terms are 'rather a pig-like face,' 'somewhat of a guy,' and a 'well-known little thick-set man, walking (on the Simplon) with no luggage except a large faded umbrella;' 'rain or sunshine, storm or calm, there was that old faded article tucked under his arm.' In the family of Mr. Rose his name was 'Old Pogey,' a meaningless term which yet must evidently have something accurately descriptive in it, as the street-boys of Chelsea, in his last days there, christened him

'Puggy Booth.' In another place, Mr. Trimmer says 'Turner had fine intelligent eyes, dark blue or mazarine; and, as it is said of Swift's, they were heavy rather than animated. He had a pleasing but melancholy expression. He dressed in black, with short black gaiters, and though neat was not smart.' 'His voice,' says Mr. Leslie, 'was deep and musical.' But Turner 'thought himself coarse, ugly, unpoetical looking, and said that, if he had portraits taken, people would never believe he painted his own pictures.' The Jewish look attributed to him must clearly have been true, if a little rude caricature-portrait which is known in a woodcut and reported characteristic was really so. Another peculiarity was small feet, and 'the smallest and dirtiest hands on record.' The most noticeable portraits of him are two painted by himself, and those by Dance, Linnell, and the engraver Charles Turner. Of the two by himself, the first, painted at about the age of sixteen, and now in Mr. Ruskin's possession, is a good piece of work for so young a practitioner, and shows a well-moulded, gentle, impulsive, and sensitive face, quite fit for a youth of genius; the nose, already prominent, threatens to encroach, with years, too much upon the other features. The other portrait, in the Turner Gallery, was painted in 1802 (age 27); it is peculiar, yet not easily definable, in character. Dance's portrait, taken in 1800, and the only one for which Turner sat to a brother artist, has considerable affinity to the first one by himself; it has the same general prepossessing air, and may pass for good-looking. Mr. Linnell's portrait, painted from recollection about 1837, is differently judged by various friends of Turner,—unfavourably, as to likeness, by Mr. Ruskin. The one by Mr. Charles Turner is in oil-colour, 'small half-size, in the act of sketching.' It was done, I believe, about the same time, without sitting,

and its truthfulness is highly attested. Besides these, there are several minor records, and a cast taken after death. I cannot understand Mr. Thornbury's reference, more than once introduced, to a portrait by Turner himself, 'at the age of seventeen, in the Vernon Gallery, bold and vigorous, but not of a very good colour.'

A few items bearing upon the painter's professional practice and views should be added. Towards 1810, while living at Kensington Mall, Turner used to paint out in his garden, and told a friend 'that lights and a room were absurdities, and that a picture could be painted anywhere.' To Mr. Trimmer he said, 'looking at a black cow against the sun, it is purple—not black, as it is painted.' There is a hint in that little phrase of a great deal that Turner painted rightly, and got ridiculed for. He stated 'that no painter had ever touched any picture of his.' It would appear that some minute deduction should be made from the absoluteness of this assertion, but it disposes of the story often put forward that the figures so judiciously introduced into his earlier works were systematically obtained from another artist. He mentioned as his favourite colour 'yellow; for pictures wanted colour.' According to Mr. Trimmer, he 'plainly thought himself inferior' to Gainsborough and Wilson, and said of a Vandervelde 'I can't paint like him.' Here is indeed the modesty, one might almost say the self-stupor, of genius. 'He used no mahl-stick, his touch was so sure and decisive; his materials were of the rudest,—brushes worn away to single hairs.' The marvellous Téméraire picture was done from the actual incident falling under Turner's notice at Greenwich; its pictorial fittingness was pointed out to him by Stanfield.

I have no occasion to enlarge upon the character of Turner's art, and the quality of his pictorial genius. They

transcend in scope, range of sympathy, human feeling, beauty, majesty, truth, depth, infinity,—in every mental, and, one may broadly say, almost every pictorial and executive quality—all previous and succeeding landscape painters and landscape art put together. It is not only a great thing achieved, but a real phenomenon,—a revealing of higher capacity in man, in a particular field of effort, than was yet known to be within the limits of nature. Such being, as I believe, the case, I can see little ground for Mr. Thornbury's apparent confidence (in Vol. II.) that England is as likely as not, within a more or less moderate space of time, to produce as good a landscape-painter as Turner, or a better one. The possibility no doubt exists; but, when we consider the wholly exceptional marvellousness of Turner's work,—that he stands as yet alone in all the regions and all the centuries,—it can scarcely, I think, be deemed a probability. We have waited long for a second Phidias, Giotto, Titian, or Tintoret; for a second Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, or Molière; and have not had them yet throughout the whole world. It is open to those who think so to say that Turner was inferior to all or some of these great men; but he was certainly not less *exceptional*, and the question turns upon being solitary among fellow-workers, not upon being equal to the chief masters of different work. For the rest, I must say (as Mr. Thornbury also intimates, with judgment and right feeling) that to write about Turner's art after Mr. Ruskin is to do failingly what that great writer has done to perfection, whether he has to wonder and exalt, or to discriminate and condemn,—as he very frequently does, spite of his being maligned as a mere partisan adulator. Indeed, appreciative criticism of Turner is no easy thing. In the first place, the artist, in poetic insight and creativeness, must be greatly above his critic.

Then comes the difficulty of disentangling instead of cutting the Gordian knot presented by the question of the later as contrasted with the earlier examples of his final style. Even the intelligent estimator of Turner, if a professed admirer, is liable to be betrayed into investing these, from his own imagination, with the qualities he desires to find in them. The adopter of opinion from hearsay has no resource but to suppose they must be right somehow, because he knows Turner was a great man, or else to follow the stream of those who can *only* laugh. The uninformed spectator, who has no reputation for connoisseurship to keep up, is pretty sure to do the latter. Persons who find themselves puzzled before the pictures of this class, and who cannot reconcile those works to their own perception of natural appearances, may do well to apply themselves to the following enquiry, rather than walk off at once in mere obfuscation or exasperation of mind—Whether or not the works represent in a striking and interesting manner essences at least, if not facts. They may thus come to perceive that Turner has been painting blueness, if not a southern sky; multitudinousness, if not a multitude; gorgeousness, if not 'barbaric pearl and gold'; or (to take his own title) 'Rain, steam, and speed,' if not 'the Great Western Railway.' Nor, if this view is once admitted, need it be wondered at that a painter, after spending a long life in investigation, collection, and reproduction,—painting, it is true, imaginatively, but still painting actual realities,—should at length desire to confer form and expression on his conception rather than his perception of nature; to give to the world what he has learned of universal truth as a supplement and corollary to what he has seen of local fact. And we may note that this revulsion (as it might be deemed) of practice was not manifested until, when the mind was fullest with the digested

fruit of prolonged experience, the eye and the hand might have been beginning to weary in the recording of particulars.

The ruling quality stamped by Turner on the long series of his works is comprehension. Brilliancy and fervour of imagination, and breadth of observation, are indeed conspicuous; but these are rather the modes of that vivid penetration with which he entered into the secrets of Nature. In many of his works there is an air almost of intuition. He sometimes misunderstood Nature—construed her in hyperbole and distortion; but he scarcely ever failed to catch a portion of her meaning.

A very few words may be added as to the character and execution of Mr. Thornbury's 'Life of Turner.'

Mr. Thornbury does not appear to have had any personal knowledge of the painter. He has, however, received every assistance, in the way of reminiscences and documents, from Turner's friends; and his book contains a large amount of curious and valuable information, impartially set forth, and throwing real light, within a certain range, upon Turner's character, life, and works. At the same time, the author has by no means fulfilled the rightful office of a biographer who did not know his man, who holds himself forestalled in appraising his works, and who is entrusted with a quantity of miscellaneous materials; for that office would consist in what Mr. Thornbury does not supply—rigid collation, careful supplementing and illustration, and the most lucid and nicely balanced arrangement.

As a corollary to the preceding remarks upon Turner's life and character, I add some analysis of his will. A Return to an Order of the House of Lords of the 17th July 1861, printed on the 18th, gives a verbatim copy of the will

and its several codicils, with the final order of the Court of Chancery in the various suits arising hence, and a minute of the Trustees and Director of the National Gallery relative to the pictures of Turner belonging to the nation.

Turner's will and codicils occupy about six pages of the Parliamentary Return; the codicils being altogether five in number, of which one is noted as revoked.

The will is dated the 10th of June 1831, when Turner was fifty-six years of age. It is drawn up in a legal style of composition, but with some loosenesses of expression, aggravated by the stupid precaution of no punctuation, so prevalent among lawyers. Certain figures and words (only in one instance of the least importance) are in pencil; and a note apprises us 'that there are a great many other words and illegible characters in pencil in the will and first codicil.'

By this instrument Turner conveys to his executors and trustees all his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold estate, and all his personal estate except his own pictures, on trust to sell the same, excepting his money in the three per cents or other funds in the bank, and to purchase with the produce other three per cents, to form one sum with those already existing. Out of this total sum the executors are to pay—first, a legacy of £50 each to Turner's uncles, Price and Jonathan Turner; second, £25 each to the eldest sons of Price, John, Joshua, and Jonathan Turner (I understand these four names to be four distinct persons, probably all uncles, though it is not clearly expressed); third, £50 a year to 'Hannah Danby, niece of John Danby, musician' (elsewhere described as 'Hannah Danby, residing with me'); fourth, £50 a year each to Evelina, and (as it stands written) 'Georiana Georgiana T.,' the daughters of Sarah Danby, 'widow of John Danby, musician;' and fifth, £10 a-year to this Sarah Danby. Upon the death

of each of these legatees, the principal of the legacy is to merge in the common stock, to be applied as below stated.

Turner next bequeaths to the National Gallery 'the following pictures or paintings by myself, namely 'Dido Building Carthage' and the picture formerly in the Tabley Collection,' on condition that they be 'hung, kept, and placed, —that is to say, always,—between the two pictures painted by Claude, the 'Seaport' and 'Mill,'' within twelve months after his decease, and be properly framed and preserved. Otherwise they are to form part of the fixed property of the charitable institution for which Turner next provides.

He wills that all his remaining funds, including, after the decease of the legatees, the funds for the several legacies, shall be applied to the foundation of a 'charitable institution for the maintenance and support of' [a blank for the number of] 'poor and decayed male artists, being born in England, and of English parents only, and *lawful issue*' (a curious detail that), for whom a suitable building is to be provided. The figures as to the trusteeship for this institution are put down in a very blundering manner: but the meaning appears to be that the several executors, or any four of them, are to be the original trustees; and that, as they die out, others are to be added, raising the permanent total to seven, of whom five are to be Royal Academicians. The house required for the charity may be either built or taken on lease; and the charity 'shall be called or designated Turner's Gift, and shall at all times decidedly be an English institution, and the persons receiving the benefits thereof shall be English-born subjects only, and of no other nation or country whatever.' The executors appointed are W. Frederick Wells, of Mitcham; the Rev. Henry Scott Trimmer, of Heston; the poet Rogers; George Jones, R.A.; and Charles Turner, R.A. (a gentleman, I believe, in no way

related to the testator). Such is the original will, which, it will be observed, contains no bequest of pictures to the nation, except the two to the National Gallery.

The first codicil is dated the 20th of August 1832, is not attested, and is therefore, I presume, wholly void in law. It is exceedingly ill expressed,—being, as I infer, the unaided composition of Turner himself, who must have been either in a very confused state of mind at the time, or habitually a most slovenly writer (as may indeed be gathered from his MSS., and, in a minor degree, from the titles and quotations from the 'Fallacies of Hope' which he used to affix to his pictures). It seems to have been drawn up under the influence mainly of two feelings,—a doubt whether his intentions for the charity would take effect, and a strong wish to perpetuate his own name in some tangible form.

This codicil enjoins his executors to keep in view 'the first objects I direct is to keep my pictures together, so that they may be seen, known, or found, at the direction; (as to the mode how they may be viewed gratuitously, I leave to my executors); and that the building may, for their reception, be respectable and worthy of the object, which is to keep and preserve my pictures as a collection of my works; and the moneys vested in my name in the reduced, for the endowment of the same, and charitable part for decayed artists, as before mentioned.' The charity is to be for one, two, three, or more persons, as may be found practicable; but, if it cannot be established within five years from his decease, all the property left for that object is to form part of the general estate, and all pictures and property at his house, No. 47 Queen Anne Street West, are to be kept unsold, and the necessary charges of maintenance to be paid out of the three per cents. Hannah Danby is then to

be the custodian, at £100 a year, with £50 additional for keeping the gallery in fitting condition; and the remaining property in the funds is to go to the trustees of the Royal Academy, on two conditions: that they shall have an annual dinner to all the Academicians on Turner's birthday, the 23rd of April, to the amount of £50, and that, if a surplus remains yielding an interest of £60, that sum shall either endow a Professor of Landscape from among the Academicians, or else shall be for a medal, to be called Turner's medal, equal to the Academy gold medal, assignable to the best landscape every two years. If the Academy do not accept the property on these terms, it is to go to Georgiana Danby or her heirs, 'after causing a monument to be placed near my remains, as near as can be placed.' Irrespectively of this last disposition, but contingently (as I understand it) upon the failure of the charity, the original bequest to Georgiana Danby is increased to £100 a year, and that to 'Evelina Danby or Dupree' (whose real name appears to be Dupuis) also to £100 a year.

The second codicil, duly signed and attested, is dated the 29th of August 1846. It is stated to have been 'revoked,' being, as I infer, cancelled with the pen (for it is not anywhere expressly revoked), and was not proved along with the will and other four codicils. It is therefore of no value, save as shewing the progress of Turner's intentions. It starts with the phrase 'whereas the residuary legatee mentioned in my will has died;' but, in fact, no such residuary legatee is mentioned in the will. It then appoints as residuary legatees some person for whose name a blank is left, and Sophia Caroline Booth (who is elsewhere described as 'late of Margate,' and 'widow'); and provides that, as some time may elapse before the bequest can take full effect, 'the said Hannah Danby' (who would thus ap-

pear to be the blank) and Sophia Caroline Booth are to have £150 a year each, and to be 'joint custodiers and keepers of the gallery or foundation mentioned in my will.' His executors are to have £1000, which they are 'to lay out and expend in erecting a monument for me and my memory in St. Paul's Cathedral Church, London, where I desire to be buried among my brothers in art.'

The third codicil, which, as well as the two that follow, is also duly signed and attested, and tolerably legal and clear in terms, is dated the 2nd of August 1848. It revokes the bequests in the will to Price and Jonathan Turner, to the eldest sons of Price, John, Joshua, and Jonathan Turner, and to Hannah, Evelina, Georgiana, and Sarah Danby. It then bequeaths to the National Gallery the pictures (besides the two originally so bequeathed), provided a room or rooms be added to the present National Gallery, to be called 'Turner's Gallery,' for the permanent reception of the works. Meanwhile these are to remain in Queen Anne Street, under the care of the executors. Hannah Danby is to be the custodian, at £150 a year, superseding the £150 granted by the revoked codicil; and the rent etc. are to be paid out of the estate. If the National Gallery trustees do not perform their part during the existing lease of the house in Queen Anne Street, the pictures are to remain there permanently, and the lease is to be renewed. They are to be on view gratuitously, as many as need be at a time, and the selection is to be changed every one or two years, as the executors may direct; and after Hannah Danby's death a custodian is to be appointed at £60 a year. If, however, the lease cannot be renewed, then the pictures are to be sold. In this codicil four additional executors are named,—Thomas Griffiths, of Norwood; John Ruskin junior; Philip Hard-

wick, of Russell Square; and Henry Harpur, of Kennington Cross (who appears to have been Turner's solicitor, acting in the drawing-up of this codicil). The fourth codicil is of the same date as the last, and is intended merely to render the purport of that plainer, by fixing 'five years on or before the expiration of the lease of my present gallery' as the term within which the National Gallery is to perform the prescribed condition.

We now come to the fifth and last codicil, dated the 1st of February 1849 (rather less than three years before Turner's death). It enlarges the term of grace for the National Gallery to ten years after that event. If the required building is not then ready, the bequest of the pictures becomes void, and they are to be exhibited gratuitously during the current lease of the house in Queen Anne Street, minus the last two years thereof, and to be thereafter sold. The bequest of £1,000 in the revoked codicil for the monument in St. Paul's is renewed, nearly in the same terms, as well as the £150 a year each to Hannah Danby and Sophia Caroline Booth. Out of the produce of the sold pictures, the following bequests are provided: £1,000 to the pension-fund of the Royal Academy, if a 'Turner's Medal,' silver or gold, be given for landscape-painting; £500 to the Artists' General Benevolent Fund; £500 to the Foundling Hospital; and £500 to the London Orphan Fund. The residue of the produce is to swell the funds for the charity 'Turner's Gift.' Mrs. Wheeler, and her sisters Emma and Laura, are to receive £100 each; and Mr. Munro of Novar is appointed an additional executor.

Whatever may have been the legal difficulties, the intention of Turner, as expressed in his will and finally modified, is quite unmistakeable. After leaving the 'Dido'

and the Tabley picture to the National Gallery, he divided his effects into two sections,—pictures, and other property. The first were to go to the National Gallery, on a certain condition, to be fulfilled within ten years from his death; or, if that condition were not so fulfilled, were to be finally sold, and the produce applied to charitable purposes. His other property was charged with legacies to Hannah Danby, Sophia Caroline Booth, Mrs. Wheeler and her two sisters, and for his own monument, and was otherwise, without a single legacy to his kin, to go to the Charitable Institution for Decayed Artists, 'Turner's Gift.' His general bequest to the Royal Academy, on certain conditions, or in default to Georgiana Danby (even if not wholly invalid, as would appear, through non-attestation), was only contingent upon the failure of the charity within five years from his death.

Out of this will and the proved codicils arose four suits. The first was between the acting executors as plaintiffs, and the several next of kin, along with Hannah Danby, Sophia Caroline Booth, and the Attorney-General, as defendants; the second, between one of the executors, Mr. Harpur the solicitor, as plaintiff, and the other executors, acting and non-acting, as defendants; the third, between the acting executors as plaintiffs, and various defendants as representatives of deceased defendants in the first suit; the fourth, between the acting executors as plaintiffs, and Jabez Tepper as defendant, representing another original next-of-kin defendant. Hannah Danby and two of the Turner family, defendants in the first suit, died during the proceedings, and thus let in the defendants in the last two suits.

The order of the Court of Chancery deciding the causes is dated the 19th of March 1856. It ratifies the gift of pictures, along with drawings and sketches, to the National Gallery; the £1,000 for Turner's own monument; and the

annuities to Hannah Danby, Sophia Caroline Booth, and Evelina Dupuis. It also gives £20,000 to the Royal Academy; certain real estate to the heir-at-law, John Turner; a copyhold to another of the family; the house in Queen Anne Street and two other houses, during the currency of their leases, to the defendants of the Turner family, claiming under five separate heads of relationship; and the engravings, any pictures declined by the National Gallery, and all remaining personal estate and stock, to the same defendants, according to their respective fifths. The effects had (as we have remarked) been sworn under £140,000.

Thus it will be seen that the order of the Court carries out all the more important intentions of the testator's will, as they finally stood, with the one paramount exception of the Charity for Decayed Artists, which has utterly lapsed.

VIII.

MR. PALGRAVE AND UNPROFESSIONAL CRITICISMS ON ART.

Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?—This familiar phrase expresses the feeling with which a critic approaches the reviewing of a brother critic, as in the present case. Mr. Palgrave has, by faithful and diligent labours for some years past, established for himself a good—and indeed a leading—position as an art-critic. His book named 'Essays on Art,' consisting of some of his notices and reviews in periodicals, collected, revised, and re-issued, with two or three others, comes before us for consideration. It is strictly a book of criticism, and generally of criticism upon contemporary artists and their productions. To follow Mr. Palgrave over his own precise ground, expressing assent here, demur or dubiety there, would amount rather to re-reviewing the subjects and objects of his criticism than to reviewing himself; and, in cases where the critic and the critic's critic might differ, the effect produced by the latter might be that of a disputant who *will* have the last word upon a question already amply debated, and concerning which the first speaker has closed his argument. The important matters discussed by Mr. Palgrave might hardly benefit by such a mode of treating his book; and Mr. Palgrave's own position, in its broader relations,

would meanwhile receive little elucidation. We shall therefore say the least possible in this direction, but rather attend to the views stated in the author's preface, and to the general impression which his writing gives us; merely introducing our subject by a brief reference to the particular contents of the volume, and adding that, while here and there some omission or some statement in his pages appears to us to be open to animadversion, he very generally enlists or wins our assent, so far as critical opinion goes.

The volume opens with notices of the Royal Academy Exhibitions of 1863-4-5; a sort of performance which could not be republished or re-read with any satisfaction, unless the author were a cultivated as well as a neat writer, which Mr. Palgrave fortunately is. There is also an appreciative notice of the fine exhibition of paintings and designs by Mr. Madox Brown, collected together in 1865; with further studies of individual painters, in articles upon Mulready, Dyce, William Hunt, Herbert, Cruikshank, Holman Hunt, and Hippolyte Flandrin—supplemented by similar studies of the sculptors Thorwaldsen, De Triqueti, and Behnes. The subject of sculpture, one to which Mr. Palgrave devotes much more attention than any other of the current English critics, produces five other articles, among which those on 'Sculpture and Painting' and 'The Position of Sculpture in England' are prominent. A few more papers yet remain: one does an instalment of justice to some of the many admirable qualities and phases of 'Japanese Art'; the two named 'Sensational Art' and 'Poetry and Prose in Art' are wide in purview, but kept within the limits of definiteness, both by the author's habit of mind and writing, and by the well-known works which he cites in illustration. Altogether it could hardly be said that these republished papers from serials are of too 'occasional' a stamp; or that

the habit of dealing with minor and shifting interests has blunted Mr. Palgrave's aptitude for more solid or speculative work.

Critics on any art involving a good deal of *technique*, such as painting and sculpture, may with some rough completeness be divided into the practical and the non-practical —or, as our business-like modern habit of speech might prefer to say, the professional and unprofessional. For our part—whatever may be the unfavourable inference as to our own qualifications and performances which the reader may legitimately be pleased to draw—we suspect that the only criticism of much use in the long run is that by professional men; not only on the ground that they alone are qualified to pronounce upon technicalities, but that this knowledge of technicalities is a powerful sedative to the whole range of opinion upon art, and enables a man to say clearly and almost *ex cathedrâ* what attempts in art are desirable to be made, compatibly with the limits of technical attainment, as well as how far those limits have been reached in any particular attempt. Of course we are here supposing, in the professional man, equal or comparable general powers of mind to those of the unprofessional critic: this is only a fair supposition in any such contrast, for the greatest devotee of professionalism would repudiate the assertion that an empty-headed or grossly literal and unthoughtful professional can probe the depths of any problem as well as a deep-thinking unprofessional. That no small number of practitioners in art are ready to render a reason for their practice, and more than capable of coping in discussion with acute and cultivated unprofessional students, is a fact amply known to many of these latter. Next after well-qualified professionals, we incline to think that the most useful and effective critics are to be found among

men in whom mere accuracy of critical insight is not the main quality, but rather some vividness of personal perception, or fervour of mind, or brilliancy or discursiveness of illustrative power. Thus by far the most moving and dominant critic of our own time and country has been Mr. Ruskin; and this, we think, not so much because he has been more nearly right in critical judgment than others (a question on which much difference of opinion may fairly be maintained, especially so far as the criticism of single works of art is concerned) as because he has evinced an overwhelming superiority in those other faculties of perception, fervour, and eloquence, constituting a vigorous original individualism, and initiating force. Other critics have to keep house (so to speak) with much less imposing mental furniture. They will do well not to hanker too much after the pomps and harmonies, the ingenuities and subtleties of arrangement, of the Ruskinian *ménage:* but they must always look up to him as a great aristocratic magnate of the critical domain, who represents the vocation with a dignity and splendour such as enable it to vie with whatsoever high estates of the literary realm. The time may come when Mr. Ruskin's opinions shall have been forgotten, and many of his theories exploded; but, long after that, his influence will be vital and beneficial, and his name sonorous in those mouths which ratify praise.

The observations upon criticism which Mr. Palgrave makes in his preface are few and simple, and especially free from all jargon and sophistication. He concludes in these terms:—'Art, like poetry, is addressed to the world at large, not to a special jury of professional masters: the technical qualities are only means to the public end, and the question which remains always is—'How far do they tend to the object of all the Fine Arts, high and enduring

pleasure?' To point out the degree in which a work fulfils this condition, and thereby to assist the artist in fulfilling it, and the spectator in feeling it, is the province of criticism.' He has just before acknowledged that 'some few strictly technical qualities remain on which the artist alone is a judge.' His conclusion has an epigrammatic comprehensiveness which is one of the more distinctive marks of Mr. Palgrave's writing; and it may be accepted as a very fair summary of the case, within so small a compass. Presumably, however, the writer entertains a somewhat higher opinion of the influence of published unprofessional criticisms upon the producers of works of art than we should feel confident in adopting. We suspect that the advantages of such criticisms, in the long run, may pretty nearly be comprised under two heads—1st, that they are a fitting because a natural vent for the expression of cultivated opinion upon art, and one in whose default the art would less be a matter of national or publicly diffused interest; and, 2nd, that the criticisms, when appreciative, prove to the artist that there is not only sympathy, but intelligent sympathy, in his work. Against this we must set the great drawback of carping, stupid, or frivolous criticisms,—how far too real and crying a drawback we need not say: and, even when the criticism is in itself sound, its influence is but too likely to run in the direction of paring off and softening down those strong individual qualities—or call them even peculiarities—in the artist, whose existence is on the whole by no means detrimental. In short, good average criticism consists to a great extent in a protest against extremes; while those extremes, although in themselves not absolutely defensible, are nevertheless the natural and necessary symptom of the artist's individuality, the repression of which is more harmful than are the extremes. We must

remember that, if we except the greatest Greeks, the magnates of art have all been, in a measure, extremists. To take a set of portrait-painters (and artists of that class are the mildest example in point), it can hardly be denied that Holbein was somewhat extreme in sedateness and positivism —Rembrandt, in chiaroscuro—Vandyck, in elegance; and that the cue of criticism—even fair criticism—would have been to comment upon these points, and its influence, if any, to check the painters in following out their respective bents to the uttermost. But would art have gained anything by such a result? We answer without misgiving, No: the ideal of art has after all been better fulfilled by these three great painters' working with undiminished intensity of several aim, even if somewhat one-sidedly, than if they had been induced to tone themselves down, and approach the one towards the other upon middle or neutral ground. Examples may readily occur to our readers, of artists of the present day who have listened to the voice of the charmer (and that not a wholly reasonless voice), and conformed to established standards, to the detriment of their power; and of others who, abiding by the despotic promptings of their own individuality, have presented a somewhat defiant and lurid aspect to the critical eye. But which is the greater band of artists? Who does not know that it is the latter?

What we have here urged presents in a very hasty manner, and as we understand it, the abstract question of preference between a condition or epoch of art in which published unprofessional criticism does not prevail, and one in which it does. When it does prevail (as, for instance, at present) a man who feels art strongly, and who finds critical writing in his line, naturally engages in it; not necessarily that he thinks the world and the art are the

better for the critical hullaballoo which is kept up about the ears of artists, but because the art-country is already, as it were, in a state of war, and one must take sides, bear one's part in the fray, and endeavour to stablish the right, though one may desiderate a state of peace and quietness as better than even the torn and still flying colours of victory. Thus we hold our own position to be sufficiently consistent in falling into the critical ranks, none the less that we see some grounds for deprecating altogether published unprofessional criticisms of art. The golden age might include the silence of critics: but that is the golden age, and this the iron one.

Among the unprofessional critics who keep up the skirmishing, Mr. Palgrave shows well. He appears to us to be very generally on the right side. He takes a genuine interest in art; he has investigated and studied; his culture is considerable, and not wanting in either width or precision; and he writes well, though perhaps with somewhat too obvious a bias towards pointed climax and rounded period. We do not think he exhibits marked deficiency in any critical requisite, nor any prejudice amounting to a mental twist or ingrained taint. At the same time, we conceive that he has one tendency which impairs his openness to new impressions or conviction *ab extra*,—the tendency to find the views which he has once adopted and propounded confirmed, rather than subjected to a chance of revision, at every relevant opportunity. If he has once come to the conclusion that a particular artist is bad, or defective in some qualification, he appears to find, however many new works that artist may afterwards continue to produce, that they only strengthen the conclusion already formed, and clench the critical nail with which Mr. Palgrave has affixed his artistic owl to the barn-door. This, as already inti-

mated, we do not regard as intentional unfairness on Mr. Palgrave's part, nor would we accuse him of the obstinacy and narrowness of a sluggish mind which, having once by an effort managed to evolve a conviction or an idea, would require a second lease of life for the further feat of modifying or advancing beyond that result. Of course, too, it is open to argument that the idea is all the more likely to be right because it stands wear and tear—and we are far from thinking that this is never the case with Mr. Palgrave, though the tendency of mind to which we have adverted seems somewhat predominant in him. The instance of one not obscure sculptor against whom he butts with peculiar *acharnement* whenever the chance offers does not appear to us explicable on the assumption that that sculptor and his admirers are invariably wrong, and Mr. Palgrave invariably right. One of the alternative assumptions, that Mr. Palgrave is consciously unfair, we have just eliminated: we take refuge therefore in the other alternative—that the tendency of this writer's mind is to use up new examples as fuel for the flame of some opinion already aglow.

One of his merits is the possession of clear conceptions of the phases and typical forms of art, along with a considerable knowledge of its facts, and readiness of illustration. We say *conceptions*, as distinct from mere *notions*—the stock-in-trade of very many of our ephemeral critics; and indeed unprofessional critics might without much unfairness be segregated into the two classes, of those who have notions only, and those who have conceptions. With Mr. Palgrave, the faculties of admiration cluster and concentrate very decisively around Greek art. To contest his being right in this regard would require some hardihood: we leave the task to any other critics who may feel some strong attraction towards Christian or mediæval art, the obverse of that

which acts upon Mr. Palgrave. It shall rather concern us to note one effect of Mr. Palgrave's Greek predilection. The Greek is preëminently the full-orbed and perfected art —the art of completion, the art which reposes in attainment. Of completion, that which is ordinarily termed 'finish' is an important element: but the Greek finish, so subtle and elusive is it, may almost be regarded as one of the animating and informing principles of that form of art, rather than as a distinctly executive quality. We incline to think that Mr. Palgrave remains somewhat too much of a Greek when he passes to the contemplation of other cycles and developments of art; and that, not entering into the motives of these phases of art with quite the same assimilative thoroughness which he commands when the Greek art is in question, he is too anxious to find in them a certain sort of finish, of which a kind of ideal or echo abides in his mind from the models of Grecian perfection, but which does not, and hardly can, assume a like shape in modern art. Hence Mr. Palgrave appears to have a somewhat excessive craving for 'finish' in work of our own day—for a certain completeness of execution which, were modern art as harmonious a concrete as the Greek, would rightly be demandable, and would indeed constitute the outer manifestation of its harmony, but which is not equally intrinsic to the idea of modern art, and may be insisted upon by the critic beyond the expedient point. It is better to put up with a lower *degree* of finish than importunately to demand a higher degree: the result of such a demand is but too likely to be the production of a lower *quality* of finish. You will then have to accept as a boon mechanical or laboured finish in the ratio (let us say) of twenty, rather than vital or spontaneous finish in the ratio of fifteen—the latter being indeed only approximative, but right and

precious as far as it extends. We do not, however, mean to imply that Mr. Palgrave is insensible to the merit of vigorous and even sketchy work: but we doubt whether he is not sometimes too much disposed to bear hard upon some partial want of finish, or else to condone graver lapses when this particular requirement has been met.

Another of Mr. Palgrave's critical merits, which we feel bound expressly to name, is his readiness to assume a decided tone when his own mind is made up upon grounds which he deems adequate, whether or not other critics or organs of public opinion agree with him. In criticism, especially that of fine art, the dangers of pusillanimity and of 'bumptiousness' are about equally real and grave, and we would certainly not thank an ignoramus or a mere sciolist for being pragmatic as well as wrong: but, when a man is qualified to pronounce, it is highly desirable that he should do so without timidity, and free from that pitiable frame of mind which apologizes for its own convictions, and cannot express them without looking out for some opening for recantation, or some hole to burrow in. As an instance of Mr. Palgrave's superiority to this abjection, we might refer the reader to many of his dealings with contemporary artists; but we will rather select a case where no invidious personality can be concerned, and specify the article on 'the Farnese Marbles,' of which Mr. Palgrave's opinion is decidedly adverse.

Criticism may in a sense be compared to photography. Exceptional in the critical as in the photographic art are those productions which—like the surprising and magnificent pictorial photographs of Mrs. Cameron to be seen at Colnaghi's—well-nigh re-create a subject; place it in novel, unanticipable lights; aggrandize the fine, suppress or ignore the petty; and transfigure both the subject-matter, and the

reproducing process itself, into something almost higher than we knew them to be. This is the greatest style of photography or of criticism; but it undoubtedly partakes of the encroaching or absorptive nature, such as modifies if it does not actually distort the objects represented, and insists upon our thinking as much of the operator, and of *how* he has been operating, as of those objects themselves. Mr. Ruskin frequently exemplifies this order of criticism. Other critical or photographic methods arrange the materials neatly and agreeably, throw carefully distributed light upon all parts of the subject, invite us to examine the details and their relations, endeavour to be in focus throughout, and are, in fact, out of focus only in one or two spots. Excellent work can be done in these methods also. Mr. Palgrave's critical process, clear and quick, may be included among them. He evidently intends that readers should feel his dexterity, but does not exercise any so strong a spell over them, by peculiarity of view or treatment, as to preoccupy for himself the attention which he solicits for his subject-matter. On the whole, it would, we think, be unfair, even for his opponents in the artistic or the critical ranks, to deny that Mr. Palgrave is one of the very few British art-critics who, since the first appearance of Mr. Ruskin, have either established or deserved a position of some solidity in letters.

IX.

BRITISH SCULPTURE, ITS CONDITION AND PROSPECTS

(1861).

EVERYBODY who has thought or so much as read on the subject knows pretty well at the present day that each form and each material or subdivision of fine art has its appropriate object and treatment. The painter knows that his province is different from the sculptor's. The water-colourist knows that his special range of subject and method of treatment are by no means identical with the oil-painter's; nor the oil-painter's with the fresco-painter's; nor any one of these with the glass-painter's. The sculptor knows that some things lend themselves to marble, and some others to bronze. And so on, through a lengthy range of divisions and subdivisions of the material wherewith fine art works. In the same way, not only the practitioners, but the scholars, students, critics (not always either students or scholars), observers, and generally all persons at all seriously influenced by art, recognise this same principle as an abstract proposition.

We limit ourselves to saying that this principle is 'known,' and is 'recognised as an abstract proposition,' because un-

fortunately it is by no means a rule of conduct, though it may be of belief. Nothing is commoner in art—perhaps in art commoner than even in other pursuits—than to find a man talking reasonably, within a narrower or a wider range of thought and opinion, and acting or practically bestowing his influence in a manner not only unreasonable in itself, but quite inconsistent with his professed beliefs. And thus, although it may be perfectly true that the principle which we have glanced at is admitted as a fundamental and universal canon of art, it remains no less true that it is continually violated in practice. In decorative or applied art, the violation becomes more glaring than in fine art proper; as the latter, presenting in many cases an object *per se*, isolated and self-contained, may to a certain extent plead whatever measure of success it realizes as its own justification. It may with a certain plausibility profess: 'I am successful; I am well executed and (within bounds) effective. If your traditions and terms of art do not square with me, you must enlarge them. It is not for me to modify myself, but for you.' The plea is indeed a fallacious and futile one, even in this case; because (to give the most obvious and concrete reason) the branch of art which transgresses its own special subject and treatment with *moderate* success would abide in these with *great* success, and others would be realized with great success by the form of art apposite to themselves. But even this plea fails in the case of decorative or applied art; which, as its very name implies, must decorate and apply to something else, and which cannot do either to any purpose if it arrogates to itself the qualities proper to some other form of art. The chaotic condition of the extant European practice in this respect was but too manifest in the Great Exhibition of 1851, and again in 1855.

The cause why the practitioner of any particular form of art directs his efforts to transcending the means of that form, and combining it with those of some other, is substantially ill-regulated ambition, or, in the plainest language, vanity; simple wrong-headedness intervenes sometimes, but, as we have already implied, seldom at the present day. The designer of a painted window knows perfectly well that rich colour and invention of decorative design are the essentials of his art. If he deadens his colour to the requirements of a historical picture, destroys the decorativeness of his window by historical grouping and composition, and cares more for the academical drawing of his knees and toes than the patterns of his draperies, he does this, not under any real misapprehension as to which process would make his glass look best in the church, but through the itch to do more than other glass-painters have done, and to show his competence in points of art with which they concerned themselves but slightly. Now, vanity is a very fatal motive for a work of art—as wholly fatal, perhaps, as any other that could be named. Even the self-display of a great man—a Tintoret or Rubens in painting, a Ghiberti in sculpture, or a Michael Angelo in both—is a grave deduction from the harmony and perfectness of achievement, and would tell still more destructively were it not for the idea and evidence of power associated with it in such cases. When it comes to the self-display of a small man, and this taking the form of an overweening disregard of his own material, the result is in the last degree hopeless and depressing.

There is another point of view from which this violation of the special conditions of an art may be regarded, and one which tells no less decisively against the abuse. In many cases, though not in all, incapacity is at the root of it

as much as vanity; and the vanity which founds itself upon incapacity is surely the meanest of all. To take the instances from our immediate subject—sculpture. When Monti carves a veiled face, or when the sculptor of a Belgian church-monument elaborates the lace and trimmings of his episcopal effigy, the vulgar exclaim 'How wonderful a difficulty overcome!' But the adept in art smiles, knowing full well that this is a difficulty trivial indeed in comparison with the one which ought to have been grappled with, and is thus superseded or left unconquered. The blotchy contour of a face under a veil, or the mechanical imitation of lace and mercery, is no difficulty at all in comparison with the thorough rendering of a human face. It is *that* which the sculptor was called upon to do, and has not done; and his complacency is as misplaced as it is petty.

From these general considerations upon appropriateness of treatment in all art we pass to enquire, What is the right object and end of sculpture? The answer is obvious: Form,—true form invariably, and beautiful form as the rule, whenever the subject admits of it. And, as the human form is at once the noblest and most beautiful, and the one offering the highest range of subject, and eliciting the greatest intellect in the sculptor, human form beyond all other is of course the staple of sculpture. It has been recognised as such in all ages, and will so continue to the end of time. More than any other school of sculpture, the Grecian school, the greatest in the world, addicted itself to the study and rendering of the human form in its uttermost simplicity, beauty, and majesty—godlike form expressive of godhead; a wonder, a lesson, and a despair, to all succeeding ages.

True and beautiful human form being the central object of sculpture, the next enquiry is how this truth and beauty

may be presented in the most evident and impressive guise. Reason and example combine to tell us that vital energy in perfect self-control is the aspect of permanence most satisfying to the eye and the mind in a single figure, and, as a general principle, in a sculptured group as well. Any expression or action which is merely transitory or of the moment becomes ineffective, if not actually displeasing, for permanent contemplation; still more any violence, contortion, or insignificant transition from one posture to another. This is the rule, and one not to be lightly infringed; though exceptions must of necessity occur, to which, as exceptions, it would be pedantry to object, as the range of the sculptor's invention and art would be thereby unduly restricted. Nobody but a pedant would say that the groups of the Centaurs and Lapithæ from the Parthenon ought not to have been treated at all in sculpture; and nobody who marks them carefully would fail to see the art of self-restraint exhibited in their treatment. In the singing and dancing friezes of Luca della Robbia for the organ of the Cathedral of Florence, even contortion of feature must be condoned in favour of exact appropriateness of subject, and exquisitely skilful and characteristic expression. On the other hand, it is in no wise hypercritical to demur to the extra-pictorial treatment of the scenes in Ghiberti's Florentine Gates, or (to come down to a 'modern instance' very humble in comparison) of the reliefs upon the Nelson column in Trafalgar Square.

'In the image of God created He him; male and female created He them.' That might have been the motto of the Grecian sculptor. And the different senses in which it is to be understood, on the one hand as a biblical statement to be estimated and applied by the modern man, on the other as a definition of the idea of Grecian art, afford the

precise measure of the necessary difference of spirit between the modern sculpture and the antique. The anthropomorphous theology of the Greek entailed as a natural consequence the representation of the gods under the noblest human forms—types of varying beauty, power, grace, majesty, majestic action and majestic calm—ideal types, to be reached only by intense mental appreciation and utmost manual art. 'What is my god Apollo, whom I believe in? He is the swiftest and most glorious of the Sons of Light; radiant in splendour and power, eternal in youth, unalterable in beauty.' We have him in the Apollo Sauroctonos, and (to sink minor differences of critical opinion) in the Apollo Belvedere. 'What is my goddess Aphrodite, whom I worship? She is the queen of beauty, womanhood, and love, unapproachable in charm.' We have her in the Venus of Milos, and the Townley Venus.—To the Christian, on the contrary, the text sounds far otherwise. It implies not that the human form is a representative of the divine form, but that the divine mind is mirrored darkly in the human. For the Christian or modern man, therefore, the ideal to be realized is human nature expressive of its divine original. This is his ideal of subject; while his ideal of art, subsidiary to this, must still be beauty of form. In other words, the antique ideal is form so perfect as to be a fitting embodiment of deity, or, in a minor degree, of the demigods and heroes; the modern ideal is expression and character, united, as far as consistent, to beautiful form, and so true and high as to bespeak the divinity that is within us.

How far British sculpture of our own time falls short of any definite pursuit of this ideal, or of any clear realization in the aggregate of this or any other, is but too lamentably apparent. Without pausing to prove by example that which

persons of cultivated mind can verify for themselves, and without dwelling invidiously upon particular instances, we shall now endeavour to ascertain the causes which conduce to so mortifying a result.

Foremost among the causes of depression of the sculptural art may be named the divorce which has taken place of sculpture from architecture. The Grecian temple of antique times was the fitting receptacle of the Grecian sculptured god or hero; and the Christian cathedral of the middle ages, of the Christian saint and the storied stone of faith and salvation. Unless properly placed, a work of sculpture cannot even be seen well, in the literal sense, still less seen to advantage, so as to come out with its due meaning and impressiveness. Sculpture, to be vital, is essentially a national and monumental art. Besides, its great scale, its limited powers of expression and representation, and the laborious nature of its practice, combine to require very generally that it should work and display itself in a continuous series; a single figure or subject can seldom, comparatively speaking, explain itself with full force. Isolated, and set up as a mere specimen of fine art and unconnected object of sight, the work of sculpture loses half its power: it conveys, in a difficult and abstract form, only a limited meaning, which untutored eyes can scarcely read, and which neither harmonizes with its surroundings, nor is elucidated by them. The Grecian sculptor of a heroic figure or group had a whole city to understand and sympathize with his achievement, so placed that its purport was clearly brought out, and influential on the mind; the British sculptor has for the most part only the exhibition-goers of a season, and the private patron and his friends, with nothing to illustrate or confirm his meaning. On the loss to architecture by the want of sculpture, still greater

than the loss *vice versâ*, it is not our province here to dilate.

We have named a first cause, and perhaps the most powerful of all, of the depression of our sculpture; as a second, closely connected with this first, we may name the public indifference. But indeed we cannot profess to place them all in their proper order of cause and effect; all act and re-act upon each other. The want of sculpture associated to architecture is partly itself due to the public indifference, as this to that; and this again to the other causes we shall proceed to set forth, and so on in self-supporting series. A wrong condition of things is a many-headed hydra. Cut off the first head, and you find it is there again, part of a complex scheme of vitality with which you cannot deal only in detail. You must apply the branding iron to all the heads, and to all in quick succession, or nothing is finally done. The public indifference to sculpture is partly no doubt dependent upon the fact that works of sculpture are not presented to the public in quantity, in mass, and in that proper connexion and due subordination of effect and interest which they would receive from being applied to architecture, or undertaken on a large scale for clear and public objects. Another reason for this indifference is inherent in the character of the British nation. The British is not, strictly speaking, an artistic race: it is capable of producing artists and of being trained into an interest in art; but the process is a long and tedious one, and not to be effected by driblets. It requires that the public eye should be familiarized with the forms of art; that art should become a fact under general observation and discussion, should enter into the manners of the people, and be made a portion of their daily life. With painting, this has already to a great extent been effected. Our

galleries of painting are numerous and frequented; our printshop windows have their constant knots of gazers. This is not so with sculpture. The public patronage of sculpture is confined to a statue publicly placed here and there. These works, as a rule, are neither interesting nor satisfactory, and they produce only a negative effect. They do more harm than good to the promotion of a public taste for the art. The process with a public statue or monument is singularly uniform. The commission is given; in due time the statue is ready for its place. The newspaper critics, with notable unanimity, announce in neat paragraphs that Mr. A.'s statue of the eminent B. is now completed, and exhibits a fine union of portrait-like truth, artistic treatment, and vital effect. The statue is placed, and is immediately derided, and very soon passed by with entire carelessness and neglect. The newspapers by this time have changed their note; and, if they cite the masterpiece, it is only to class it with the other guys and bugbears of our thoroughfares. Napier succeeds to Wellington, and Jenner to Napier; but it is still the same. The public are not to be blamed for not liking these effigies: but they will remain indifferent, and sculpture will remain depressed, until some better means are taken of enlisting their sympathies; until the art shall have a presence, a power, and an acceptance with those whose word carries it at last, such as shall command respect, in lieu of the byeword which passes current from mouth to mouth, and which, even if not justified by the facts, as it too often is, becomes by habit the abiding verdict.

Good patronage of sculpture is either public patronage in a free field, and by a community whose sympathy at least, if not their critical judgment, is fairly awakened; or else private patronage by men who know thoroughly what

they are about, and who commission not only the right man to do, but the right thing to be done. The former kind of patronage is by far the more healthy and the more fruitful of good results, and perhaps it alone can be fruitful of *great* results on a considerable scale. The latter kind, however, is also useful. It fosters individual genius, and keeps it up to a high mark. As it stands, we have neither. The public is indifferent; their corporate representatives are almost equally indifferent, and to the full as misjudging; and the private patrons few, inactive, and ill-informed. So far from inciting the professors of sculpture to any higher standard than that of their own actual practice, the patrons are scarcely up even to that. They commission futilities or commonplaces, and they get them. A great subject, if unhackneyed—an original and peculiar bent of mind—is not in their line; such a phenomenon, if haply it presents itself, puts them out. An agreeable insipidity, smooth and unexciting, a thing which has precedent for its every feature and a rule of art for its every grace, is the merchandise for them. For Heaven's sake, no eccentricities of genius! Let us be correct, and brains may take care of themselves: or, if we *must* surprise occasionally, let us only surprise by a trick which will be taking and fashionable; never by anything so unwarranted as an effort of mind and will.

Under the heads of the severance of sculpture from architecture, the public indifference, and the small amount and low tone of private patronage, we have now considered some leading external causes of the poor estate of British sculpture at the present day. We turn next to the internal causes—the deficiencies of the sculptors themselves. At starting on this tack, we must repeat our caution that the several symptoms cannot be taken entirely separate one

from the other. The symptoms, singly and together, depend upon the disease, and are in immediate connexion among themselves; and the disease itself, in a certain sense, merges into the sum total of the symptoms. That patrons are bad and public neglectful is partly the cause and partly the effect of the cognate fact that sculptors are the reverse of good. It should also be borne in mind that sculpture is both a laborious and an expensive art, and one peculiarly adapted, in such a stage of patronage as we have described, to keep down a man who is not already up. Without any adequate provision as we at present are for exhibiting sculpture at all, still more for exhibiting sculptural works in a stage of half-development, and sluggish as is the general taste for the art, it is almost a chance if the young sculptor attracts attention, and is enabled to take the first step which leads to success. A painter of merit, unimpeded by crotchets in temper or practice, is almost certain to make his way. His choice of subject, of treatment, of style, is well-nigh unlimited. He may chronicle the very smallest of small beer, and will perhaps be only the more popular for it. He may (and still more might a few years ago) save himself the hard work and outlay of elaborating his subject, and present it in almost any stage of sketchiness, and yet not lose his chance of notice. Not so the sculptor. Limited in choice of subject both by the natural and by the conventional rules of his art, he can scarcely stop short of finishing his work up to the recognised standard; or, with an unknown name to it, it will excite hardly any attention at all. Promise in his case will not be taken for performance; he will not be allowed to trade on his capabilities. Thus the young sculptor is left behind in the race year after year. He is not helped to 'come out.' His ambition, if he has any for

higher things, preys upon itself. He plays a losing game in the teeth of neglect, and is perhaps reduced (it has been the case with many a man of good stuff) to become a mere carver or modeller for one of more established repute, in essential points very likely his inferior. One of our best men—Watson, the sculptor of the noble group of Lords Stowell and Eldon, and other works of mark—was actually in this position nearly up to the date of his untimely death.

The shortcomings of our present race of sculptors may be analysed under two heads—deficiency of genius, and the prevalence of a tradesmanlike style of work. Deficiency of genius is not in itself a subject of direct complaint, though it must be of regret. Genius is always rare. Those who complain of its deficiency at any given time are much too prone to overlook this fact, and unconsciously to compare, to its disadvantage, their own period with successive periods of past time jumbled together. Even in the brightest eras of art, it is seldom that we can point to more than two or three men of decided and lofty genius flourishing in the same generation and in the same walk of art. The healthy condition of art does not exact a great influx of genius. It subsists when the public loves the art, and is alive to its rising manifestations; when the due subordination exists between the exceptional genius, the abundant train of good working ability, and the quack, who disappears from the scene at an early period; when each class is set to its proper work, the powerful hand honoured for giving shape to the conceptions of the great mind, the ready brain and skilful hand thanked, in fit ratio of inferiority, for doing their best within their proper sphere. Let this be the condition of things, and no reflective man will repine at finding that genius is, as ever, the very small leaven of the whole lump, that his five fingers suffice to count up all the co-

existent geniuses in any particular department. But it is different when the paucity of genius bewrays the unhealthiness of the general state; when we know that genius, even if it exists, has not a fair outlet, is not welcomed, not appreciated, not so much as recognised; when a false standard of taste, false requirements of art, keep down the genius and elevate the quack. This, as we have endeavoured to show, and very sensibly feel, is the present condition of the sculptural art in our own time and country. Genius has not fair play in the art; the bigwig and the pretender hustle it aside, and, as a natural consequence, it shrinks from the mephitic arena, and airs itself in some less ungrateful field.

In its absence, the tradesmanlike style of art takes comfortable possession. We have little else to show now-a-days. The patron, public or private, commissions not too readily or lavishly; and the sculptural tradesman turns out his job. He has no prejudices: it is all in the way of business. Saint, king, or hero, Eve, Venus, nymph, shepherd, baby, or allegory, he is ready enough. Not being a man of invention or strongly marked style, he cares little what he has to do, or how to do it; the traditions of his art, peculiarly strict and authoritative as they are, stand him in stead whenever he likes to fall back upon them; and in so close a profession there is but little emulation to spur him on, and very little disturbance from the newcomers. What he produces will be much the sort of thing, and just about as good, as his patron expects; and it will be capable of holding its own if confronted with a rival's work. These several features of tradesmanliness are common to the art of sculpture along with any other which may be wanting in high aims or powerful men to follow it. But, in another respect, this art transcends the rest. The patron of a painter, good or bad, knows what he is about. He

knows that the man whom he commissions has produced such and such works, maintains such an average of merit, and is pretty certain to come up to it again. The patron of the sculptor has no such solid assurance. If he goes to a man of large practice, he may indeed count upon having his commission accepted, but he can form no safe estimate of the amount of work which his chosen sculptor will have put into the completed labour. How far the design will be his own, or borrowed from some precedent, or got up with the aid of some skilful person who never appears in the transaction; how far the execution will be his own, and how far that of one among his assistant carvers; what minimum or maximum of finishing touches he may vouchsafe to the work as prepared for him in this manner,—are all questions which the patron can have no certainty about. We believe it is no exaggeration to say that, in not a few instances which could be pointed out, the commissioned sculptor had hardly more to do personally with the work which figures under his name than Mr. Minton with each of his encaustic tiles, or Mr. Elkington with each article of his electro-plate. In this sense, therefore, there is a definitely tradesmanlike character in our sculpture such as does not belong to the sister art, and which naturally tells with the worst effect on the tone and calibre of the work produced. We do not of course mean to object to the employment of carvers altogether; it would be preposterous to do so. By the loss of their aid the sculptor would be condemned to a great deal of labour wholly or nearly mechanical, and thus withdrawn from his proper sphere, and quite prevented from carrying out any large number of works. Indeed, the strict necessity which exists for co-operation in the work of sculpture is one of the facts which most clearly point out its right connexion with architecture,

on which we have before insisted, and which would consign with perfect propriety a large amount of subordinate work entirely to the carver under the sculptor's headship. It is only to the abuse of the system that exception can properly be taken; and this abuse is unfortunately a prevalent one at the present day.

As if to make the matter worse, the plan of competition is in the utmost repute among us. We have said that there is but little emulation to stir the sculptor on; and so there is when the commission is once given, and when a high average of attainment among his compeers would be a valuable incentive. But in the earlier stage competition is rife, and, as the case stands, serves for little but to foster the tradesmanlike principle. It can scarcely do otherwise while the taste of patrons and committees stands at no higher level than it does at present; and, if this stood high enough, the men would choose their sculptor for themselves without all the machinery of competition. A number of sculptors are invited to send in designs. They have little reason, either from the *personnel* of the judges or from foregone example, to expect a decision founded upon any high degree of insight. The competitors, or at least the bulk of them, get up their designs to suit the sorry standard of the judges; and it is exceedingly unlikely—experience teaches this very strongly—that, if any one of them shows a real grasp of the subject, or original mode of treatment, he will turn out the successful man. A moderately skilful commonplace, resembling the mass of the designs, and only a trifle better put together, if even that, runs a far superior chance. At any rate, out of twenty competitors, nineteen *must* fail. They have lost their time, their efforts, and their money spent in preparation; are probably discouraged, perhaps sore, and disposed to bickering with their more

fortunate colleague. They have been bestowing their thought, if any is theirs to bestow, upon a subject which was to yield them no return, whereas it might have been directed to something which would create a success on its own basis. And so they wait for the next competition, and again the next, and engage perhaps in each, with an equally fruitless result—their efforts feverishly applied, their own solid work undone. This is the case even when the award is given in perfect good faith. Too often, however, competitions are made merely the cloak to a foregone conclusion, and then the affair may well be branded as jobbery. It is easy enough to invite various men to compete, while one of them is all the while destined for the prize; and by no means difficult, even in the most open of competitions, to decide upon grounds of favour rather than of merit. We have heard of a case in which one of the selected judges, not a sculptor by profession, himself entered into the competition at the last moment, and gained the prize. The system is unsound altogether. It produces nothing of eminent value (to use the mildest term), and is scouted by some of the best sculptors. It has been tried too long already, is a failure, and should now die out.

The worst symptom and condition of our sculpture has as yet been only casually mentioned. It is the same which, in the history of all art, is ever the surest brand of decadence —a purblind reliance upon precedent, the crouching to authority, not in its essence and authentic meaning, but in the express form which it has assumed. This is the fatalest of signs in an art: not rudeness, not ungainliness, not coarseness or stupidity, not even floridness and affectation, but this. Every art has its culminating point. Generations of powerful, superb men work up to it; the consummate man or men of the very nick of time realize it, fix it, ap-

propriate its glory. Thenceforth it wanes; slowly, stopping and pulling up ever and anon, but still surely; and so it will continue until it either sinks into downright decrepitude, or else finds a new starting-point, and tends strenuously upward again. We need not follow out the examples of this principle in detail: painting, sculpture, architecture, the arts of decoration, all tell the same tale in their several cyclical periods. In sculpture, no doubt the greatest period of Greek art remains to this day the central culmination. But it was not by attempting to reproduce it, but by starting afresh and applying it, that the greatest art of the middle ages culminated in the hands of such men as Verrocchio, Luca della Robbia, Cellini, Michael Angelo. In some of these, the Gothic impulse is as prominent as the classical: in none of them is the classical itself paramount, but only the classical used and worked up into a new character.

Of course, in speaking of the reliance upon precedent shown by our current British art, we refer to the following in the ruts of Greek subjects and treatment—the pseudo-classical. We do not say that the average run of our sculpture presents any close approximation to the genuine character of Greek art—it does not reach high enough for that; nor yet that the aim is universal and exclusive. Many of our works wander in far other directions, themselves of little promise. But, as far as we have a definite object of pursuit, it is the classical; and that for its own sake rather than for the lessons of catholic application which it is so well able to teach us. We turn over a catalogue of sculptural works, and find at the head of almost every page such titles as Andromeda, Venus Victrix, Narcissus, Hylas and the Nymphs, Jocasta and her Sons, a Bathing Nymph, Zephyr and Aurora, Psyche, Cupid and the Nymph Eucharis.

It is, we must confess, a problem of no small difficulty to reconcile the essential subject of sculpture—true and beautiful human form—with the tendencies and requirements of our own age. Nor is it a light task to show, nor by any means obvious to the mind, why the subjects and the special form of treatment which produced the greatest sculpture in one age have little or no chance of resulting in similar excellence in another. But one thing is sufficiently clear to us—that they do not so result; that the classical is a dead failure among us—dead in the literal sense of the word; that it is the incubus, instead of the informing genius, of our work; and that the art will stagnate almost into inanition until some other aim shall be vigorously embodied in it, and steadily pursued.

Why, then, is the directly classical—the Greek form of art, or sculpture of gods, goddesses, and nymphs, of Cupids and Psyches, Auroras and Ganymedes—a failure among us Britons, and sure to continue such? There can be no doubt that they are peculiarly adapted for embodying the sculptural requirement of true and beautiful human form; and so far would seem to be the right thing. The answer perhaps lies in the very essence of all art. It is indeed true that this human form is the staple of sculpture; but it is also true that art, sculpture or whatever else, must above all things be vital—vital first, beautiful and well calculated for its special form afterwards. All art must express some real, inherent, implicit sense of the artist himself, and correspond to some distinct sympathy, some clear reality, of the age into which he is born; for the artist is but a part of his age, and cannot be isolated from it. The Greek assuredly illustrated this eternal principle of art in sculpturing a Venus or a Pallas; the Briton as assuredly goes against it. The Greek believed that there was some being actually existent

in that form, or of whose actual personal essence that form was the fit human expression: the Briton believes and knows the reverse. The Greek enshrined the form and its meaning in his most reverent thoughts; the Briton regards it as a play of fancy and a mere object of art, a thing to be looked at and criticised. Its purpose, its hold upon the mind, is gone.

There is another reason why the vital Greek art cannot be the vital British art. Imitation is not art; even the imitation, simply as such, of an object in nature is rightly classed as of an inferior aim, and the imitation of a phase or period of art falls far lower, as being of a deadening influence. The supreme Greek art is too high a thing to be imitated, even had we the men capable of doing this with equal faculty. It is a model, an example of the qualities to be sought for, of that which made the Greek great, and might under the same conditions make the modern great; but it is not a thing to be taken as it stands, and transferred into another block of marble. You lower its value as soon as you so treat it. The statue is a man's thought and art made substantial. You can beneficially study in it the sources of his thought and the method of his art, but cannot abstract and appropriate them. To copy his facial angle, the straightness of his nose and forehead, the proportion of his head to his feet, is a poor process. You cannot be a Chaucer by writing a new set of *Canterbury Tales*, but only by seeing as many things as clearly, as beautifully, and as newly; another poem about Sordello will not be a Robert Browning's *Sordello*. The imitator is fated and a serf from the beginning. Had he even a small measure of the same faculty as his master, he would not imitate. The more he persuades himself that what he has to do is to attain the same result by the same

means, the more incapable he will be of doing that rightly, or anything else. The art which is analysed into a glossary of precepts is a past art, and not a living one; a bit in the mouth, not a spur against the flanks. And it is thus that we see how even art so supreme as that of the Greeks may, to the servile henchman of it, not the free-thoughted and aspiring student, become a veritable incubus.

Exception must always be made for the exceptional man. We are far from saying that no Mercury, Mars, or Juno, ought to be sculptured henceforth. The sculptor who is a Greek at heart will want to do them, and will do them well. If we had among us a sculptural Göthe or Keats, he would addict himself to such work to some effect. But we do say that sculpture will not flourish among us until it is understood that no man is to suppose himself bound to attempt that class of subject, nor even until there are but few who feel the impulse to do so.

If now, going back upon our steps, we endeavour to find how 'to reconcile the essential subject of sculpture, true and beautiful human form, with the tendencies and requirements of our own age,' we shall first recur to our distinction that, while 'the antique ideal is form so perfect as to be a fitting embodiment of deity, the modern ideal is expression and character, united as far as consistent with beautiful form, and so true and high as to bespeak the divinity that is within us.' To this we may add that the modern man is not only less drawn by his ideal of art than the Greek to beautiful form as his paramount object, but also less in the way of realizing it, even were he so minded. The double Greek discipline of 'gymnastic' and 'music,' comprising respectively all that was demanded for the culture of the body and for the beautifying (or, as it is now termed, the æsthetic) refinement of the mind, specially qualified the

society in which the Greek sculptor moved day by day to serve as an express model of what he required for the purposes of his art. Beautiful form was continually about him, and continually visible in its native grace and dignity. The modern is far from enjoying the same advantages. The body is not cultivated to the same pitch, nor the mind refined in a direction so consonant with personal beauty: and still less is there an equal opportunity for habitual study of the undisguised form. The inevitable result is that the average sculptor is not in any comparable degree imbued with the sense and love of human physical beauty, or incited to its embodiment. And, as it is upon the average men that the average of the art depends, we may safely conclude that the natural (and therefore so far the right) condition of our sculpture would be one in which the modern should feel, study, and realize, those elevating qualities of human nature which he is thoroughly in the way of, with something of the same insight and intensity which the Greek developed in the rendering of physical beauty. These qualities are what we have broadly summed up as 'expression and character'—fully as visible in the modern society as in the ancient, and more subtle and multiform. Art of such a kind, pursued in good faith, and with a conviction and real study of its capabilities, and even moderate sense and skill, would be endless in interest, and would bid fair to elicit very soon such a public support of sculpture as Apollo and the Graces can never hope for. Of course, by expression and character we do not mean such character as Tam o'Shanter and Souter Johnny, nor such expression as the squalling infant that has broken his drum—that cherished memory of the Great Exhibition of 1851. We are speaking of expression and character 'so true and high as to bespeak the divinity that is within us.' This also we ask to have

'united as far as consistent to beautiful form;' and it *is* consistent to an extent only perhaps limited by the requirements of truth in portrait-sculpture, of contrast in subjects of *mixed* character, and of costume as a veiling of nude form, as well as by the fundamental consideration that the modern mind does not, so determinedly as the Grecian, regard beauty of form as the symbol of the divine. The very nature of the sculptural art, which is simplifying, calm, and abstract, entails beauty as an uniform element of treatment; and the art, as art, must of necessity sway the modern sculptor no less than the ancient.

It may be asked—Admitting the conditions of modern sculpture as above set forth, will it produce works so essentially and nobly sculptural as the ancient? We are not prepared to say that it will. It must, we think, be conceded that the antique conditions subserve sculpture in a degree much more direct and absolute; and that sculpture has nothing else to embody quite so fully corresponding to its ideal as form expressive of godhead. But on the other hand we would aver without hesitation that the next best thing is to use the actual modern conditions, and not a make-believe of the ancient, to the highest sculptural purpose which they will answer; and that there is no saying, until this is fairly tried, how far they will go, or what they will lead to.

To state the exact starting-point needed for a true modern art of sculpture is not a task for us. It can only be done by a great sculptor, and that not in words but practically in art. We may, however, observe that there are three phases of subject which seem well adapted to our purposes—portraiture, national character, and ideal inventions.

Portraiture is one of the most permanently valuable

forms of any art, and has peculiar strength in bringing one back to reality from slip-slop and conventionalism. No nobler office can be presented to any artist than to transmit, in excellent art, the features of great men to posterity. At the present day, the question of sculptural portraiture is complicated with the especial untractableness of our costume. This is so ungainly and unsculpturesque as to suggest, what has been so often tried, a resort to classical drapery; while, on the other hand, that expedient throws an untruthful and hybrid air over the whole treatment. The remedy is, we conceive, worse than the disease. The modern costume must be grappled with as one of the obstacles which the art has to overcome; modified and accommodated at the sculptor's best judgment, but not evaded. The difficulty, moreover, scarcely affects bust-sculpture; and this, as the architect Mr. Falkener sensibly points out in his work *Dædalus*, is a motive for restricting ourselves in great measure to busts. Indeed, these are sufficient for nine tenths, or ninety-nine hundredths, of the men whom we carve, and would be sufficient under all conditions, quite apart from the difficulty of costume. It is only a very considerable man indeed of whom we need care to preserve so much as a half-figure in sculpture, and only a plainly great man to whom a full-length can fitly be devoted. Legs and feet have not much to do with the portraiture of the man; trousers and boots still less. Hands, however, are really a typical part of him, replete with character and meaning; and, if he himself is of importance enough to make them worth preserving, they merit on every account a careful study and expressive rendering very different from what is to be found in the mere 'sculptural hand' which the routine artist innocently tags on to his sleeve.

National character is a subject specially suited to the

cosmopolitan tendencies of our age, and affords almost limitless variety of material, individuality, and treatment. We do not refer to such directly ethnological study as is evidenced, for instance, in the productions of M. Cordier (though neither need such subjects be excluded); but to the rendering of whatever is beautiful, suggestive, and sculpturally available, in the character, type, costume, employments, or intellectual purposes, of the various nations of the earth. This has truth, like portraiture; an open field for all differences of feeling and perception in the sculptors; no restriction as to the number or quality of phases of beauty which it may include; and a real demand upon the artist's mind in seizing and presenting his subject. This range of the art is much more pursued by foreign sculptors, and especially the French, than by our own.

For ideal inventions we have of course no suggestions to offer. They are the highest attempts to which the sculptor can gird himself, and not to be meddled with at all save by the fewest. We cannot even venture to define with any distinct limitation what should be accepted as ideal inventions; but we may at once and finally exclude a figure with no idea and no invention in it, named after a god of the antique mythology. The name must not be allowed to tell for anything whatever. The subjects which we more particularly contemplate are such as embody an abstract principle, a moral or intellectual conception, some great fact in the divine government of the world, any of which may be given either in a directly symbolic personation, or by example invented by the sculptor and manifestly designed to impress the central idea. In such subjects the opportunity for using nude form of perfect beauty is, we need hardly observe, no less unfettered than in mythologic subjects. Approaching or equalling these in the inventive

power which they elicit, though not so strictly inventive in conception, are religious subjects undertaken by a truly deep and reverent mind, or monumental portrait-sculpture of the demigods and heroes, such as Dante, Shakspeare, or Cromwell, more especially when it is attempted to represent the cycle of the man's mind and work by accessory personifying groups or the like. We may add too that there may be genuine wealth of idea—that idea of art itself, of beauty and power, which is the most final and infallible test of a work of art—even in such a subject as a single human figure embodying no more than its own noble manhood or womanhood. This must always be one of the most essential materials of vital or great sculpture; and we confess for our own part that we would much rather see living sculptors who have no native Hellenism within them produce such works with no title at all, or merely such a name as 'a study of the beauty of manly form,' than parading ever-succeeding Apollos, Jupiters, or Endymions. There would be more truth, modesty, sense, and promise, in the plan.

We shall conclude by casting a glance upon the roll of our living sculptors. It will be no more than a glance, because it is no part of our object to attack or criticise individuals. If our estimate of the condition of sculpture is correct, our respect for the sculptors as a body cannot be great. With the general body we shall not interfere; but we subjoin the list of the sculptors who are at present members or associates of the Royal Academy, and who therefore stand professionally at the head of their art. We shall not say a word in disparagement of any one of them, but will simply ask the reader to call to mind the general character of their works, and test our review of the art by them, as far as may be fair, not forgetting that these are

the picked men only. The names are, among Academicians, Messrs. Baily, Foley, Gibson, MacDowell, Marshall, and Westmacott; and, among Associates, Mr. Weekes and Baron Marochetti (a foreigner both in birth and in the character of his art).

Although we shall not disparage any of these gentlemen, we may be permitted to dwell a moment upon the names of two of their number. Mr. Gibson takes eminent standing among the living sculptors, not only of Britain, but of Europe. For knowledge and refined skill he is deservedly renowned; and, if these excellences, applied to the service of 'classical' sculpture exclusively, could give the art a healthy impulse, we might have seen by this time, throughout our whole school, worthier fruits of Mr. Gibson's long and indefatigable labours than we do. We have already expressed our conviction that these are not the means to a good end. Even had Mr. Gibson realized in his own works the high ideal of classic art, we do not believe he would have carried the art of his contemporaries onwards; and, as it stands, we can only say that, while producing certain works which uphold our national credit on their own account, he has helped to keep up a mistaken object of pursuit among his fellows, and to rivet the fetters of conventionalism upon them. The second sculptor whom we would single out is Mr. Foley. His classical or ideal subjects appear to us very unequal; one or two may compete with the very best works of the school in that class. His portrait-works are sometimes of a very high standard, and noteably his figure of Lord Hardinge, which stands markedly at the head of British equestrian statues of any period.

It would be scant justice to our school, or to the non-academician artists whom it includes, if we failed to mention any from among them. We shall confine ourselves to

naming one of whom great things may safely be expected, and who would do honour to any school—Mr. Woolner. This gentleman is at the present moment known chiefly by his portrait busts and medallions; but there are other capabilities in him of which he has already given very clear proofs, and which will doubtless some day appear in much more signal evidence. In portraiture, we are not acquainted with any recent works which, for consummate study and art, for life and power, can stand beside his. The labour which he expends upon his busts is out of all proportion to that of other men, but not out of proportion to the effect produced: it is labour of the brain as well as the hand; exquisite art as well as determined study and finish. His modelling of flesh in all its delicate niceties may well be termed perfect, and is indeed carried so far that nothing but the real intellect and fire of his work would suffice to sustain it. With less of these highest qualities in combination, it would be over-finish; these keep it in its place, and preserve it from transcending the bounds of true sculptural art. Given expression and character strong and fine enough to present a true reflex of what pertains to life itself—a finish of modelling equally true stands rightly bestowed and harmonized, but on no other conditions. The marble busts of Rajah Brooke and Sir William Hooker, and of Mr. Tennyson and Professor Sedgwick, now in Trinity College, Cambridge, are eminent instances of these qualities, and rank certainly among the remarkable works of modern sculpture; and to these we may add the bronze medallions of Carlyle, Tennyson, and Browning. In heroic portraiture Mr. Woolner has given us the Bacon of the Oxford Museum, and a design for a Wordsworth monument; the latter, a much earlier work, as dignified in sculptural arrangement as the former is informed with intellect and meaning.

The side-groups of the Wordsworth design are amply sufficient to indicate their sculptor's faculty of ideal invention; indeed we could scarcely illustrate more aptly than from them the sense, or one of the senses, in which we understand the term. They are intended to exhibit the two dominant principles of the poet's mind: on one side, authority controlling impulse—a father subduing his refractory boy; on the other, reverence to God as the fruit of the contemplation of nature—a mother, in a gesture of awe and worship, directing upwards the thought of her daughter, who has brought her a flower. Among other works of Mr. Woolner already made public, we may cite the small figures in relief for the pulpit of Llandaff Cathedral—Moses, David, the Baptist, and St. Paul,—each a distinctly original conception, not only of the personage himself, but of the form of art-embodiment.

Thinking of these and other works, of the varied range of power, always equal to the occasion, which they exhibit, and of the leadership which their author must naturally assume as time consolidates his mastery and his reputation, we close our summary review of British sculpture, not altogether unhopefully of the destinies which may await it even in our own generation.

X.

JAPANESE WOODCUTS.

THE high state of development which the fine and decorative arts have attained in Japan has come upon most English people as a surprise, familiar though they were from of old with the general fact of certain ornamental manufactures existing in Japan, and cognisant as they were of some isolated specimens of such works. Of late years we have had frequent opportunities of appreciating the singularly happy and piquant invention, and the superlative justness and completeness of execution, in the decorative products of this latest-opened of the Asiatic empires—the so-called japan-work, porcelain, straw-plaiting, basket-work, metal-work, and the like. The unapplied fine art of Japan —that which stands on its own basis, not used for the purposes of decoration—is still known to only a very restricted class in this country; it cannot be so easily brought before the public view, nor could it be expected to obtain as yet so much vogue even in private circles. Nevertheless, it assuredly belongs in various respects to the greatest order of art practised in our day in any country of the world. It has a daringness of conception, an almost fiercely tenacious grasp of its subjects, a majesty of designing power and sweep of line, and a clenching hold upon the imagination,

such as no Michael Angelo, Tintoret, or Dürer among us, if we only had them, could afford, or would be in the least minded, to despise. In details of treatment and handling, also, it has a combination of the arbitrary and unexpected with a rigid fixity of general system, highly calculated to rivet the strong impression produced by the great primary qualities to which we have referred. The excellence of Japanese woodcuts—for it is especially of woodcuts that we are speaking—is, as far as we have noticed, constant. The kind of excellence, however, varies with the subjects, of which four classes may be named as the more prominent within our experience. First, scenes from social life, the manners and occupations of the people, often treated in large tableaux, with crowds of figures, and colour-printed. Second, landscapes, uncoloured or colour-printed; evidently well-studied, accurate, though broadly-summarized views of the mountainous and other districts of the empire, full of character and expression: when coloured, these have an almost Titianesque vigour and dignity of effect, attained by the most simple means and positive colours. Third, romantic or legendary histories, also either uncoloured or colour-printed. Fourth, books of scraps, varying between the merely slight and miscellaneous, and the accurate making-out of thoroughly tangible subjects, some books of this kind appearing to have a kind of encyclopædic aim. In these as in other examples of Japanese art, the animal-designing is most consummate, though one often cannot defend such points as the anatomical structure and markings of the quadrupeds. On the other hand,—for such points as the action of birds, their quaint turns of head or lithe deviations of neck; the decorative and at the same time naturalistic treatment of plumage; the shooting, gliding, and patterning, of fishes; the winding of serpents, whose

length is to be reckoned by yards of stealthy vertebra-crunching motion,—we incline to say that the Japanese reach higher in point of perceptive knowledge, and instant magic of the realizing hand, than any phase or period of European art: and the same praise, with the necessary deduction, must be understood to apply also even to the treatment of the larger animals. One of the most sumptuous of Japanese books known to us consists of treatments on a large scale of design, at once daring and exquisite, elaborate and simple, of bird and flower subjects, with colour; the forms being beautifully made out, not only by the lines of engraving, but also, in alliance and aid to these, by indented lines showing the markings of plumage and the like subordinate points. We might enlarge on many other aspects of Japanese art—its colour-printing, riotous grotesques, crape-paper designs, &c.; we must, however, restrict ourselves to naming, as a special master among the producers of the scrap and encyclopædic woodcut-books, a very eminent and indeed great artist of about half a century ago, Hoxai—a name to be pronounced not without reverence by such lovers of art as are willing to be catholic with regard to geographical limits as well as those of school and period.

It is to an uncoloured example in our third class, of romantic or legendary histories,—on the whole, perhaps the finest example we have seen,—that we devote the remainder of our article.

We would gladly inform the reader what the story illustrated in the woodcut series really is. Unfortunately we do not know: *non cuivis contingit* to read the Japanese character-writing. The impression which the series leaves upon us is that of some popular heroic legend of ancient time: the deeds of some Japanese Theseus or Roland

embalmed in the popular heart and memory, not any mere story of the day vamped up or bedizened by the Yeddo Longfellow, and from him taken up by the 'illustrating' artist. So we conjecture; but, not having any knowledge of the story, and finding this, moreover, not a little difficult to decipher in the pictured series, we can do no more for our reader's satisfaction than describe in some detail, one by one, the various subjects as they are apparent on the face of the designs. Deficient as this information must be, it will still serve our main purpose, which is to give an idea of the sort of matter set forth in this phase of Japanese art, and of the manner in which it is treated.

First, a word of the outer aspect of the book. It is a neat, well-sized octavo, stitched with yellow thread into flexible olive-green paper covers. These have been indented on the inner surface with a diaper-pattern, which has been pressed smooth on the outer surface—burnished down again, as it were. The back is open, showing the sharp-cut edges of the leaves of paper which constitute the book—the *un*cut edges of the same leaves facing outwards, to be turned over by the hand. They are evidently intended not to be opened with a paper-cutter, but to be left closed (their inside being blank). The angles of the back-edges are secured with little strips of purple cotton: and the entire arrangement has a nicety not to be surpassed, in combination with the most transparent simplicity. On the front cover, which would be the back cover of a European book, is pasted a thin strip of paper with red characters, presumably the title: and two rows of characters spread across the outer edges of the leaves, legible only when one looks inside. The paper on which the designs are printed appears to be manufactured from some vegetable fibre

(the bark of the mulberry-tree is much used for paper in Japan); neither dull nor shiny, neither ribbed nor textureless, yellowish in tint, and so singularly light that to take up a Japanese book for the first time is always a surprise. This is excellent paper, though not of the finest kind used in the Empire;—so choice is the latter for artistic purposes that one of the best etchers in Europe will print his productions on no other paper.

We open on what may be the inner title-page, pasted on to the cover. In the centre is a grotesque semi-bestial head, surmounting the larger characters: on each side a kind of arrow-stand, with arrows inserted, and some characters of smaller size—the whole simply but tellingly decorative. This is followed by two pages of writing, mostly of a more cursive form, and which may supply an introduction or argument to the designs. To these we now address ourselves:—

Design No. 1. A bearded, warlike-looking man, standing on a hill-side, endeavouring possibly to ward off the fall of a huge mass of rock which threatens to crush him; or, more probably, lifting the rock, to let it fall down the hill-side. There is great energy in the action of the figure, and an appropriate set of the features, compressed by sudden effort into a frown. The jagged parallelism in the structural markings of the mass of rock is well indicated: scrubby vegetation edges the mountainous slope. The mere sharpness of the lines traced by the engraver's hand is a pleasure to look at in this, as in all the designs: steady, precise, no falling-short and no superabundance—struck right, as it would seem, on the instant. A few characters, traced upon a blank space of the design, here and throughout the book, supply, no doubt, a statement of the subject.

No. 2. The last design occupied only one page. No. 2

and the ensuing ones fill each two pages front to front, the design being curiously divided by a strong line down the middle at the division of the pages. Here we find an enormous saurian monster or dragon, resembling, and as grotesque as, those which are characteristic of the Chinese fancy, but more conceivable and more terrible. His head tends towards the mammalian character, beset with an array of spiky prickles, two of which curve boldly from above the nostrils, like a cat's whisker-hairs. The splayed vertebræ are grimly distinct along an unending spine; two monstrous tridental claws are visible: the lacertine tail curves round again to the level of the forehead. From one of the claws floats on the air a patterned mantle, whereon rests a little boy with childish confidence. A woman looks out from the house-corner timorously at the gruesome sight. Save where this figure stands, the whole background is laid with dense black, the slightly granulated surface of which seems to show that the impressions from the blocks are obtained by rubbing, not by a single pressure. This black mass looks like a conventional expedient to imply night: we shall meet with it again more than once. It is never allowed to obscure the objects in the designs, which are throughout given in little more than outline.

No. 3. An athletic man, with an immense expenditure of energy, his drapery fluttering in the wind, has twanged an arrow from his bow against some object in upper air not comprised in the design. He seems not improbably to be the same man as in No. 1, though here only whiskered, not bearded. The anatomical markings of his sinewy bare arms and legs, bony and scant of flesh, are curiously distinct and correspondingly impossible. His fingers and his toes twitch with strong tension. Seated on the ground, another man points right upward at the unseen mark of the

marksman. His crown is bald; but a mass of hair falls to his shoulders, in set curls, like a peruke of last century. A hilly distance heaves in successive gnarled knolls, billowing almost with an appearance of motion, like in-rolling waves. Three arrows lie beside the archer, as if he had shot them away in vain, and they had fallen back at his feet.

No. 4. About the quietest design of the series. The hero (so we shall term him, assuming the personage to be the same, though this is indeed a very arbitrary assumption in the present and other cases, justifiable more on the ground of explicitness than anything else) is walking meditatively along the sea-cliffs, picking his steps with the aid of a stick. His robe is richly broidered or patterned with a device, often encountered upon Japanese china, of a bird insphered in outspread wings. At a moderate depth below the cliffs, the sea rolls in with a long sloping swell. A boat with rowers tilts upon its level, and in the distance is a lonely mountain-isle. The surface of the cliffs is curiously powdered over with dots. These may here signify grass, or any other minute variegation of the surface: in other designs they occur, and are less easily accounted for.

No. 5. The hero discomfiting a devil. The former stands bent almost double, his straddling naked feet firmly planted—on nothing, as it happens, for here, as in some other designs, no indication of the ground is vouchsafed. With one hand he grasps his sword; with the other, his face firmly averted, he holds out towards the devil what appears to be one of the Japanese steel mirrors; its back, which is turned towards the spectator, chased much as one may see in actual objects of this description. "The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman," to judge by his splendid robes. His horned visage, surmounted by an immense shag of hair which is prolonged into a sort of caudal brush, seems to be

distasteful to himself, for he turns with horror from the reflecting surface, and his distended palms repel the obtruded image. His face is worth studying. Spite of the horns and a clawed fang in mid-cheek, it is, on the whole, human: subtle and grim with malice, yet, for a Japanese, as the race is represented in this series, rather handsome than otherwise. A great dragging bough of larch-like foliage impends over the group, very grand as one of the lines in a composition which is most masterly and vigorous throughout.

No. 6. A devil knocking a man off his couch: they appear to be a different devil and different man—the latter perfectly bald, and richly robed in flowing drapery; perhaps a priest? The devil smites him on the side of the throat with a great pole like a flag-staff: the victim, not yet quite awake, screams out, and his stretched hands feel about in the air as he is bundled down floorwards. A black splotch, which fills only a part of the background space, tells us that it is night. The devil is a truly magnificent example of grotesque invention and design: the greatest European master in a similar line of art would have been proud to acknowledge him. He combines the instinctive ferocity of a brute with the ghastliness of a nightmare. Besides his fair quota of two eyes, he has a third Polyphemic one in the middle of the forehead, which retreats, with angular retrogression, into a bald vertex, behind which streams upon the air a fell of bristles: and bristles, thinly and sharply distributed like those of a cactus, beset his scraggy limbs and chest. His hands are comparatively human; his feet end merely in a double claw. A rich robe flutters round him, blown into long shred-like folds. He rushes grinning on his prey. Among many fine ones, this is possibly the finest design of the set.

No. 7. A tremendous scrimmage is going on here. The hero, with a huge mallet, is belabouring an armed man, who lies on the ground reversed, and almost turning heels over head in the crash of his fall. His hands meet behind his head, to scrub it after a blow from the mallet, or to protect it from thumping on the floor; with dropping under-jaw like a horse's, he howls aloud. At the opposite side is a third personage, possibly the same who is pointing upwards in No. 3. His peaked flap-ears seem to show that he is not altogether 'canny', and indeed his whole countenance is sufficiently unhuman; but the eccentricities of Japanese art in that particular are such that one cannot fully rely upon this indication. He appears to have come to grief at an earlier stage of the fight, and is trying to help himself to his feet again with the leverage of a pike. In this and other subjects the details of military costume are made out with great particularity from head to toe; and exceedingly confusing to the eye they are sometimes, where the figures are in violent action, and the equipments complex.

No. 8. One of the strangest and most ill-favoured—we might say repulsive—designs of the series. It represents two men—one of them, perhaps, the hero—about to close in a wrestling-match; their legs wide-straddling; their fingers spread out fan-like; their anatomy more than absurd; their frames as hairy as Esau's. The faces of ghouls, and the contortions of hobgoblins. What makes the group the odder is that no ground is represented for them to stand on, but the space about them is dotted over, in a way to us unaccountable unless it is intended to represent the dust rising (see remarks on No. 4). The group may call to mind the account given by Commodore Perry, of the American navy, of a Japanese wrestling-match which he

witnessed, although the performers are not the monstrous masses of brawn and flesh he describes. 'They were, in fact, like a pair of fierce bulls, whose nature they had not only acquired, but even their look and movements. As they continued to eye each other, they stamped the ground heavily, pawing, as it were, with impatience; and then, stooping their huge bodies, they grasped handfuls of the earth, and flung it with an angry toss over their back, or rubbed it impatiently between their massive palms, or under their stalwart shoulders. They now crouched down low, still keeping their eyes fixed upon one another, and watching each movement; and, in a moment, they had both simultaneously heaved their massive frames in opposing force, body to body, with a shock that might have stunned an ox.' In the design one of the wrestlers has the peculiarity of being wholly destitute of eyebrows where these would naturally come, but adorned with compensating blobs of hair upon the forehead, more than midway up towards the roots of the hair.

No. 9. Another scrimmage. The hero has got down upon the floor of a room a perfectly bald-headed man (perhaps the same who figures in No. 6). He digs the knuckles of his left hand into the loose flesh at the nape of the wretch's neck, and pounds away at the bald pate with what may be the scabbard of a sword, with a continuity of energy which is refreshing to see, but not to feel. The protruded, floor-grasping hands of the sufferer, and the way he cramps up his calves and toes as the next slashing blow is about to come down, are perfect in expression. A neat little table has been overturned in the contest, and long rolls of MS. or print, fastened with tasselled strings closed or unclosed, tumble off it. In the upper corner we see drawn up the matting which acts as a blind to the house-front.

No. 10 seems related to No. 1. Amid abrupt bluffs of rock a lady (it *may* be a lady, or possibly a male attendant, the distinction of the sexes being often far from perspicuous to an eye not very much *au fait*) points out to the vengeance of the hero what one surmises to be a group of distinguished persons, who wind up the cliff towards them from a barque which is seen moored far below. He, bending double under the load, has just strength enough to lift well above his head a fearful fragment of furrowed crag, which will in another moment go crashing some half-dozen men into annihilation. Of the approaching group, one only sees some screen-fans borne aloft, and what appear to be tattered banners. These banners form a curious detail in a very admirable design. One's eye is first caught by jagged spaces of a black ground scored over with vermiform white lines, such as might stand for a highly conventionalized indication of the ripple of sea. On closer inspection, these jagged spaces are found to be indisputably tacked on to flag-staves, and to form the major portion of objects some other part of which is left quite white, only with crumpled edges. The whole looks more like flags torn to tatters than anything else; or they may more likely be flags of curiously-cut shape, or even merely flags fluttering in the wind, of which the effects are represented in a primitive and arbitrary, yet not wholly purposeless, manner.

No. 11. The man with the eccentric eyebrows, robed in an ample gown, stiff and richly patterned, has risen erect upon a divan, watching the downward fall from space, swift and straight as an arrow, of three birds, one of them a goose. Crouched on the ground, another man glances up at the same phenomenon, which both appear to regard as something important and ominous; indeed, we may surmise wizardry, and shall henceforward regard one of our

dramatis personæ as a magician—a black-artist, as the Germans say, of the blackest tint. The birds, as usual in Japanese art, are delineated with singular nicety.

No. 12. A man who appears to be suffering from exhaustion stands at the door of a house, stretching his hands out to receive a fruit, enfolded in its leaves, which a wrinkled old man, kneeling, picks from a basket and presents to him. The peculiar crimping-up of the eyes almost suggests the notion that both figures are intended to be blind; the old man might pass in *Punch* for a caricature of Mr. Disraeli. By the hero's side lie a big bundle of osiers or straw slung on to a bamboo, and some packets of paper. The house is very fully made out:—the wide, unobstructed entrance, seemingly provided with a door which is slid aside laterally, as well as with a drawn curtain; the heavily thatched roof; the plastered walls, wattled towards the ground, and crossed by bamboo—here and there the cracking of the plaster distinctly represented, showing the cross-laths beneath; the unglazed flat window, with transverse bamboos for bars; even the half-dozen tufts of weeds which burrow close to the line of wall and threshold.

No. 13. A design of most violent action, and extreme confusion of parts; the panoply which invests the figures being beset, at shoulders and hips especially, with huge, stiff, fanlike expansions, as unyielding as the bedizenments of the kings and knaves in a pack of cards. Whether through this confusion or otherwise, we find it impossible to make out more than two hands and three legs as applicable to two ferocious heads in close apposition; and we incline to think that the phenomenon is really a double-headed man. He is warding off as best he can a shower of arrows which some one—we can't well see who—is plying him with: sixteen of them are seen flying in opposite

directions, or fallen spent. The only other figure is a warrior in a great helmet, who lies knocked over on the ground, his feet kicking at heaven so as to display the well-padded sole of the sandal. He rears, as it were, from the head upwards.

No. 14. A design of extraordinary grandeur; somewhat grotesque, indeed, as it stands, but essentially much more grand than grotesque. The hero, on some desperate enterprise, has ridden his horse to death. It is a huge, bony piebald animal; big blotches of unmitigated black stamped upon its white hide. The eye has set in death, the mouth gapes open, the last quiver has thrilled nostril and underjaw. The air is filled with the dust and pebbles set flying by the fall. The hero, one foot planted on the dead horse's neck, the other loosely astride of its back, is tugging at mane and tail, both most shaggily developed. He seems to fancy he can yet shake up some dregs of life which lie latent somewhere in the carcase. Or perhaps (though this seems less consonant with the violent energy of the whole group) he is merely helping himself out of the crushing of limbs and dislocating of bones wherewith the fall of his charger has threatened him. A further conjecture may be hazarded—that the real gist of the subject is the subduing of a wild horse, with all the display of savage, exasperated, and almost brutish strength which the Japanese imagination seems to gloat over. This is, with one exception, the only subject in which a part of the design (the horse's tail) is allowed to transgress the strict limits of the framing-line.

No. 15. Here we find another monster-beast, even more curious and execrable than the one in No. 2. The designer evidently shares in the Japanese national turn for concocting such miscreations, and does with his pencil what artists of a lower grade in his country do by the actual apposition

of the hairs of a cat on the body of a fish, the claws of a hawk on the joints of a lobster, or so on. We almost think the designer must have had some such pseudo *lusus naturæ* to copy from, so actual and cohesive is his abortion; it even looks (to the unscientific eye) as if it might be a real form of animal life revealed by the microscope. It is much more a spider than anything else; eight-legged, shaggily bristled all over, clawed not unlike the legs of a crab, striated down the back like a hyæna or a tabby cat, and furnished with monstrous globes of eyes in triple the proportion of those of a dragon-fly. The wretch seems to have made itself a sort of spider-web (though the indication of this is not so clear as to be free from doubt) in the clefts of the crags, and hangs head downward therefrom, the size of a buffalo. Praise be to the inventor, its bloated career is coming to an end: the hero, warily planted opposite against a bluff, is dealing the *coup de grâce* with a pike. The thrust looks mortal, and one hopes it is so.

No. 16. The hero (?) seems to be repeating Samson's feat of knocking a house to shivers by manual might: his nose wrinkles with the effort. Or, perhaps, his attitude, pressing and cramped up against the house-wall, only represents his endeavour to crouch and shelter himself from the slabs, shutters, and potsherds, which are raining upon him from above; these being, in such case, propelled, not by his own shaking of the house, but by some upper enemy. One great shutter or door-valve is decorated with a grotesque head almost identical with the one which figures in the title-page; two panels are shown cracking in a dozen directions at once.

No. 17. The magician, bare-legged and bare-footed though otherwise clothed with the wonted richness, seems to have discovered, in an out-of-the-way hill-region, a her-

mitess in the last stage of emaciation and disjointedness: or else (which seems quite as likely) he is resuscitating a corpse, for some object which we may be sure is horrid and outrageous. He leads her forth firmly, and, it might seem, sternly, by her mere drumstick of a left arm; his own arm, though strong-looking, is, as usual, excessively meagre. With open mouth, she seems to whine inarticulately, like a creature almost lapsed from humanity into animalhood. As Dante says:—

> Dinanzi agli occhj mi si fu offerto
> Chi per lungo silenzio parea fioco.

Her hair overgrows her to below the knees, like St. Mary of Egypt; she huddles to her breast what we guess to be a child, though nothing of it is traceable save a ball of black with hair-like streaks of fringe. Somebody has shot an arrow at or for the forlorn creature: it sticks in a bank of earth. Immediately behind the man's shoulder comes a blotch of black with a disk therein—presumably night and the full moon, the rest of the sky being left blank after this indication of what is meant, sufficient to the trained eye.

No. 18. In more than one instance already the doubt has arisen whether we ought to look at the print according to the width of the double page, or to its height. Hitherto, careful inspection has left no doubt in favour of the width; but this time the height proves to be right, and one or two other such cases will occur. The hero now reappears as a devil-queller. We have seen him (in No. 5) put one devil to shame by giving him ocular proof that he is more than black enough, though not 'as black as he is painted.' He is now trying conclusions with the other devil who was knocking the bald sleeper off his couch (No. 6); at least, the present devil resembles that one in all points of moment,

save that his frontal eye has vanished—the forehead being, however, so much averted that the eye might almost be there without being visible. The devil's days—poor devil! —are evidently numbered. The hero, very massive in body this time, and again furnished with a great beard which covers his chest, is holding the devil up at arm's length, his left hand following the contour of the jaw. It might be an action of easy familiarity—chucking the devil under the chin, treating him 'as if he loved him,' as Isaac Walton recommends the angler to treat the fish with the barb in its gills. But the hero's naked sword, ready for a clean thrust, tells a different tale, and so do his hard-set features, and the writhings of the devil himself. He howls, with grinning cheek and upward eye; he clenches the capturing hand with both his own, hairy and raw-boned; one leg ramps, and the other distends, its clawed and twitching toes knocking against the victor's scabbard. It is all up with the devil. This is a design of the very highest quality, and one which again calls our attention to the great diversity, the interesting peculiarities, and the minute making-out, of the costumes represented in our series.

No. 19. Having settled the devil, the hero turns his attention to his fellow-creatures, and drags a bald-headed man about in the rain, with the ulterior intention, as one may guess, of killing him. The rain is coming down in a steady pour, sufficiently expressed in clear straight lines of various length and nearness to the ground. In one corner of the design is a curious erection: it might be the base of a wooden obelisk between two pagoda-headed stone posts, much like some which one may see by the gateways of English country-houses: we presume it to be probably the entrance to a temple. The hero, in this instance, is walking on a pair of squared pattens, shaped like foot-

stools—the path has or will become so soppy with the rain: he also wields his umbrella, a mere uncovered framework, with ten ribs for one in the British article. He has caught the bald man by the neckpiece of his sorry black wrapper: the poor creature has no signs of luxury or well-being about him. He too is pattened; but one of his pattens comes off as he is dragged along the ground, its unfastened string sticking between the great toe and the other toes. His umbrella (if it is an umbrella rather than a scraggy mat) has been smashed, his coffee-pot prostrated, and its lid knocked off.

No. 20. This represents, as far as we can make it out, a sea-monster lashing the waves, and overturning two men out of a boat; the boat itself, however, is nowhere visible. The monster before us does not yield to either of his predecessors in strangeness and power, but he is much less repulsive; indeed, not repulsive at all, though terrible from his size (at least as big as an elephant) and from his reckless exercise of strength. The head is not greatly unlike a lion's—something between that and a walrus's; the claws cat-like; the tail equine; the body covered all over with a sort of fleece, which clots into starry tufts, studding the whole gigantic surface like so many half-displayed sea-anemones peopling a sea-pool. With the ferocity of vehement suddenness he plunges forward, lashing about him; the sea-surface clangs, and splinters into enormous tress-like arcs and curves. Two warriors flounder head over heels into the air. One of them holds a long-bladed spear, with which he instinctively tries to balance himself, like a rope-dancer with his pole; the other loses hold of a contorted banner somewhat like the one in No. 10. Monster and figures stand out upon a ground of solid black, with a rounded upper contour distinctly defined; whether here

representing night, or the blackness of the inner sea, where the monster reigns, and the men may just drown, we cannot say for certain—not unlikely the latter, which would account for our not seeing any trace of a boat.

No. 21. The *raison d'être* of this subject is by no means apparent. There is nothing about it which looks as if it were intended for an unearthly or superhuman transaction; and yet the position of one figure is more like tumbling through void space than anything else. No ground is represented in any part of the design; but previous similar instances warn us that this is not to be relied upon as a symptom of præternaturalism. The figure who looks as if tumbling is a man transfixed with two swords (he appears to us, in the present instance, to be transfixed, although it is *possible* that he is only wearing the two swords, as continually represented elsewhere). With that singular proclivity which, according to our artist, the Japanese have for being knocked down, head to ground and legs brandishing in the air, the man, in his death-throes, is kicking up with such violence that his slipper is sent spinning. His black sock is exposed to view. It is framed on the principle of a boxing-glove, the great toe occupying one compartment of it apart from all the other toes. This arrangement, noticeable in sundry other designs as well, combined with the rigid form of the naked shank, gives the whole limb a peculiarly bovine aspect, as if terminated by a cleft hoof—the calf of the leg being represented rather as a double and tightly-compressed swelling than as a bold continuous curve. All round the sprawling man is a swarm of dots, presumably dust-motes in this instance as in others; although here, hard by him, is something which looks very much like a bee-hive, and the dots might possibly be bees, which, however, we can scarcely conceive that the precision

of Japanese art would indicate so very inefficiently. A lady, herself also furnished with two swords in her girdle, stands over the dying man, and clutches the wrist of another man, to compel him to look upon the sorry spectacle. He wrenches his head aside, and tugs hard to be released, but cannot manage it. The lady's face is a noteable example of the limitation of Japanese drawing. A certain intention to suggest delicacy of features is apparent; but these are represented simply by thin lines—two for the eyebrows, one for the nose, two for the eyes, and a little wry slit for the mouth. A similar process is adopted in the two ensuing instances where female beauty appears to be in question.

No. 22. Here we sup full with horrors. The magician, ruthless and truculent, with a leer compounded of craft and atrocity, in a handsome gown which exposes his hairy chest a little, is holding by the ankles, head downward, a naked child, some year or two old, and deliberately slitting it up the middle with a carving-knife. A long black string of blood drips from the infant into a furnace, in whose front one sees the flames crackling and spirting, with licking tongues along the furnace-edges. Two other infants lie behind, trussed for a similar fate. Another wicked elderly man, perhaps the Mr. Disraeli of No. 12, looks callously on, his head peering behind a wooden prop of the house-front, his right hand loosely grasping it. The details of the house, with some rock-work at its threshold, and broad frondent banana-like leafage seen behind, are accurately made out. A fiendish business which one may again suppose to have some necromantic significance, admirably rendered.

No. 23. A very unintelligible subject. A supernatural-looking woman (we apprehend it to be rather a female than

a male figure) is hauling up a mountain-path an enormous casket, more than big enough to contain herself. Her face is unlike the type of other female faces, and more abstract-looking than any male type in the book: staring diagonal cat's-eyes, and the two blobs of frontal eyebrows very highly developed. The casket has a somewhat bell-like form, with a panelled and ornamented surface. The woman holds it by a rope wherewith it is girt, and also by passing her right arm through the handle, sculptured with two satyr-like heads. She seems to be on the look-out for some one.

No. 24 appears to personify the sun and moon. They stand in mid-sky, poised on heaped clouds, tolerably angular in general outline, and scored over with broken curves like the cerebral convolutions. The Sun is a man, mostly draped: he treats his cloud-bank as a solid substratum—propping upon it a long pole on which he leans his full weight, and grounding on the upper edge of the cloud his bent right leg. The Moon is a youthful woman, whose figure and action have an unwonted degree of rounded grace, and whose face, though constructed upon the unsophisticated principle before adverted to (No. 21), evidences a like purpose on the artist's part. She holds a beautiful flower by its long, swaying stem. Behind the head of each figure comes the disk of the subject planet—the sun only a little larger than the moon.

No. 25. Unless this pourtrays the presiding genius of a waterfall, we can make nothing of it. The design is a very singular one, showing, in many details, high aptitude for the conventional representation of certain natural appearances which, in a bold phase of art like this, cannot be represented at all unless conventionally. The water of the fall is indicated by forms of two sorts—vertical dripping

lines not unlike icicles, and a sort of coralline contortion for the creaming curdling foam. It may seem odd that the latter forms appear in the upper part of the designs, and the first-named forms chiefly in the lower part: this arrangement—the reverse of what we should have expected on a first thought—may perhaps be accounted for by the fact that already, in the upper part of the design, the water has encountered obstacles, such as angles of rock, and the head and shoulders of the presiding genius, whereon it bangs and bursts, crashing into foam. The genius stands amid the shock, upright and impassive, his feet upon the pointed rocks, his hands crossed close to his breast, the forefingers extended and joined at the tips, the thumbs displayed, the other fingers intertwined—doubtless a symbolical action. The face is much of the ordinary male type, though somewhat more peculiar than usual.

No. 26. Here the hero is exterminating two warriors—let us hope, the two child-murderers (No. 22). One of them may be accounted already sufficiently disposed of, and is sprawling his last as a Japanese, and only a Japanese, seems able to sprawl it—head to ground, right hand beneath it, left hand and left foot on a level in the air, right foot tilted higher up by the shank's length, body arched in proportion. The other man is writhing in the grasp of the victor, who swings him horizontally into space, and grips his throat hard, scarcely conscious of the clutching hand which twitches to dislodge his hold; he wields his sword at arm's length for the final circling slash and thrust. Nothing can be more energetic than this group—more deadly in determination, more deathly in desperation. Arrows have fallen spent, others are still flying about—a conventional device, we are left to conclude, for indicating a previous stage of the conflict, as it can scarcely be assumed that

there are any other unseen actors in the drama engaged in launching the darts at the present moment.

No. 27. The hero is occupied in tugging at a vast scabbard (such it appears to be), double his own height, the tip of which is imbedded in a rock, the upper end jammed into the fork of a tree-trunk, very vigorously drawn. Three men, beyond the trunk, flee away, huddling and tumbling: they seem to regard the impending success of the achievement as involving their own doom. Or they may be stopping their ears from a præternatural hurtling in the air, and ominous rumouring which accompanies the Herculean feat; or again they may be spell-bound sleepers starting into renewed life as the great adventure gets achieved. A cleft mass of black to the upper left hand of the design may, as in previous instances, indicate night-time.

No. 28. A lady, of more *embonpoint* than usual, stands in what seems to be the upper floor of her house, open in front. She has been assailed with a whole flight of arrows: twenty-one remain before us to be counted. Two attacking warriors appear to have made their way to the upper floor, and we now contemplate their downfall. The lady has launched at them a huge log of undressed timber, which dashes them downward again in a trice: spread legs and arms, and jaw so knocked in with the crash that it can barely open for a shriek, attest the discomfiture of the assailants, who seem to be yet in the act of falling. This is an admirable design, specially noteable for the decisive way the arrows are put in, and the vigorous originality which their scattering gives to the composition.

No. 29. The hero setting his foot on the jaw of a dead or sleeping tiger. We may well suppose the savage to be dead, or the feat were too hazardous; and yet his tail looks as if it had a whisk in it still, and his gigantic claws a re-

serve of the lacerating power. Magnificent is his patterned fur, white and black. The hero is holding up, as if it constituted his prize won in the adventure of the tiger, a moderate-sized, square-edged packet, inscribed on one side; it is neatly done up, as neatly as if it were a mere packet of tea from a neighbouring shop. The scene is a bamboo-thicket in leaf—the procumbent stems, and scattered flecks of foliage, very gracefully given.

No. 30. The hero has been squatting or kneeling on the broad steps of a building, perhaps a temple. He starts to his feet, and wields his sword-bladed pike at the apparition of a (doubtless supernatural) bird resembling a gannet, whose wings and head, with a profound and portentous eye, stand out in vivid whiteness upon a black ground, symbolizing night. The visionary suddenness of the event is perfectly expressed; and its strangeness enhanced by the peculiarity of leaving the whole middle plane of the picture blank, the upper part of the bird being given relieved upon the black, but no lower part at all, nor other distinct termination of the apparition, after the black has ceased. This is, properly speaking, the last design of our series, for

No. 31, which winds all up, represents merely the hero, or his biographer, inscribing upon a tree a number of characters, which one surmises to set forth the acts and facts of his chequered life—chequered, but (let us add after doing our best to trace it) very much the reverse of intelligible in point of beginning, middle, and ending. It is pleasant to notice that the inscriber keeps up his spirits, after all said and done, and executes his record with a more smiling countenance than was habitual in his days of adventure. This is only a single-page design, like No. 1.

Two pages of characters, mostly arranged in columns, succeed; and so we shut up the book.

A splendid book, we repeat, showing great powers of art in a condition of very considerable development. We shall not dwell at large upon the general characteristics of Japanese art, as here and elsewhere exhibited, but only sum up in brief words a few leading attributes of these designs. We find in them extraordinary dignity and power of line, considered both singly, and in combination forming compositions; decisive, masterly vigour of stroke; most varied, original, and audacious grouping; action carried to an extreme, and beyond the extreme, yet well understood and coherently conceived even in its vagaries; expression often strong and true, seldom undeserving of attention; remarkable combinations of darks and lights, if not exactly of light and shade (which, indeed, are almost out of count through the system of execution, which is little more than in outline); splendour and complication of decorative quality, obtained partly by the elaborate and highly adorned costumes punctiliously detailed; unflagging invention of the natural, the extraordinary, and the præternatural;—throughout all these diverse qualities, an essential unity, which belongs to imagination, and to the full grasp of the means which the artist has to work with, be they ample or restricted. In fact, spite of all obstructing influences, this Japanese designer of the nineteenth century bears a very observable resemblance to that Albert Dürer of the sixteenth whom Europe is proud to acknowledge as, to this day, one of the greatest artists she has produced.

We must in fairness state one serious set-off to the very great excellences of the phase of art evidenced in these designs. Notwithstanding their grandeur and fineness of line, there is nothing in them which can be identified by

a European as the feeling for beauty. One would say, as the result of an inspection of the works, that this is a feeling really alien from the Japanese mind—that beauty does not present itself to that mind as an intrinsic element of art, or almost of nature. And this may be partly dependent upon a cognate fact—that there is nothing throughout the designs in the least suggesting moral beauty; the distilled essence of the whole of them may even be termed atrocity. Ferocious faces, ferocious passions, ferocious deeds and achievements; beetle brows, mouths grinning, snarling, howling, or champing; muscles, limbs, and extremities, on the stretch. The devil in man and the doll in woman seem to be the designer's idea of the radical distinction between the sexes. But we have no business, nor any disposition, to moralize. Why these characteristics belong to Japanese art, whether they permeate the life as well as the art of the nation—these are no questions for us here; that they do distinguish the admirable designs before us is a fact which could not be omitted in any attempt to make the reader acquainted with the series. Our parting wishes are that we may see many more such books, and that the persons into whose hands they come may recognise their superiority, in some respects, to anything which contemporary European art has to show us.

INDEX OF NAMES.

Aïvazofsky, 145.
Anthony, 1, 2, 33, 124, 160.
Archer, 27, 157.
Armitage, 35, 36.
Assyrian Art, 72—76.

Barrett, George, 161.
Behnes, 31.
Belgian Art, 117—121, 133, 134, 141, 144.
Bendemann, 175.
Benzoni, 140.
Bernini, 142.
Bida, 115.
Blake, 28, 137, 150, 162, 183.
Bles, 144.
Böhm, 31.
Bonassieux, 126.
Bonheur, Rosa, 116.
Bonington, 150.
Booth, Mrs., 301, 302, 319—322.
Bource, 144.
Boyce, 160.
Breton, 142.
Brett, 160.
Brion, 142.
British Painting, 97, 124, 125, 135—137, 146—163.
British Sculpture, 139, 140, 335—362.
Brown, Madox, xiii, 7, 24, 35, 124, 159, 178—202.
Browne, Hablot, 286.
Burton, F. W., 162.
Byzantine Art, 21, 79—81.

Calame, 145.
Callcott, 153, 154.
Calderon, 25, 27, 30, 31.
Cameron, Mrs., 333, 334.
Carlyle, 197.
Cattermole, 162.
Cavelier, 126.
Cellini, 351.
Chalon, Alfred, 150.
Chalon, John, 154.
Chenavard, 106.
Chinese Art, 21.
Clark, 151.
Cogniet, 105, 106.
Collins, Wm., 152.
Comte, 106.
Constable, 155, 308.
Cope, 30, 34, 156.
Copley, 152.
Cordier, 358.
Cornelius, 122, 123, 175.
Courbet, 112—114.
Cox, 162.
Cozens, 162.
Crome, 153.
Cross, 35, 124, 151.
Cruikshank, 277—282, 285.
Crystal Palace, 51—92.

Dalsgaard, 144.
Danby, Francis, 154.
Danby, Mrs., 301, 316, 318—323.
Dance, 311.
Daumier, 287.
Davis, Wm., 33, 160.
Debay, 126.
Decamps, 111.
De Groux, 121.
Dehodencq, 115.
Delacroix, 108—111, 142, 191, 198.
Delaroche, 101, 142, 191.
Dobson, 156.
Donatello, 88.
Doré, 191.
Doyle, Richard, 282, 283, 287, 289, 290.
Doyle senior, 285.

Dürer, 146.
Dyce, 34, 124, 158, 185, 186.

Eastlake, 156.
Egg, 157.
Egyptian Art, 21, 54—59, 75.
Elgin Marbles, 61, 339.
Elmore, 157.
Etty, 137, 151, 308.
Exner, 145.

Faed, Thomas, 2, 151.
Falkener, 357.
Fantin, 31.
Fergusson, James, 73—75.
Fisk, 27, 30.
Flandrin, Hippolyte, 143.
Flaxman, 137.
Foley, 360.
Frémiet, 126.
French Landscapes, 116.
French Painting, 12, 13, 94—96, 98, 99, 101—117, 132, 133, 143.
Frith, 2, 3, 157, 262—271.
Frost, 158.
Fuhrich, 175.
Fuseli, 142, 150.

Gainsborough, 137, 152, 153.
Gallait, 133.
Gavarni, 283, 286.
Gazzotto, 145.
German Painting, 6, 98, 122, 123, 134, 135, 143, 144.
Gérôme, 143.
Ghiberti, 88, 337, 339.
Gibson, 139, 140, 360.
Gilbert, Graham, 153.
Gillray, 284.
Giorgione, 19, 217.
Giotto, 19, 86, 127, 128.
Girtin, 161, 162, 297, 306.
Gordon, Watson, 153.
Gothic Art, 82—87.
Grant, 153.
Greek Art, 59—71, 332, 338—341, 351—356.

Hamon, 114, 115.
Hansen, 145.
Harvey, George, 152.
Hausmann, 143.
Haydon, 151.
Healy, 121, 122.
Heaphy, 27.
Hébert, 143.
Henning, Alfred, 286.
Herbert, 34, 156.
Hicks, 267.
Hilton, 150.
Hodgson, 25, 27, 30.
Hogarth, 8, 9, 137, 146, 149.
Holbein, 329.
Hood, Thomas, 285.
Hook, 1, 2, 32, 156.
Hoxai, 365.
Hughes, Arthur, 1, 2, 159.
Hunt, Alfred, 160.
Hunt, Holman, xiii, 1, 2, 7, 30, 124, 159, 202, 209, 210, 233—245.
Hunt, Wm., 162.
Hunt, W. M., 121.

Inchbold, 30, 33, 160.
Induno, Dominic and Jerome, 121.
Inganni, 121.
Ingres, 102—104, 134, 142.
Isabey, 116.
Israels, 144.
Ives, 139.

Jackson, 153.
Jacquot, 126.
Jadin, 116, 117.
Jaley, 126.
Janmot, 116.
Japanese Art, 128, 363—387.
Jerichau, Madame, 31, 144.
Jernberg, 144.
Jones, Burne, 37, 190.
Jones, George, 299.
Jones, Owen, 64, 65, 71, 76.
Jouffroy, 126.

Kaulbach, 123, 248.
Keats, 226—228.
Keene, 287.
Kessels, 141.
Kiss, 126.

Knaus, 122.
Krafft, Adam, 86.

Landseer, Edwin, 1, 2, 125, 160.
Larsen, 124.
Lauder, Robert, 157.
Lawrence, Sir Thomas, 152.
Leech, 282—288.
Legros, 31.
Lehmann, Henri, 31.
Leighton, 1, 2, 25, 27, 29, 35, 36, 125, 158, 254—262.
Leslie, C. R., 124, 151.
Leslie, G. D., 27.
Lewis, J. F., 158, 162.
Leys, 25, 117, 120, 121, 133, 134.
Lies, 25, 120.
Lindegren, Amalia, 144.
Linnell, John, 27, 124, 311.
Linnell, Wm., 1, 2.
Lloyd, Watkiss, 64, 66.
Lucy, 157.
Lugardon, 145.

Maclise, 34, 125, 151, 245—254.
Malton, Thomas, 292.
Manzano, 145.
Marchal, 142.
Marks, 27, 30, 31.
Martin, 154.
Martineau, 159.
Masaccio, 19.
Mason, 160.
Maurice, Rev. F. D., 197.
Meadows, Kenny, 285.
Mégret, 31.
Meinhold, 11.
Meissonnier, 115.
Menzel, 143, 144.
Meuron, 145.
Meyer, 123.
Michael Angelo, 4, 28, 91, 337, 351.
Millais, xiii, 7, 27, 31, 35, 124, 159, 202—233, 275.
Millet, 12.
Molin, 138.
Moller, 145.
Monti, 338.
Moore, Albert, 35, 36.
Morelli, 145.
Moresque Architecture, 76—79.
Morris, Marshall, Faulkner, and Co., 165, 166.
Müller, Wm., 150.
Mulready, 124, 125, 155, 156.

Newton, A. P., 162.
Newton, G. S., 150.
Northcote, 149.

O'Connell, Madame, 116.
O'Neil, Henry, 151.
Opie, 149.
Overbeck, 175.

Page, 146.
Palgrave, 324—334.
Paton, Noel, 7, 156.
Paul Veronese, 5, 19.
Penrose, 67.
Pettie, 276.
Phidias, 19, 61.
Phillip, 2, 3, 35, 36, 157.
Pickersgill, F. R., 158.
Pierotti, 140.
Piloty, 144.
Pliny, 66, 68.
Plutarch, 68.
Poitevin, 31.
Poole, 124, 157.
Præraphaelitism, x—xiv, 6, 24, 33, 124, 147, 158, 159, 168—177, 185, 187—190, 197—199.
Prinsep, 25, 27, 30, 35—37.
Pujol, Abel de, 111.

Raeburn, 153.
Rankley, 30.
Raphael, 146, 164.
Rembrandt, 18, 329.
Renaissance Art, 87—92.
Reynaud, 143.
Reynolds, 137, 152.
Ricard, 116.
Robbia, Luca della, 88, 90, 339, 351.
Robert-Fleury, 106, 143.
Robinson, Peter, 292.
Robson, 162.

Rossetti, Dante, xiii, xiv, 31, 35.
Rowlandson, 284, 285.
Rubens, 100, 109, 110, 337.
Ruskin, 18, 40, 86, 174, 238, 239, 303, 311, 313, 320, 327, 334.

Sandys, 35, 36.
Scharf, 62.
Scheffer, Henri, 107, 108.
Schiavone, 145.
Scott, David, 35, 137, 150, 151.
Scott, W. B., 35.
Seymour, 285.
Shakspeare, 10.
Sibson, 286.
Solomon, Abraham, 151.
Solomon, Simeon, 31, 35, 36.
Sorensen, 145.
Stanfield, 125, 312.
Stanhope, 35, 36.
Steinle, 123, 175.
Stevens, Alfred, 117—119, 144.
Stevens, Joseph, 117—119.
Stone, Marcus, 27.
Story, 138.
Stoss, Veit, 84.
Stothard, 149.
Street, 166.

Tenniel, 287.
Thackeray, 286.
Thomas, H. E., 115.
Thornbury, 291—315.
Tidemand, 31, 144.
Tintoret, 19, 337.
Tissot, 25, 31.
Titian, 18, 19.
Troyon, 117.
Turner, Charles, 311.
Turner, J. W. M., 19, 137, 147, 154, 161, 162, 291—323.

Ussi, 145.

Valerio, 115.
Vandyck, 329.
Vanhove, 126.
Vanlinden, 31.
Van Moer, 144.
Van Muyden, 124, 145.
Velasquez, 19.
Verlat, 121, 144.
Vernet, Horace, 48, 104, 105.
Verrocchio, 88, 90, 91, 351.

Waldmüller, 123, 124.
Wallis, 7.
Ward, E. M., 1, 2, 27, 35, 157.
Ward, James, 160.
Waterford, Lady, 35.
Watson, M. L., 346.
Watteau, 146.
Watts, 1, 2, 35, 159.
Webster, 124.
Wells, 1, 2, 159.
Wells, Mrs., 1, 2, 152.
West, 149.
Westall, 149.
Westmacott, Prof., 67—70.
Whistler, 31, 272—276.
Wiener, 31.
Wilkie, 151.
Willems, 121.
Wilson, Richard, 153.
Wolf, 160, 161.
Woolner, xiv, 140, 361, 362.

Yeames, 25, 30.
Yvon, 107.

THE END.

CAMBRIDGE:—PRINTED BY JONATHAN PALMER.

Digitized with financial assistance from
Hermès India
a project facilitated by the Rotary Club of Bombay
on 12 April, 2019